



JUVENAL

Muratori sculp.



JUVENAL

Muratori's sculp.

THE
SATIRES
OF

Decimus Junius Juvenalis :
AND OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.

Translated into *English* VERSE
By Mr. *D R T D E N*,
And several other Eminent Hands.

To which is Prefix'd a
DISCOURSE
Concerning the
Original and Progress of SATIR.

*Quicquid agunt Homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

The Fourth Edition, Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

LONDON: Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head
over-against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1711.

THE
SALTIRE

OF
THE
REPUBLIC OF THE
SALTIRE

AND
THE
REPUBLIC OF THE
SALTIRE

BY
MR. D. R. D. W.

AND
THE
REPUBLIC OF THE
SALTIRE

DISCOURSED
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ORIGINAL AND
PROLOGUE OF
THE
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LONDON:
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1847.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household,

Knight of the Most Noble ORDER of the

GARTER, &c.

My LORD,

THE Wishes and Desires of all good Men, which have attended your Lordship from your First Appearance in the World, are at length accomplished in your obtaining those Honours and Dignities, which you have so long desired. There are no Factions, tho' irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their Affection to you, and the Respect they pay you. They are equally pleas'd in your Prosperity, and would be equally concern'd in your Afflictions. *Titus Vespasian* was not more the Delight of Humankind. The Universal Empire made him only more

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known, and more powerful, but cou'd not make him more belov'd. He had greater Ability of doing Good, but your Inclination to it, is not less: And tho' you cou'd not extend your Beneficence to so many Persons, yet you have lost as few Days as that excellent Emperor; and never had his Complaint to make when you went to Bed, that the Sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the Opportunity of relieving some unhappy Man. This, my Lord, has justly acquir'd you as many Friends, as there are Persons who have the Honour to be known to you: Meer Acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer Line: And they who have convers'd with you, are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a Truth so generally acknowledg'd, that it needs no Proof: 'Tis of the Nature of a first Principle, which is receiv'd as soon as it is propos'd; and needs not the Reformation which *Descartes* us'd to his: For we doubt not, neither can we properly say we think we admire and love you above all other Men. There is a certainty in the Proposition, and we know it. With the same Assurance I can say, you neither have Enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither Love or Hate you; and they who have, can have no other Notion of you; than that which they receive from the Publick, That you are the best of Men. After this, my Testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be Day-light at High-noon: And all who have the Benefit of Sight, can look up as well, and see the Sun.

'Tis true, I have one Privilege which is almost particular to my self, that I saw you in the *East* at your first arising above the Hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any Man of that Light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the Meridian. I made my early Addresses to your Lordship, in my Essay of Dramatick Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the World, wherein, I have the Right of a First Discoverer. When I was my self, in the Rudiments of my Poetry, without Name or Reputation in the World, having rather the

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Ambition of a Writer, than the Skill; when I was drawing the Out-lines of an Art, without any living Master to instruct me in it; an Art which had been better prais'd than study'd here in *England*, wherein *Shakespeare*, who created the Stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly; and *Johnson*, who by studying *Horace*, had been acquainted with the Rules, yet seem'd to envy to Posterity that Knowledge, and like an Inventor of some useful Art, to make a Monopoly of his Learning. When thus, as I may say, before the Use of the Loadstone, or Knowledge of the Compass, I was sailing in a vast Ocean, without other help than the Pole-Star of the Ancients, and the Rules of the *French* Stage amongst the Moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite Taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to Dedicate to your Lordship: A very unfinish'd Piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little Experience of the Author, and the Modesty of the Title, *An Essay*. Yet I was stronger in Prophecy than I was in Criticism; I was inspir'd to foretel You to Mankind, as the Restorer of Poetry, the greatest Genius, the truest Judge, and the best Patron.

Good Sense and good Nature are never separated, tho' the Ignorant World has thought otherwise. Good Nature, by which I mean Beneficence and Candor, is the Product of right Reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the Failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in Mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to Excellency, tho' not absolutely free from Faults, will certainly produce a Candor in the Judge. 'Tis incident to an elevated Understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the Errors of other Men: But 'tis your Prerogative to pardon them; to look with Pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote Kindred to your own Conceptions: And to forgive the many Failings of those, who with their wretched Art, cannot arrive to those Heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native Genius. Which are

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as inborn to you, as they were to *Shakespear*; and for ought I know, to *Homer*; in either of whom we find all Arts and Sciences, all Moral and Natural Philosophy, without knowing that they ever study'd them.

There is not an *English* Writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd, that your Lordship excells all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most Vain, and the most Ambitious of our Age, have not dar'd to assume so much, as the Competitors of *Themistocles*: They have yielded the first Place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteem'd as Second to your Lordship; and even that also with a *Longo, sed proximo Intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their Self-concept, they must be very singular in their Opinion: They must be like the *Officer*, in a Play, who was call'd Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The World will easily conclude, whether such unattended Generals can ever be capable of making a Revolution in *Parnassus*.

I will not attempt in this place, to say any thing particular of your *Lyrick Poems*, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. The Subject of this Book confines me to Satyr; and in that, an Author of your own Quality, (whose *Athes* I will not disturb,) has given you all the Commendation, which his Self-sufficiency cou'd afford to any Man: *The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse*. In that Character, methinks, I am reading *Johnson's* Verses to the Memory of *Shakespear*: An Insolent, Sparing, and Invidious Panegyrick: Where good Nature, the most Godlike Commendation of a Man, is only attributed to your Person, and deny'd to your Writings: For they are every where so full of Candor, that, like *Horace*, you only expose the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excell him, That you add that pointedness of Thought, which is visibly wanting in our great *Roman*. There is more of Salt in all your Verses, than I have seen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients: But you have been sparing

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sparing of the Gall; by which Means you have pleas'd all Readers, and offended none. *Dow* alone, of all our Country-men, had your Talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your Verification. And were he translated into Numbers, and *Englisht*, he wou'd yet be wanting in the Dignity of Expression. That which is the Prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of *Virgil*, which distinguishes him from the rest of Writers, is so conspicuous in your Verses, that it casts Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal *Dow* in the Variety, Multiplicity, and Choice of Thoughts; you excel him in the Manner, and the Words. I read you both, with the same Admiration, but not with the same Delight. He affects the Metaphysics, not only in his Satyr, but in his amorous Verses, where Nature only should reign; and perplexes the Minds of the fair Sex with nice Speculations of Philosophy, when he shou'd engage their Hearts; and entertain them with the Softnesses of Love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for so bold a Truth) *Mrs. Conley* has copy'd him to a Fault; so great a one in my Opinion, that it throws his *Millets* infinitely below his *Pindariques*, and his latter Compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his Poems; and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in Satyr, wherein I have not study'd your Writings as the most perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest Commendation, which my own Partiality can give to my Productions, is, that they are Copies, and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have something more or less of the Original. Some few Touches of your Lordship, some secret Graces which I have endeavour'd to express, after your manner, have made whole Poems of mine to pass with Approbation. But take your Verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, 'tis because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient Copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one better.

of my own Invention, of which I have not the Example there.

'Tis a general Complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your Prosperity, have their Intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the Fulness of your Fortune: They wou'd be more malicious if you us'd it not so well, and with so much Generosity.

Fame is in it self a real Good, if we may believe *Cicero*, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even Fame, as *Virgil* tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let *Epicurus* give Indolency as an Attribute to his Gods, and place in it the Happiness of the Blest: The Divinity which we Worship, has given us not only a Precept against it, but his own Example to the contrary. The World, my Lord, wou'd be content to allow you a Seventh Day for rest, or if you thought that hard upon you, we wou'd not refuse you half your time. If you came out, like some Great Monarch, to take a Town but once a Year, as it wou'd be for your Diversion, tho' you had no need to extend your Territories: In short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent Poet, we wou'd thank you for our own Quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great, and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your Writing, that we cannot subsist intirely without it; any more, (I may almost say,) than the World without the daily Course of ordinary Providence, methinks, this Argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your Repose for the publick Benefit. 'Tis not that you are under any force of working daily Miracles, to prove your Being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your Productions, is requisite to refresh your Character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient Reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as Mankind wou'd authorize me, wou'd be little less than Satir. And, indeed, a Pro-

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vocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the World, that you might be induc'd sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of Scriblers, who daily pester the World with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discourag'd from Writing any more. I complain not of their Lampoons and Libels, tho' I have been the publick Mark for many Years, I am vindictive enough to have repell'd Force by Force, if I cou'd imagine that any of them had ever reach'd me; but they either shot at Rovers, and therefore miss'd, or their Powder was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answer'd not the *Rehearsal*, because I knew the Author said to himself when he drew the Picture, and was the very Bays of his own Force. Because also I knew, that my Betters were more concern'd than I was in that Satire. And, lastly, because Mr. *Smith* and Mr. *Johnson*, the main Pillars of it, were two such languishing Gentlemen in their Conversation, that I cou'd liken them to nothing but to their own Relations, those Noble Characters of Men of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. The like Considerations have hinder'd me from dealing with the lamentable Companions of their Prose and Doggrel, I am so far from defending my Poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my Morals, if they are not proof against their Attacks, let me be thought by Posterity, what those Authors wou'd be thought, if any Memory of them, or of their Writings, cou'd endure so long, as to another Age. But these dull Makers of Lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous Example to the Publick: Some witty Men may perhaps succeed to their Designs, and mixing Sense with Malice, blast the Reputation of the most Innocent amongst Men, and the most Virtuouse amongst Women.

Heaven be prais'd, our common Libellers are as free from the imputation of Wit, as of Morality; and therefore whatever Mischief they have design'd, they have perform'd but little of it. Yet these ill Writers, in all Justice, ought themselves to be expos'd: As *Persius* has given us a fair Example

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Example in his First Satyr; which is lovell'd particularly at them: And none is so fit to correct their Faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own Writings, but is also so just, that he will never define the Good; and is arm'd with the Power of Verse, to punish and make Examples of the Bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the Definition and Character of true Satyr.

In the mean time, as a Counsellor bred up in the Knowledge of the Municipal and Statute-Laws; may honestly inform a Just Prince how far his Prerogative extends; so I may be allow'd to tell your Lordship, who by an undisputed Title, are the King of Poets, what an extent of Power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant Scriblers of this Age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your Office, in all that belongs to the Decency and Good Manners of the Stage. You can banish from thence Scurvility and Profaneness, and restrain the licentious Insolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that shock the Publick Quier, or the Reputation of Private Persons, under the Notion of *Honneur*. But I mean not the Authority, which is annex'd to your Office: I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your Person. What is produc'd in you by an Excellent Wit, a Masterly and Commanding Genius over all Writers! Whereby you are empower'd, when you please, to give the final Decision of Wit; to put your Stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a Brand of Reprobation on Clipp'd Poetry, and false Coin. A Shilling dipt in the *Bamb* may go for Gold amongst the Ignorant, but the Scepters on the Guineas shew the difference. That your Lordship is form'd by Nature for this Supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the World) from the distinguishing Character of your Writing. Which is so visible to me, that I never cou'd be impos'd on to receive for Yours, what was written by any others; or to mistake your Genuine Poetry, for their Spurious Productions. I can farther add with Truth (tho' not without some Vanity

nity in saying it) that in the same Paper, written by divers Hands, whereof your Lordship's was only part, I cou'd separate your Gold from their Copper: And tho' I cou'd not give back to every Author his own Brass, (for there is not the same Rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never fail'd of knowing what was yours, and what was not: And was absolutely certain, that this, or the other Part, was positively yours, and cou'd not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad Poems, tho' not all, carry their Owners Marks about 'em. There is some peculiar Aukwardness, false Grammar, imperfect Sense, or at the least Obscurity; some Brand or other on this Buttock, or that Ear, that 'tis notorious who are the Owners of the Cattel, tho' they shou'd not sign it with their Names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguish'd, not only by the Excellency of your Thoughts, but by your Style and Manner of expressing them. A Painter judging of some admirable Piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of *Holben*, or *Vandike*: But Vulgar Designs, and Common Draughts, are easily mistaken, and misapply'd. Thus, by my long Study of your Lordship, I am arriv'd at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the Good Poems of other Men, like those Artists, I can only say, this is like the Draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that 'tis the Hand of a good Master: But in your Performances, 'tis scarcely possible for me to be deceiv'd. If you write in your Strength, you stand reveal'd at the first view; and shou'd you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar Graces, which only cost me a second Consideration to discover you: For I may say it, with all the Severity of Truth, that every Line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only Fault is, that you have not written more; unless I cou'd add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the Publick, the Accusation wou'd not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious Modesty will not publish.

Virgil

Virgil has confin'd his Works within the compass of Eighteen Thousand Lines, and has not treated many Subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have the Reputation of the best Poet: *Martial* says of him, that he could have excell'd *Varius* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in Lyrick Poetry, but out of Deference to his Friends he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of Genius is in your Lordship, but the World cannot pardon your concealing it on the same Consideration; because we have neither a living *Varius*, nor a *Horace*, in whose Excellencies both of *Poems*, *Odes*, and *Satires*, you had equall'd them, if our Language had not yielded to the *Roman* Majesty, and length of time had not added a Reverence to the Works of *Horace*. For good Sense is the same in all or most Ages; and course of Time rather improves Nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: Another *Homer*, and another *Virgil*, may possibly arise from those very Causes which produc'd the first: Tho' it wou'd be impudence to affirm that any such have yet appear'd.

'Tis manifest, that some particular Ages have been more happy than others in the Production of great Men, in all sorts of Arts and Sciences: As that of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes*, and the rest for Stage-Poetry amongst the *Greeks*: That of *Augustus*, for Heroick, Lyrick, Dramatick, Elegiaque, and indeed all sorts of Poetry; in the Persons of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Ovid*, and many others; especially if we take into that Century the latter end of the Common-wealth; wherein we find *Varro* *Lucretius*, and *Catullus*: And at the same time liv'd *Cicero*, and *Salust*, and *Casar*. A famous Age in modern Times, for Learning in every kind, was that of *Lorenzo de Medici*, and his Son *Leo X*. wherein Painting was reviv'd and Poetry flourish'd, and the *Greek* Language was restor'd.

Examples in all these are obvious: But what I wou'd infer is this; That in such an Age, 'tis possible some Great Genius may arise, to equal any of the Ancients; abating only for the Language. For great Contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: And mutual Borrowing, and
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Commerce, makes the common Riches of Learning, as it does of the Civil Government.

But suppose that *Homer* and *Virgil* were the only of their Species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the Example only holds in Heroick Poetry: In Tragedy and Satir I offer my self to maintain against some of our modern Criticks, that this Age and the last, particularly in *England*, have excell'd the Ancients in both those Kinds; and I wou'd Instance in *Shakespear* of the former, of your Lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine my self to my Native Country: But if I would only cross the Seas, I might find in *France* a living *Horace* and a *Juvenal*, in the Person of the admirable *Boileau*, whose Numbers are Excellent, whose Expressions are Noble, whose Thoughts are Just, whose Language is pure, whose Satir is Pointed, and whose Sense is Close: What he borrows from the Ancients, he repays with Usury of his own; in Coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: For setting Prejudice and Partiality apart; tho' he is our Enemy, the Stamp of a *Louis*, the Patron of all Arts, is not much inferior to the Medal of an *Augustus Caesar*. Let this be said without entering into the Interests of Factions and Parties; and relating only to the Bounty of that King to Men of Learning and Merit: A Praise so just, that even we who are his Enemies, cannot refuse it to Him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the Consideration of *Epique* Poetry, I have confess'd, that no Man hitherto has reach'd, or so much as approach'd to the Excellencies of *Homer* or of *Virgil*; I must farther add, that *Statius*, the best Versificator next to *Virgil*, knew not how to Design after him, tho' he had the Model in his Eye; that *Lucan* is wanting both in Design and Subject, and is besides too full of Heat and Affectation; that amongst the Moderns, *Ariosto* neither design'd Justly, nor observ'd any Unity of Action, or Compass of Time, or Moderation in the Vastness of his Draught: His Stile is luxurious, with-
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our Majesty, or Decency, and his Adventurers, without the compass of Nature and Possibility: *Tasso*, whose Design was Regular, and who observ'd the Rules of Unity in Time and Place, more closely than *Virgil*, yet was not so happy in his Action; he confesses himself to have been too Lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the Dignity of Heroick Verse, in his *Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida*; his Story is not so pleasing as *Ariosto's*; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forc'd; and besides, is full of Conceptions, Points of Epigram and Witticisms, all which are not only below the Dignity of Heroick Verse, but contrary to its Nature: *Virgil* and *Homer* have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so Boyish an Ambition in so grave a Subject, are so far from being consider'd as Heroick Poets, that they ought to be turn'd down from *Homer* to the *Anthologia*, from *Virgil* to *Martial* and *Owen's* Epigrams, and from *Spencer* to *Flecho*; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to *Tasso*; he borrows from the Invention of *Boyardo*, and in his Alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates *Homer* so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the King of *Jerusalem* Fifty Sons, only because *Homer* had bestow'd the like number on King *Priam*; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his Hero with a *Patroclus*, under another Name, only to bring him back to the Wars, when his Friend was kill'd. The *French* have perform'd nothing in this kind, which is not as below those two *Italians*, and subject to a thousand more Reflections, without examining their *St. Lewis*, their *Pucelle*, or their *Alarique*: The *English* have only to boast of *Spencer* and *Milton*, who neither of them wanted either Genius or Learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many Censures. For there is no Uniformity in the Design of *Spencer*: He aims at the Accomplishment of no one Action: He raises up a Hero for every one of his Adventures; and endows each of them with some particular Moral Virtue, which renders them

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all equal, without Subordination or Preference. Every one is most Valiant in his own Legend; only we must do him that Justice to observe, that Magnanimity, which is the Character of Prince *Arbur*, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The Original of every Knight was then living in the Court of Queen *Elinor*; and he attributed to each of them that Virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them. An ingenious piece of Flattery, tho' it turn'd not much to his Account. Had he liv'd to finish his Poem, in the six remaining Legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the Model was not true. But Prince *Arbur*, or his chief Patron Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom he intended to make happy by the Marriage of his *Gloriana*, dying before him, deprived the Poet, both of Means and Spirit, to accomplish his Design. For the rest, his obsolete Language, and the ill Choice of his Stanza, are Faults but of the Second Magnitude. For notwithstanding the first he is still intelligible, at least after a little Practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admir'd; that labouring under such a difficulty, his Verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only *Virgil*, whom he profess'dly imitated, has surpass'd him, among the *Romans*; and only Mr. *Waller* among the *English*.

As for Mr. *Milton*, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is not that of an Heroick Poem, properly so call'd. His Design is the Losing of our Happiness; his Event is not prosperous, like that of all other *Epique* Works: His Heavenly Machines are many, and his human Persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. *Rhymers* Work out of his Hands: He has promis'd the World a Critique on that Author; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so happily copy'd the Manner of *Homer*; or so copiously translated his *Grecisms*; and the *Latin* Elegancies of *Virgil*. 'Tis true, he runs into a flat Thought, some-

sometimes for a hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture: His antiquated Words were his Choice, not his Necessity; for therein he imitated *Spenser*, as *Spenser* did *Chaucer*. And tho', perhaps, the love of their Masters, may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet in my Opinion, obsolete Words may then be laudably reviv'd, when either they are more sounding, or more significant than those in Practice: And when their Obscurity is taken away, by joining other Words to them, which clear the Sense; according to the Rule of *Horace*, for the Admission of new Words. But in both Cases, a Moderation is to be observ'd in the use of them. For unnecessary Coinage, as well as unnecessary Revival, runs into Affectation; a Fault to be avoided on either Hand. Neither will I justify *Milton* for his blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the Example of *Hanibal Caro*, and other *Italians* who have us'd it. For whatever Causes he alleges for the abolishing of Rhime (which I have not now the Leisure to examine) his own particular Reason is plainly this, that Rhime was not his Talent; he had neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or Verses written in his Youth; where his Rhime is always constrained and forc'd, and comes hardly from him at an Age when the Soul is most pliant, and the Passion of Love makes almost every Man a Rhimer, tho' not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my Bias so long together, and made so tedious a Digression from Satir to Heroick Poetry. But if you will not excuse it, by the ruffling Quality of Age, which, as *Sir William Davenant* says, is always Narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this Subject, will qualify the Remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the Crime of Prefaces, or trouble the World with my Notions of any thing that relates to Verse. I have then, as you see, observ'd the Failings of many great Wits amongst the Moderns, who have attempted to write and *Epique Poem*: Besides these, or the like Animadversions

of them by other Men, there is yet a farther Reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed, so well as the Ancients, even tho' we cou'd allow them not to be inferiour, either in Genius or Learning, or the Tongue in which they write; or all those other wonderful Qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true Accomplish'd Heroique Poet. The fault is laid on our Religion: They say that Christianity is not capable of those Embellishments which are afforded in the Belief of those Ancient Heathens.

And 'tis true, that in the severe Notions of our Faith, the Fortitude of a Christian consists in Patience and Suffering for the Love of GOD, whatever Hardships can befall in the World; not in any great Attempts or in performance of those Enterprises which the Poets call Heroique; and which are commonly the Effects of Interest, Ostentation, Pride, and Worldly Honour. That Humility and Resignation are our prime Virtues; and that these include no Action, but that of the Soul: When as, on the contrary, an Heroique Poem requires, to its necessary Design, and as its last Perfection, some great Action of War, the Accomplishment of some Extraordinary Undertaking; which requires the Strength and Vigour of the Body, the Duty of a Soldier, the Capacity and Prudence of a General; and, in short, as much, or more of the Active Virtue, than the Suffering. But to this, the Answer is very obvious. GOD has plac'd us in our several Stations; the Virtues of a private Christian are Patience, Obedience, Submission, and the like; but those of a Magistrate, or General, or a King, are Prudence, Counsel, active Fortitude, coercive Power, awful Command, and the Exercise of Magnanimity, as well as Justice. So that this Objection hinders not, but that an Epique Poem, or the Heroique Action of some Great Commander, Enterpris'd for the Common Good, and Honour of the Christian Cause, and Executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the *Heathens*; provided the Poet be *endued* with the same Talents; and the Language, tho' not of equal Dignity, yet as near approaching

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proaching to it, as our Modern Barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, tho' more refin'd; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only Inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedy'd.

I wish I cou'd as easily remove that other Difficulty which yet remains. 'Tis objected by a great *French Critique* as well as an admirable Poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that Honour which his Merit exacts from me, I mean *Boileau*, That the Machines of our Christian Religion in Heroique Poetry, are much more feeble to support that weight than those of *Heathenism*. Their Doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous Fables, was yet the Belief of the two Victorious Monarchies, the *Grecian* and *Roman*. Their Gods did not only interest themselves in the Event of Wars (which is the Effect of a Superior Providence) but also espous'd the several Parties, in a visible Corporeal Descent; manag'd their Intrigues, and fought their Battels sometimes in opposition to each other: Tho' *Virgil* (more discreet than *Homer* in that last Particular) has contented himself with the Partiality of his Deities, their Favours, their Counsels or Commands, to those whose Cause they had espous'd, without bringing them to the Outrageousness of Blows. Now, our Religion (says he) is depriv'd of the greatest part of those Machines; at least the most Shining in Epique Poetry. Tho' St. *Michael* in *Ariosto* seeks out *Discord*, to send her amongst the *Pagans*, and finds her in a Convent of Friars where Peace should Reign, which indeed is fine Satir; and Satan, in *Tasso*, excites *Solyman* to an Attempt by Night on the Christian Camp, and brings an Host of Devils to his Assistance; yet the Arch-Angel, in the former Example, when *Discord* was restive, and would not be drawn from her belov'd Monastery with fair Words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many Stripes, sets her, on God's-name, about her Business; and makes her know the difference of Strength betwixt a Nuncio of Heaven, and a Minister of Hell: The same Angel, in the latter

latter Instance from *Tasso* (as if God had never another Messenger belonging to the Court, but was confin'd like *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, and *Juno* to *Iris*,) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the *Christians* are already kill'd, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the Remainders of God's Host, and the Race of Fiends; pulls the Devils backward by the Tails, and drives them from their Quarry; or otherwise the whole Business had miscarry'd, and *Jerusalem* remain'd untaken. This, says *Boileau*, is a very unequal Match for the poor Devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the Combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old Rebels to Reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what Pleasure, what Entertainment can be rais'd from so pitifull a Machine, where we see the Success of the Battel from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are *Christians*, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our Enemies, when we cannot do the work our selves? For if the Poet had given the Faithful more Courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least have made him exceed the *Turks* in number, that he might have gain'd the Victory for us *Christians*, without interressing Heaven in the Quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little Credit to the Conqueror, as when a Party of 100 Soldiers defeats another which consists only of 50.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an Argument against our Modern Poetry, as cannot be answer'd by those Mediums which have been us'd. We cannot hitherto boast, that our Religion has furnish'd us with any such Machines, as have made the Strength and Beauty of the Ancient Buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an Invention of my own, to supply the manifest Defect of our new Writers: I am sufficiently sensible of my Weakness; and 'tis not very probable that I shou'd succeed in such a Project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my Predecessors, the Poets, or any of their Seconds, and Coadjutors, the Critiques. Yet we see the Art of War is improv'd in

Sieges, and new Instruments of Death are invented daily: Something new in Philosophy and the Mechanicks is discover'd almost every Year: And the Science of former Ages is improv'd by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long Preamble to that, which better Judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

'Tis this, in short, That Christian Poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own Strength. If they had search'd the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the Machines which are proper for their Work; and those more certain in their effects, than it may be the New Testament is, in the Rules sufficient for Salvation. The perusing of one Chapter in the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and accommodating what there they find, with the Principles of *Platonique* Philosophy, as it is now Christianiz'd, wou'd have the Ministry of Angels as strong an Engine, for the working up Heroique Poetry, in our Religion, as that of the Ancients has been to raise theirs by all the Fables of their Gods, which were only receiv'd for Truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the People.

'Tis a Doctrine almost universally receiv'd by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholics, That there are Guardian Angels appointed by God Almighty, as his Vicegerents, for the Protection and Government of Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Monarchies; and those as well of Heathens, as of true Believers. All this is so plainly prov'd from those Texts of *Daniel*, that it admits of no farther Controversie. The Prince of the *Persians*, and that other of the *Grecians*, are granted to be the Guardians and Protecting Ministers of those Empires. It cannot be deny'd, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. *Michael* is mention'd by his Name, as the Patron of the *Jews*, and is now taken by the Christians, as the Protector General of our Religion. These Tutelar *Genii*, who presided over the several People and Regions committed to their Charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their Commissions cou'd possibly extend. The general Purpose, and Design of all, was certainly the Service of
their

their Great CREATOR. But 'tis an undoubted Truth, that for Ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his Providential Designs for the Benefit of his Creatures, for the Debasing and Punishing of some Nations, and the Exaltation and Temporal Reward of others, were not wholly known to these his Ministers; else why those factious Quarrels, Controversies, and Battels, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same Design, the Service and Honour of their Common Master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main Design; and as Finite Beings, not admitted into the Secrets of Government, the last Resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final Purposes of GOD, who can work Good out of Evil, as he pleases; and irresistably sways all manner of Events on Earth, directing them finally for the best, to his Creation in general, and to the ultimate End of his own Glory in particular: They must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the Means conducing to those Ends, in which alone they can jar, and oppose each other. One Angel, as we may suppose the Prince of *Persia*, as he is call'd, judging, that it would be more for God's Honour, and the Benefit of his People, that the *Median* and *Persian* Monarchy, which deliver'd them from the *Babylonish* Captivity, shou'd still be uppermost: And the Patron of the *Grecians*, to whom the Will of God might be more particularly reveal'd, contending on the other side, for the Rise of *Alexander* and his Successors, who were appointed to punish the Backsliding *Jews*, and thereby to put them in mind of their Offences, that they might repent, and become more Virtuous, and more observant of the Law reveal'd. But how far these Controversies and appearing Enmities of those glorious Creatures may be carry'd; how these Oppositions may best be manag'd, and by what Means conducted, is not my Business to shew or determine: These things must be left to the Invention and Judgment of the Poet: If any of so happy a Genius be now living, or any future Age can produce a Man who being Conversant in the Philosophy of *Plato*, as it is

now accommodated to Christian Use; for (as *Virgil* gives us to understand by his Example) that is the only proper of all others for an *Epique* Poem, who to his Natural Endowments, of a large Invention, a ripe Judgment, and a strong Memory, has join'd the Knowledge of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, and particularly Moral Philosophy, the Mathematicks, Geography and History, and with all these Qualifications is born a Poet; knows, and can practise the variety of Numbers, and is Master of the Language in which he writes; if such a Man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have propos'd a Model to him, by which he may build a Nobler, a more Beautiful, and more Perfect Poem, than any yet extant since the Ancients.

There is another part of these Machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it wou'd have been easily supply'd by a Judicious Writer. He cou'd not have fail'd to add the opposition of ill Spirits to the good; they have also their Design, ever opposite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the Moderns: But this imperfect System, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that Hypothesis of the Evil Spirits contending with the Good. For being so much weaker since their Fall, than those Blessed Beings, they are yet suppos'd to have a permitted Power from God, of acting ill, as from their own deprav'd Nature they have always the Will of designing it. A great Testimony of which we find in Holy Writ, when God Almighty suffer'd *Satan* to appear in the Holy Synod of the Angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into Example by any of the Poets,) and also gave him Power over all things belonging to his Servant *Job*, excepting only Life.

Now what these Wicked Spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproportion of their Forces, to those of the Superior Beings, they may by their Fraud and Cunning carry farther, in a seeming League, Confederacy, or Subserviency to the Designs of some good Angel, as far as consists with his Purity, to suffer such an Aid, the end of which
may

may possibly be disguis'd, and conceal'd from his finite Knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great Errour in such a Being: Yet since a Devil can appear like an Angel of Light; since Craft and Malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect Understanding; and lastly, since *Milton* has given us an Example of the like Nature, when *Satan* appearing like a Cherub to *Uriel*, the Intelligence of the Sun circumvented him even in his own Province, and pass'd only for a Curious Traveller through those new-created Regions, that he might observe therein the Workmanship of God, and praise him in his Works.

I know not why, upon the same Supposition, or some other, a Fiend may not deceive a Creature of more Excellency than himself, but yet a Creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission of the Omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have as briefly as I cou'd, given your Lordship, and by you the World, a rude Draught of what I have been long labouring in my Imagination. And what I had intended to have put in practice, (tho' far unable for the Attempt of such a Poem) and to have left the Stage, to which my Genius never much inclin'd me, for a Work which wou'd have taken up my Life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the Honour of my Native Country, to which a Poet is particularly oblig'd: Of two Subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should chuse that of King *Arthur* conquering the *Saxons*; which being farther distant in Time, gives the greater Scope to my Invention: Or that of *Edward* the Black Prince in subduing *Spain*, and restoring it to the Lawful Prince, tho' a great Tyrant, *Don Pedro* the Cruel: Which for the compass of Time, including only the Expedition of one Year: For the Greatness of the Action, and its answerable Event; for the Magnanimity of the *English* Hero, oppos'd to the Ingratitude of the Person whom he restor'd; and for the many beautiful Episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal Design, together with the Characters of the chiefest *English* Persons; wherein, after *Virgil* and *Spencer*, I wou'd have

taken occasion to represent my living Friends and Patrons of the noblest Families, and also shadow'd the Events of future Ages, in the Succession of our Imperial Line. With these Helps, and those of the Machines, which I have mention'd; I might perhaps have done as well as some of my Predecessors; or at least chalk'd out a way, for others to amend my Errors in a like Design. But being encourag'd only with fair Words, by King *Charles II.* my little Salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future Substinance, I was then discourag'd in the beginning of my Attempt; and now Age has overtaken me; and Want, a more insufferable Evil, through the Change of the Times, has wholly dis-enabl'd me. Tho' I must ever acknowledge, to the Honour of your Lordship, and the eternal Memory of your Charity, that since this Revolution, wherein I have patiently suffer'd the Ruin of my small Fortune, and the loss of that poor Substinance which I had from Two Kings, whom I had serv'd more faithfully than profitably to my self; then your Lordship was pleas'd, out of no other Motive but your own Nobleness, without any Desert of mine, or the least Sollicitation from me, to make me a most Bountiful Present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my Relief. That Favour, my Lord, is of it self sufficient to bind any Grateful Man, to a perpetual Acknowledgment, and to all the future Service, which one of my mean Condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in Blessing you here, and Rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the Cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engag'd against it: But the more you are so, the greater is my Obligation to you: For your laying aside all the Considerations of Factions and Parties, to do an Action of pure dis-interest'd Charity. This is one amongst many of your shining Qualities, which distinguish you from others of your Rank: But let me add a farther Truth, That without these Ties of Gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular Inclination to Honour you; and

if it were too bold an Expression, to say, I Love you. 'Tis no shame to be a Poet, tho' 'tis to be a bad one. *Augustus Caesar* of old, and *Cardinal Richlieu* of late, wou'd willingly have been such; and *David* and *Solomon* were such. You, who without Flattery, are the best of the present Age in *England*, and wou'd have been so, had you been born in any other Country, will receive more Honour in future Ages, by that one Excellency, than by all those Honours to which your Birth has intitl'd you, or your Merits have acquir'd you.

Ne, forte, pudori,

Sit Tibi Musa Lyra solers, & Canto Apollo.

I have formerly said in this Epistle, that I cou'd distinguish your Writings from those of any others: 'Tis now time to clear my self from any imputation of Self-conceit on that Subject. I assume not to my self any particular Lights in this Discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every Man of Sense and Judgment, who loves Poetry, and understands it. Your Thoughts are always so remote from the common way of Thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another Species, than the Conceptions of other Poets; yet you go not out of Nature for any of them: Gold is never bred upon the Surface of the Ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the Mines of it are seldom found; but the force of Waters casts it out from the Bowels of Mountains, and exposes it amongst the Sands of Rivers; giving us of her Bounty, what we cou'd not hope for by our search. This Success attends your Lordship's Thoughts, which wou'd look like Chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenour. If I grant that there is Care in it, 'tis such a Care as wou'd be ineffectual and fruitless in other Men. 'Tis the *Curiosa felicitas* which *Petronius* ascribes to *Horace*, in his *Odes*. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: In short, if we have the same Knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same Quintessence; we cannot give it such a Term, such a Propriety, and such a Beauty. Something is deficient in the Manner, or the

the Words, but more in the Nobleness of our Conception. Yet when you have finish'd all, and it appears in its full Lustre, when the Diamond is not only found, but the Roughness smooth'd, when it is cut into a Form, and set in Gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect Work of Art and Nature. And everyone will be so vain, to think he himself cou'd have perform'd the like, 'till he attempts it. 'Tis just the Description that *Horace* makes of such a finish'd Piece: It appears so easie, *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret, ausus idem.* And besides all this, 'tis your Lordship's particular Talent to lay your Thoughts so close together, that were they closer they wou'd be crouded, and even a due Connexion wou'd be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of Two good Lines, which are to come after a long Parenthesis of Twenty bad; which is the *April-Poetry* of other Writers, a mixture of Rain and Sun-shine by fits: You are always bright, even almost to a Fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a Magazine of Thought, and yet a perpetual Variety of Entertainment; which creates such an Appetite in your Reader, that he is not cloy'd with any thing, but satisfy'd with all. 'Tis that which the *Romans* call *Cæna dubia*; where there is such Plenty, yet withal so much Diversity, and so good Order, that the Choice is difficult betwixt one Excellency and another; and yet the Conclusion, by a due Climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a Conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its Place. See, my Lord, whether I have not study'd your Lordship with some Application: And since You are so Modest, that you will not be Judge and Party, I appeal to the whole World, if I have not drawn your Picture to a great degree of Likeness, tho' 'tis but in a Miniature: And that some of the best Features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done, is enough to distinguish You from any other, which is the Proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present Business; the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Perseus*, appearing in this new *English* Dress, cannot so properly be inscrib'd to any Man as to your Lordship, who are the First of the Age in that way of Writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other Favours, has given me your Permission for this Address; and you have particularly encourag'd me by your Perusal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satyrs* of *Juvenal*, as I have Translated them. My Fellow-Labourers have likewise Commission'd me, to perform in their behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible Respect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that Happiness, desire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candour, without Intitling you to the Protection of our common Failings, in so difficult an Undertaking. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epistle, to give you from the best Authors, the Origin, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Complement of Satyr among the *Romans*. To describe, if not define, the Nature of that Poem, with its several Qualifications and Virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Perseus* and *Juvenal*, and shew the particular Manners of their Satires. And lastly, to give an Account of this new way of Version which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the Weakness of my Ability, and the best Lights which I can get from others, shall be the Subject of my following Discourse.

The most perfect Work of Poetry, says our Master *Aristotle*, is Tragedy. His Reason is, because 'tis the most united; being more severely confin'd within the Rules of Action, Time, and Place. The Action is entire of a Piece, and one, without Episodes: The Time limited to a Natural Day; and the Place circumscrib'd at least within the

the compass of one Town, or City. Being exactly proportion'd thus, and uniform in all its Parts, the Mind is more capable of comprehending the whole Beauty of it without Distraction.

But after all these Advantages, an Heroique Poem is certainly the greatest Work of Human Nature. The Beauties and Perfections of the other are but Mechanical; those of the Epique are more Noble. Tho' *Homer* has limited his Place to *Troy*, and the Fields about it; his Actions to Forty Eight Natural Days, whereof Twelve are Holy-days, or Cessation from Business, during the Funerals of *Patroclus*. To proceed, the Action of the Epique is greater: The Extention of Time enlarges the Pleasure of the Reader, and the Episodes give it more Ornament, and more Variety. The Instruction is equal; but the first is only Instructive, the latter forms a Hero, and a Prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more Ancient Family, the best and most absolute Heroick Poem was written by *Homer* long before Tragedy was invented: But, if we consider the natural Endowments, and acquir'd Parts which are necessary to make an accomplish'd Writer in either kind, Tragedy requires a less and more confin'd Knowledge: Moderate Learning, and Observation of the Rules is sufficient, if a Genius be not wanting. But in an Epique Poet, one who is worthy of that Name, besides an universal Genius, is requir'd universal Learning, together with all those Qualities and Acquisitions which I have nam'd above, and as many more as I have through Haste or Negligence omitted. And after all, he must have exactly study'd *Homer* and *Virgil*, as his Patterns, *Aristotle* and *Horace* as his Guides, and *Vida* and *Bossu*, as their Commentators, with many others both *Italian* and *French* Critique, which I want Leisure here to recommend.

In a Word, What I have to say, in relation to This Subject, which does not particularly concern Satir, is, That the Greatness of an Heroique Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may easily be discover'd by observing how few have attempted that Work, in Comparison of those who

who have written Drama's; and of those few, how small a Number have succeeded. But leaving the Critiques on either side, to contend about the Preference due to this or that sort of Poetry; I will hasten to my present Business, which is the Antiquity and Origine of Satir, according to those Informations which I have receiv'd from the learned *Casaubon*, *Heinsius*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the *Dauphin's Juvenal*; to which I shall add some Observations of my own.

There has been a long Dispute among the Modern Critiques, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satir from the *Grecians*, or first invented it themselves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, are of the first Opinion; *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publisher of the *Dauphin's Juvenal*, maintain the latter. If we take Satir in the general Signification of the Word, as it is us'd in all modern Languages for an Invective, 'tis certain that 'tis almost as old as Verse; and tho' Hymns, which are Praises of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the Defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise, the Husband and Wife excus'd themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a Beginning to those conjugal Dialogues in Prose; which the Poets have perfected in Verse. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the first Instances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the Second; where his Wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This Original, I confess, is not much to the Honour of Satir; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the Growth of all Nations; and consequently that neither the *Greek* Poets borrow'd from other People their Art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But considering Satir as a Species of Poetry; here the War begins amongst the Critiques. *Scaliger* the Father will have it descend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the Word Satir, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Ancients thought him, Rural God, made up be-
twixt

twixt a Man and a Goat, with a Human Head, hook'd Nose, pouting Lips, a Bunch or Sirmus under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body shagg'd with Hair, especially from the Waste, and ending in a Goat, with the Legs and Feet of that Creature. But *Cassaubon*, and his Followers, with Reason, condemn this Derivation; and prove that from *Satyrus*, the word *Satira*, as it signifies a Poem, cannot possibly descend. For *Satira* is not properly a Substantive, but an Adjective; to which, the word *Laux*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, is understood: So that the Greek Poem made according to the Manner of a Satyr, and expressing his Qualities, must properly be call'd Satirical, and not Satir. And thus far 'tis allow'd that the *Grecians* had such Poems; but that they were wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satir.

Aristotle divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progress of it, into Nature without Art: Art begun, and Art completed. Mankind, even the most Barbarous, have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The first Specimen of it was certainly shewn in the Praises of the DEITY, and Prayers to Him: And as they are of Natural Obligation, so they are likewise of Divine Institution. Which *Milton* observing, introduces *Adam* and *Eve*, every Morning adoring GOD in Hymns and Prayers. The first Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Natural Poetry, before the Invention of Feet, and Measures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Festivals and Holy-days soon succeeded to Private Worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoin'd by the True GOD to His own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the Light of Reason knew they were to invoke some Superiour Being in their Necessities, and to thank Him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holy-days were celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whose Bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other Helps of Life. And the ancient
Romans,

Romans, as *Horace* tells us, paid their Thanks to Mother Earth, or *Vesta*, to *Silvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the same manner. But as all Festivals have a double Reason of their Institution; the first of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the remainder of the Day in Sports and Merriments; amongst which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd *Wit* (for want of knowing better) were the chiefest Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a Notion of *Satires*, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is the young *Satires* and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and humble Companions of their *Bacchan*, habited themselves like those Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Rustick Dances, to which they join'd Songs, with some sort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to these they added a kind of *Chorus*.

The *Romans* also (as Nature is the same in all Places) tho' they knew nothing of those *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who at their Festivals danc'd and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verse, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no certain light from Antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient *Romans*, at these Holy-days, which were a mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Custom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a sort of *extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling Verse; and they answer'd in the same kind of gross Raillery; their Wit and their Musick being of a piece. The *Grecians*, says *Cassanbon*, had formerly done the same, in the Persons of their petulant *Satires*: But I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the *Satires*, with the Rustical Entertainments of the first *Romans*. The Reason of my Opinion is this; that *Cassanbon* finding little light from Anti-

quity,

quity, of these beginnings of Poetry, amongst the *Grecians*, but only these Representations of *Satires*, who carry'd *Cannisters* and *Carnucopians* full of several Fruits in their Hands, and danc'd with them at their Publick Feasts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes mention of his homely *Romans*, jesting at one another in the same kind of Solemnities, might suppose those wanton *Satires* did the same. And especially because *Horace* possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the Original of all Poetry in general, including the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans*: Tho' 'tis plainly otherwise, that he only describ'd the beginning, and first Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was written to *Augustus*.

*Agricola prisca, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferantem,
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
Tellurem Porco, Silvanum lacte piabunt
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis aevi:
Fescennia per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis, opprobria rustica fudit,*

Our brawny Clowns of old, who turn'd the Soil,
Content with little, and imur'd to Toil,
At Harvest home, with Mirth and Country Cheer
Restor'd their Bodies for another Year,
Refresh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope
Of such a future Feast, and future Crop.
Then with their Fellow-Foggers of the Ploughs,
Their little Children, and their faithful Spouse,
A Sow they slow to Vesta's Deity,
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;
A short Life, and a merry, was the Word.
From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

Yet

Yet since it is a hard Conjecture, that so Great a Man as *Casaubon* shou'd misapply what *Horace* writ concerning ancient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of ancient *Greece*, I will not insist on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, That since all Poetry had its Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Rome* had the same beginning: Both were invented at Festivals of Thanksgiving: And both were prosecuted with Mirth and Raillery, and Rudiments of Verse: Amongst the *Greeks*, by those who represented *Satires*; and amongst the *Romans*, by real Clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading *Casaubon* on these two Subjects, methinks I hear the same Story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which *Dacier* taking notice, in his Interpretation of the Latin Verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of Poetry was the same, with a small variety in both Countries: And that the Mother of it in all Nations, was Devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most Learned Critique takes notice also, in his Illustrations on the First Epistle of the Second Book, that as the Poetry of the *Romans*, and that of the *Grecians*, had the same beginning at Feasts of Thanksgiving, as it has been observ'd; and the old Comedy of the *Greeks* which was invective, and the Satir of the *Romans* which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the Fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old Comedy of the *Grecians* was forbidden, for its too much Licence in exposing of particular Persons, and the Rude Satir of the *Romans* was also punish'd by a Law of the *Decemviri*, as *Horace* tells us, in these Words:

*Libertasque recurrentes accepta per Annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam savus apertam
In rabiem verti capit jocus; Et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: Doluere cruento
Dente laceffiti, fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: Quin etiam Lex,
Pœnoque lata, qua nollet carmine quemquam
Describi, verrere modum formidine fustis,
Ad benedicendum delectandumque redacti.*

The Law of the *Decemviri* was this: *Siquis Occentasse malum Carum, sive Condidisset, quod Infamiam faxit, Plagiarumve alteri, Capital esto.* A strange likeness, and barely possible: But the Critiques being all of the same Opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better Judgments than my own.

But to return to the *Grecians*, from whose Satirick Drama's, the elder *Scaliger* and *Hoinfus*, will have the *Roman Satir* to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such Descent from them as those Authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented Tragedy, (for Authors differ) mingl'd with them a Chorus and Dances of *Satires*, which had before been us'd, in the Celebration of their Festivals, and there they were ever afterwards retain'd. The Character of them was also kept, which was Mirth and Wantonness: And this was given, I suppose, to the Folly of the common Audience, who soon grow weary of good Sense; and as we daily see, in our own Age and Country, are apt to forsake Poetry, and still ready to return to Buffoonry and Farce. From hence it came, that in the *Olympique Games*, where the Poets contended for four Prizes, the Satirique Tragedy was the last of them; for in the rest, the *Satires* were excluded from the Chorus. Amongst the Plays of *Enripides*, which are yet remaining, there is one of these Satiriques, which is call'd the *Cyclops*; in which we may see the Nature of those Poems; and from thence conclude, what likeness they have to the *Roman Satir*.

The Story of this *Cyclops*, whose Name was *Polyphemus*, so famous in the *Grecian Fables*, was, That *Ulysses*, who with his Company was driven on the Coast of *Sicily*, where those *Cyclops* inhabited, coming to ask Relief from *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, who were Herdsmen to that one-eyed Giant, was kindly receiv'd by them, and entertain'd; 'till being perceiv'd by *Polyphemus*, they were made Prisoners, against the Rites of Hospitality, for which *Ulysses* eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down into the

Den,

Den, and some of them devour'd: After which, *Ulysses* having made him drunk, when he was asleep thrust a great Firebrand into his Eye; and so revenging his dead Followers, escap'd with the remaining Party of the living: And *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, were freed from their Servitude under *Polyphemus*, and remitted to their first Liberty, of attending and accompanying their Patron *Bacchus*.

This was the Subject of the Tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy Event, is therefore by *Aristotle* judg'd below the other sort, whose Success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the *Satires*, who were part of the *Dramatis Personae*, as well as the whole *Chorus*, were properly introduc'd into the Nature of the Poem, which is mix'd of Face and Tragedy. The Adventure of *Ulysses* was to entertain the Judging Part of the Audience, and the uncouth Persons of *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, to divert the Common People with their gross Railleries.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satirique Tragedy, and the Roman Satir, have little resemblances in any other Features. The very Kinds are different: For what has a Pastoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verses satirically written? The Character and Raillery of the *Satires*, is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a likeness: Were *Scaliger* and *Heinsius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the first Farces of the Romans, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or, indeed, any Knowledge of that People.

And here it will be proper to give the Definition of the *Greek* Satirique Poem from *Cassaubon*, before I leave this Subject. The Satirique, says he, is a Dramatique Poem, annex'd to a Tragedy; having a Chorus, which consists of *Satires*: The Persons represented in it, are illustrious Men: The Action of it is great; the Stile is partly serious, and partly joecular; and the Event of the Action most commonly is happy.

The *Gracians*, besides these Satirique Tragedies, had another kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which

were more of kin to the *Roman Satir*: Those *Silli* were indeed invective Poems; but of a different Species from the *Roman Poems* of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the rest of their Successors. They were so call'd, says *Casaubon* in one Place, from *Silenus*, the Foster-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another Place, bethinking himself better, he derives their Name *ὡς τὸ σιλλαίνειν*, from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From some Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satirique Poems, full of *Parodies*; that is, of Verses patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Sense than their Author intended them. Such amongst the *Romans* is the famous *Cento* of *Ausonius*; where the Words are *Virgil's*: But by applying them to another Sense, they are made a Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Consummation fulsomly describ'd in the very Words of the most Modest amongst all Poets. Of the same manner are our Songs, which are turn'd into Burlesque; and the serious Words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in *Timon Silli* the Words are generally those of *Homer*, and the Tragique Poets; but he applies them Satirically, to some Customs and Kinds of Philosophy, which he arraigns. But the *Romans* not using any of these *Parodies* in their Satires; sometimes, indeed, repeating Verses of other Men, as *Persius* cites some of *Nero's*; but not turning them into another meaning, the *Silli* cannot be suppos'd to be the Original of *Roman Satir*. To these *Silli*, consisting of *Parodies*, we may properly add the Satires which were written against particular Persons; such as were the lambiques of *Archilocus* against *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in some of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whose Titles bear a sufficient witness of it: I might also name the *Invective* of *Ovid* against *Ibis*; and many others: But these are the Under-Wood of Satir, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not a general Extension, as reaching only to some individual Person. And *Horace* seems to have purg'd himself from those splenetick Reflections in those *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he under-

took

took the Noble Work of Satires; which were properly so call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd my self from those Antiquities of *Greece*; and have prov'd, I hope, from the best Critiques, that the *Roman* Satir was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of *Dacier* I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows *Casaubon*; but to keep him in my Eye, as my best and truest Guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own Lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in Plain words, *Satira quidem tota, nostra est*: And *Horace* had said the same thing before him, speaking of his Predecessor in that sort of Poetry, *Et Gracis intabiti Carminis Author*. Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Critiques of the two best Ages of the *Roman* Empire, than that Satir was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from *Athens* to *Rome*. Yet, as I have said, *Scaliger* the Father, according to his Custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reason, than the derivation of *Satyrus* from *σαδρυ Salacitus*; and so from the Lechery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd, that Satir is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonness and Lubricity, were essential to that sort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mention'd, is as pitiful: That the *Satires* carry'd Platters and Canisters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the less *Satires*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satir? Or any Argument that this Poem was originally *Grecian*? *Casaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on sure Authority, that Satir was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* word, which signifies Full, and Abundant, and full also of Variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due Perfection.

'Tis thus, says *Dacier*, that we lay a full Colour, when the Wooll has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satur* comes *Satura*, or *Satira*. According to the new Spelling; as *optimus* and *maximus* are now spell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the word *Lanx*, which is understood. And this *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly fill'd with all sorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Festivals, as the *Premices*, or First Gatherings. These Offerings of several sorts thus mingl'd, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them *παράσημα* *Dacier* a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruits; and *πρωτογενια*, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mention'd these Sacrifices in his *Georgiques*,

Lanceibus & pandis, fumantia reddimus Extā. And in another place, *Lanceisque & liba feremus*: That is, we offer the smoaking Intrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers, and the Cakes.

This word *Satura* has been afterward apply'd to many other sorts of Mixtures; as *Festus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of Meats. Laws were also call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of several Heads and Titles; like our rack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturnam legem ferre*, in the *Roman* Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senators, or counting Voices when they were in halfe. *Salust* uses the word *per Saturnam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Discourses or Satires of *Ennius*, *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, as we now call them, took their Name; because they are full of various Matters, and are also written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrius* says. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these Satires are so call'd: For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those Discourses of *Horace*. In explaining of which, (con-
tinues

tingues *Dacier*) a Method is to be pursu'd, of which *Cassaubon* himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a Light, that no farther room will be left for the least Dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred Years, since the Building of their City, the *Romans* had never known any Entertainments of the State: Chance and Jollity first found out those Verses which they call'd *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine*: Or rather Human Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with Art and Study. However, in occasions of Merriment they were first practis'd; and this rough-cast unhewn Poetry, was instead of Stage-Plays for the space of an hundred and twenty Years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the *French* call them, *Improvisus*: For which the *Tartians* of old were much renowned; and we see the daily Examples of them in the *Italian* Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*: Such was the Poetry of that savage People, before it was tun'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verse. Little of the *Saturnian* Verses is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Prose than Poetry, without Feet, or Measure. They were *inutilis*, but not *inutilis*: Perhaps they might be us'd in the solemn Part of their Ceremonies, and the *Fescennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The *Fescennine* and *Saturnian* were the same, for as they were call'd *Saturnian* from their Ancientness, when *Saturn* Reign'd in *Italy*; they were also call'd *Fescennine*, from *Fescennina*, a Town in the same Country, where they were first practis'd. The Actors with a gross and rustick kind of Raillery, reproach'd each other with their Failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their Audience. Somewhat of this Custom was afterwards retain'd in their *Saturnalia*, or Feasts of *Saturn*, celebrated in *December*; at least all kind of freedom in Speech

was then allow'd to Slaves, even against their Masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our *Christ-mas Gambols*. Soldiers also us'd those *Fescennine Verses*, after Measure and Numbers had been added to them, at the Triumph of their Generals: Of which we have an Example, in the Triumph of *Julius Cesar* over *Gaul*, in these Expressions: *Cesar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Casarem: Ecce Cesar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Casarem*: The Vapours of Wine made the first Satyrical Poets amongst the *Romans*; which, says *Dacier*, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a Company of Clowns on a Holy-day, dancing Lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* Doggrel, with their Defects and Vices, and the Stories that were told of them in Bake-houses and Barbers-Shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first Rudiments of Civil Conversation, they left these Hedge-Notes, for another sort of Poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant Raillery, but without any mixture of Obscenity. This sort of Poetry appear'd under the name of Satir, because of its variety: And this Satir was adorn'd with Compositions of Musick, and with Dances; but Lascivious Postures were banish'd from it. In the *Tuscan* Language, says *Livy*, the word *Hister* signifies a Player: And therefore those Actors, which were first brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occasion of a Pestilence; when the *Romans* were admonish'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita CCCXC*. Those Actors, I say, were therefore call'd *Histriones*: And that Name has since remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman* born, but to all others of every Nation. They play'd not the former *extempore* Stuff of *Fescennine* Verses, or Clownish Jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Musick and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

In this Condition *Livius Andronicus* found the Stage, when he attempted first, instead of Farces, to supply it with

with a nobler Entertainment of Tragedies and Comedies. This Man was a *Grecian* born, and being made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*, and brought to *Rome*, had the Education of his Patron's Children committed to him. Which Trust he discharg'd, so much to the Satisfaction of his Master, that he gave him his Liberty.

Andronicus thus become a Freeman of *Rome*, added to his own Name that of *Livius* his Master; and, as I observ'd, was the first Author of a regular Play in that Commonwealth. Being already instructed in his Native Country, in the Manners and Decencies of the *Arbenian* Theater, and conversant in the *Archaa Comadia*, or old Comedy of *Aristophanes*, and the rest of the *Grecian* Poets; he took from that Model his own designing of Plays for the *Roman* Stage. The first of which was represented in the Year *CCCCCXIV*. since the building of *Rome*, as *Tully*, from the Commentaries of *Atticus*, has assur'd us; it was after the end of the first *Punic* War, the Year before *Ennius* was born. *Dacier* has not carry'd the Matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one *Livius Andronicus* was the first Stage-Poet at *Rome*: But I will adventure on this Hint, to advance another Proposition, which I hope the Learned will approve. And tho' we have not any thing of *Andronicus* remaining to justify my Conjecture, yet 'tis exceeding probable, that having read the Works of those *Grecian* Wits, his Country-men, he imitated not only the Ground-work, but also the manner of their Writing. And how grave soever his Tragedies might be, yet in his Comedies he express'd the way of *Aristophanes*, *Eupolis*, and the rest, which was to call some Persons by their own Names, and to expose their Defects to the Laughter of the People. The Examples of which we have in the fore-mention'd *Aristophanes*, who turned the wise *Socrates* into Ridicule; and is also very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Alciades*, and other Ministers of the *Arbenian* Government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first Hint of Satyrical Plays on the *Roman* Stage, was given by the *Greeks*. Not from the *Satyrical*, for that has

has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this Discourse: But from their old Comedy, which was imitated first by *Livius Andronicus*. And then *Quintilian* and *Horace* must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that Satir is wholly *Roman*; and a sort of Verse, which was not touch'd on by the *Grecians*. The Reconcilement of my Opinion to the Standard of their Judgment is not however very difficult, since they spake of Satir, not as in its first Elements, but as it was form'd into a separate Work; begun by *Ennius*, pursu'd by *Lucilius*, and compleated afterwards by *Horace*. The Proof depends only on this *Postulatum*, that the Comedies of *Andronicus*, which were Imitations of the *Greek*, were also Imitations of their Raileries, and Reflections on particular Persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable Supposition, 'tis easie to infer, that the first Light which was given to the *Roman Theatrical Satir*, was from the Plays of *Livius Andronicus*. Which will be more manifestly discover'd, when I come to speak of *Ennius*. In the meantime I will return to *Dacier*.

The People, says he, ran in Crowds to these new Entertainments of *Andronicus*, as to Pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former Satires, which for some time they neglected and abandon'd. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they join'd them to their Comedies: Playing them at the end of every Drama; as the *French* continue at this Day to act their Farces; in the nature of a separate Entertainment from their Tragedies. But more particularly they were join'd to the *Atellane Fables*, says *Casaubon*; which were Plays invented by the *Osci*. Those Fables, says *Valerius Maximus*, out of *Livy*, were temper'd with the *Italian* Severity, and free from any Note of Infamy or Obsceneness; and as an old Commentator on *Juvenal* affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were Singers and Dancers, enter'd to entertain the People with light Songs, and mimical Gestures, that they might not go away oppress'd with Melancholy, from those serious Pieces of the Theater.

The DEDICATION. A1

So that the ancient Satir of the *Roman* was in extemporary Reproaches: The next was Farce, which was brought from *Tuscany*: To that succeeded the Plays of *Andronicus*, from the old Comedy of the *Greeks*: And out of all these, sprung two several Branches of new *Roman* Satir: like different Cyens from the same Root. Which I shall prove with as much brevity as the Subject will allow.

A Year after *Andronicus* had open'd the *Roman* Stage with his new Drama's, *Ennius* was born: who, when he was grown to Man's Estate, having seriously consider'd the Genius of the People, and how eagerly they follow'd the first Satires, thought it wou'd be worth his Pains to refine upon the Project, and to write Satires not to be Acted on the Theater, but Read. He preserv'd the Ground-work of their Pleasantry, their Venom, and their Railery on particular Persons, and general Vices: And by this means, avoiding the Danger of any ill Success, in a Publick Representation, he hop'd to be as well receiv'd in the Cabinet, as *Andronicus* had been upon the Stage. The Event was answerable to his Expectation. He made Discourses in several sorts of Verse, vary'd often in the same Paper; retaining still in the Title, their original Name of Satire. Both in relation to the Subjects, and the variety of Matters contain'd in them, the Satires of *Horace* are entirely like them; only *Ennius*, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of Verse, as *Horace* does; but taking Example from the *Greeks*, and even from *Homer* himself, in his *Margites*, which is a kind of Satire, as *Scaliger* observes, gives himself the license, when one sort of Numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his Fancy Dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle Hexameters with Iambique Trimeters; or with Trochaïque Tetrameters; as appears by those Fragments which are yet remaining of him: *Horace* has thought him worthy to be Copy'd; inserting many things of his into his own Satires, as *Virgil* has done into his *Aeneids*.

Here we have *Dacier* making out that *Ennius* was the first Satyrist in that way of Writing, which was of his Invention;

vention; that is, Satir abstracted from the Stage, and new modell'd into Papers of Verses, on several Subjects. But he will have *Ennius* take the Ground-work of Satir from the first Farces of the *Romans*; rather than from the form'd Plays of *Livius Andronicus*, which were Copy'd from the *Græcian* Comedies. It may possibly be so; but *Dacier* knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable Opinion, that he rather imitated the fine Railleries of the *Greeks*, which he saw in the Pieces of *Andronicus*, than the Courtness of his old Country-men, in their Clownish Extemporary way of jeering.

But besides this, 'tis universally granted, that *Ennius*, tho' an *Italian*, was excellently learn'd in the *Greek* Language. His Verses were stuff'd with Fragments of it, even to a fault: And he himself believ'd, according to the *Pythagorean* Opinion, that the Soul of *Homer* was transfus'd into him: Which *Persius* observes, in his *Sixth Satir*: *Postquam destituit esse Maonides*. But this being only the private Opinion of so inconsiderable a Man as I am, I leave it to the farther Disquisition of the Critiques, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the *Roman* Farce, or the *Greek* Comedies, he is to be acknowledg'd for the first Author of *Roman Satir*, as it is properly so call'd; and distinguish'd from any sort of Stage-Play.

Of *Pacuvius*, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: Only that he is taken to be the Nephew of *Ennius*, his Sister's Son; that in probability he was instructed by his Uncle, in his way of Satir, which we are told he has Copy'd; but what Advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the World, when *Pacuvius* flourish'd most; he also made Satires after the manner of *Ennius*, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavour'd to imitate more closely the *vetus Comædia* of the *Greeks*: Of the which the old Original *Roman Satir* had no Idea, 'till the time of *Livius Andronicus*. And though *Horace* seems to have made *Lucilius* the first Author of Satir in Verse,
amongst

amongst the Romans; in these Words, *Quidcum est Lucilius ausus Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem*: He is only thus to be understood, That *Lucilius* had given a more graceful turn to the Satir of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new Satir of his own: And *Quintilian* seems to explain this Passage of *Horace* in these Words: *Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius*.

Thus, both *Horace* and *Quintilian* give a kind of Primacy of Honour to *Lucilius*, amongst the Latin Satirists. For as the Roman Language grew more refin'd, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian Beauties in his time: *Horace* and *Quintilian* could mean no more, than that *Lucilius* writ better than *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*: And on the same account we prefer *Horace* to *Lucilius*: Both of them imitated the old Greek Comedy; and so did *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* before them. The polishing of the Latin Tongue, in the succession of Times, made the only difference. And *Horace* himself, in two of his Satires, written purposely on this Subject, thinks the Romans of his Age were too partial in their Commendations of *Lucilius*; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little Art, and much less Care, but also in a time when the Latin Tongue was not yet sufficiently purg'd from the Dregs of Barbarism; and many significant and sounding Words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the Times of *Lucretius* and *Cicero*; of which both complain.

But to proceed, *Dacier* justly taxes *Casaubon*, for saying, That the Satires of *Lucilius* were wholly different in Specie, from those of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. *Casaubon* was led into that Mistake by *Diomedes* the Grammarian, who in effect says this: Satir amongst the Romans, but not amongst the Greeks, was a biting invective Poem, made after the Model of the ancient Comedy; for the Reprehension of Vices: Such as were the Poems of *Lucilius*, of *Horace*, and of *Persius*. But in former Times, the Name of Satir was given to Poems, which were compos'd of several sorts of Verses; such as were made by *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; more

more fully expressing the Etymology of the word Satir, from *Satura*, which we have observ'd. Here 'tis manifest, that *Diomedes* makes a Specificall Distinction betwixt the Satires of *Ennius*, and those of *Lucilius*. But this, as we say in *English*, is only a Distinction without a Difference; for the Reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozen'd honest *Casaubon*, who relying on *Diomedes*, had not sufficiently examin'd the Origin and Nature of those two Satires; which were entirely the same, both in the Matter and the Form. For all that *Lucilius* perform'd beyond his Predecessors, *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, was only the adding of more Politenels, and more Salt; without any change in the Substance of the Poem: And tho' *Lucilius* put not together in the same Satir several sorts of Verses, as *Ennius* did; yet he compos'd several Satires, of several sorts of Verses; and mingl'd them with Greek Verses: One Poem consisted only of *Hexameters*; and another was entirely of *Iambiques*; a third of *Trochæiques*; as is visible by the Fragments yet remaining of his Works. In short, if the Satires of *Lucilius* are therefore said to be wholly different from those of *Ennius*, because he added much more of Beauty and Polishing to his own Poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the Satires of *Horace* are wholly different from those of *Lucilius*, because *Horace* has not less surpass'd *Lucilius* in the Elegancy of his Writing, than *Lucilius* surpass'd *Ennius* in the Turn and Ornament of his. This Passage of *Diomedes* has also drawn *Douss*, the Son, into the same Error of *Casaubon*, which I say, not to expose the little Failings of those judicious Men, but only to make it appear, with how much Diffidence and Caution we are to read their Works; when they treat a Subject of so much Obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of Satir.

Having thus brought down the History of Satir from its Original to the Times of *Horace*, and shewn the several Changes of it; I shou'd here discover some of those Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that I think it will

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be more proper to defer that Undertaking, 'till I make the Comparison betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of Satir, which also was descended from the Ancients: 'Tis that which we call the *Varro-nian* Satir, but which *Varro* himself calls the *Menippean*; because *Varro*, the most Learn'd of the *Romans*, was the first Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profess'd the Philosophy of the *Cyniques*.

This sort of Satir was not only compos'd of several sorts of Verse, like those of *Ennius*, but was also mix'd with Prose; and Greek was sprinkl'd amongst the Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had spoken of the Satir of *Lucilius*, adds what follows; *There is another and former kind of Satir, Compos'd by Terentius Varro, the most Learn'd of the Romans: In which he was not satisfy'd alone, with mingling in it several sorts of Verse.* The only difficulty of this Passage, is, that *Quintilian* tells us, that this Satir of *Varro* was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since *Varro*, who was contemporary to *Cicero*, must consequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian* meant not, that the Satir of *Varro* was in order of Time before *Lucilius*? he would only give us to understand, that the *Varro-nian* Satir, with mixture of several sorts of Verses, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his Verses, in the same Poem.

We have nothing remaining of those *Varro-nian* Satires, excepting some inconsiderable Fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The Titles of many of them are indeed preserv'd, and they are generally double: From whence, at least, we may understand, how many various Subjects were treated by that Author. *Tully*, in his *Academicks*, introduces *Varro* himself giving us some light concerning the Scope and Design of those Works. Wherein, after he had shewn his Reasons why he did not

ex professo write of Philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, *says he*, that those Pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated *Menippus*, though I have not Translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of Mirth and Gayety: Yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very Intrails of Philosophy, and many things severely argu'd: Which I have mingl'd with Pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common Sort of unlearn'd Readers. The rest of the Sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the Composition of his Satires, he so temper'd Philology with Philosophy, that his Work was a mixture of them both. And *Tully* himself confirms us in this Opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to *Varro* in these words. *And you your self have compos'd a most Elegant and compleat Poem; you have begun Philosophy in many Places: Sufficient to incite us, though too little to Instruct us.* Thus it appears, that *Varro* was one of those Writers whom they call'd *σπουδαῖοι*, studious of Laughter; and that, as Learned as he was, his Business was more to divert his Reader, than to teach him. And he entituled his own Satires *Menippean*: Not that *Menippus* had written any Satires (for his were either Dialogues or Epistles) but that *Varro* imitated his Style, his Manner, and his Facetiousness. All that we know farther of *Menippus*, and his Writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteem'd, as, amongst the rest, by *Varro*: By others he is noted of Cynical Impudence, and Obscenity: That he was much given to those *Parodies*, which I have already mention'd; that is, he often quoted the Verses of *Homer* and the Tragick Poets, and turn'd their serious Meaning into something that was Ridiculous; whereas *Varro's* Satires are by *Tully* call'd Absolute, and most Elegant, and Various Poems. *Lucian*, who was emulous of this *Menippus*, seems to have imitated both his Manners and his Style in many of his Dialogues; where *Menippus* himself is often introduc'd as a Speaker in them, and as a perpetual Buffoon: Particularly his Character is express'd in the

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beginning of that Dialogue which is call'd *Neuomartia*. But *Varro*, in imitating him, avoids his Impudence and Filchiness, and only expresses his witty Pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, so most of them were Tales or Stories of his own Invention. Which is also manifest from Antiquity, by those Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian Satires*, in Imitation of his. Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbitor*, whose Satir, they say, is now printing in *Holland*, wholly recover'd, and made compleat. When 'tis made publick, it will easily be seen by any one Sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of *Lucian's* Dialogues may also properly be call'd *Varronian Satires*, particularly his *True History*: And consequently the *Golden Ass* of *Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the same Stamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the *Symposium* or *Casars* of *Julian* the Emperor. Amongst the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moria* of *Erasmus*, *Barelay's Euphormio*, and a Volume of German Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mix'd with Prose, as *Varro's* were: But of the same kind is Mother *Hubbard's* Tale in *Spencer*; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the Poems of *Absalom* and *Mae Flecno*. This is what I have to say in general of Satir: Only as *Dacier* has observ'd before me, we may take notice, That the Word Satir is of a more general Signification in *Latin*, than in *French*, or *English*. For amongst the *Romans* it was not only us'd for those Discourses which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others also, where Virtue was recommended. But in our modern Languages we apply it only to invective Poems, where the very Name of Satir is formidable to those Persons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themselves. For in *English*, to say Satir, is to mean Reflection, as we use that Word in the worst Sense; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Medifance*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be

with *i* and not with *y*, to distinguish its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then 'tis false spell'd throughout this Book: For here 'tis written *Satyr*. Which having not consider'd at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never spell it any other way than *Satire*.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my Undertaking, which is, to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Persius*: 'Tis observ'd by *Régault*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Thuanus*, that these three Poets have all their particular *Partisans*, and Favourers: Every Commentator, as he has taken Pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the Partiality of Mankind, to set up that Interest which they have once espous'd, tho' it be to the Prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Justice: And especially in the Productions of the Brain. As Authors generally think themselves the best Poets, because they cannot go out of themselves, to judge sincerely of their Betters; so it is with Critiques, who, having first taken a liking to one of these Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illustrate him: After which, they fall in love with their own Labours, to that degree of blind Fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not so much for his sake, as for their own. 'Tis a Folly of the same Nature with that of the *Romans* themselves, in their Games of the *Circus*; the Spectators were divided in their Factions, betwixt the *Veneri* and the *Prasini*: Some were for the Charioteer in Blue, and some for him in Green. The Colours themselves were but a Fancy; but when once a Man had taken Pains to set out those of his Party, and had been at the trouble of procuring Voices for them, the Case was alter'd: He was concern'd for his own Labour, and that so earnestly, that Disputes and Quarrels, Animosities, Contentions, and Bloodshed, often happen'd. And in the Declension of the *Grecian* Empire,

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the very Sovereigns themselves engag'd in it, even when the Barbarians were at their Doors; and stick'd for the Preference of Colours, when the Safety of their People was in question. I am now, my self, on the Brink of the same Precipice; I have spent some time on the Translation of *Juvenal* and *Persius*; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that Reason, I shou'd be partial to them, or take a Prejudice against *Horace*. Yet, on the other side, I wou'd not be like some of our Judges, who wou'd give the Cause for a Poor Man, right or wrong: For tho' that be an Error on the better hand, yet it is still a Partiality: And a Rich Man, unheard, cannot be concluded an Oppressor. I remember a Saying of King *Charles H.* on Sir *Marshall Hale*, (who was doubtless an Uncorrupt and Upright Man) That his Servants were sure to be cast on a Tryal, which was heard before him: Not that he thought the Judge was possibly to be brib'd; but that his Integrity might be too scrupulous: And that the Causes of the Crown were always suspicious, when the Privileges of Subjects were concern'd.

It had been much fairer, if the modern Critics, who have embark'd in the Quarrels of their Favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's Heap, to raise their own. There is Praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the Spoils of others. But to come to particulars, *Heinsius* and *Dacier* are the most principal of those, who raise *Horace* above *Juvenal* and *Persius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debase *Horace*, that they may set up *Juvenal*: And *Casaubon*, who is almost single, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt *Persius*, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators; even *Scollart*, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who in my Opinion defends the weakest Cause, which is that of *Persius*; and labouring, as *Tacitus* professes of his own Writings, to divest my self of Partiality, or Prejudice, consider *Persius*,

ins; not as a Poet, whom I have wholly Translated, and who has cost me more Labour and Time, than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in some things to be preferr'd to both of them.

First, then, for the Verse, neither *Casaubon* himself, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Casaubon* gives this Point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the Measures, or the Words of *Perfius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verse is scabrous, and hobling, and his Words not every where well chosen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than the time of *Juvenal*, and consequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the height of its Perfection; so his Diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, insufferably strain'd.

In the third Place, notwithstanding all the Diligence of *Casaubon*, *Stalluti*, and a Scotch Gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his Illustrations of him;) yet he is still obscure: Whether he affected not to be understood, but with Difficulty; or whether the fear of his Safety under *Nero*, compell'd him to this Darkness in some places; or that it was occasion'd by his close way of thinking, and the Brevity of his Stile, and crowding of his Figures; or lastly, whether after so long a time, many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Customs, and Stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these Reasons, or all, concur'd to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of Commentators can but guess at his Meaning, in many Passages: And none can be certain that he has divin'd rightly.

After all, he was a young Man, like his Friend and Contemporary *Lucan*: Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquir'd Knowledge, considering their Youth. But neither of them had arriv'd to that Maturity of Judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of

a form'd Poet. And this Consideration, as on the one hand it lays some Imperfections to their charge; so, on the other side, 'tis a candid excuse for those Failings, which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more Reason to wonder, how they, who died before the Thirtieth Year of their Age, cou'd write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those Faults, from which Human Nature, and more especially in Youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider *Persius* yet more closely: He rather insulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace*. And as chaste and modest as he is esteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in some Places he is broad and fulsom, as the latter Verses of the Fourth Satir, and of the Sixth, sufficiently witness. And 'tis to be believ'd, that he who commits the same Crime often, and without Necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of Pleasure.

To come to a conclusion, he is manifestly below *Horace*; because he borrows most of his greatest Beauties from himf. And *Casaubon* is so far from denying this, that he has written a Treatise purposely concerning it, wherein he shews a multitude of his Translations from *Horace*, and his Imitations of him, for the Credit of his Author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these Defects, which I casually observ'd, while I was Translating this Author, *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain Terms, a silly Writer, and a Trifler; full of Ostentation of Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

After such terrible Accusations, 'tis time to hear what his Patron *Casaubon* can alledge in his Defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same Crimes. He deals with *Scaliger*, as a modest Scholar with a Master. He Compliments him with so much Reverence, that one wou'd swear he fear'd him as much at least as he respected him. *Scaliger* will not allow *Persius* to have any Wit: *Casaubon* in-

terprets

terprets this in the mildest Sense; and confesses his Author was not good at turning things into a pleasant Ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable Writer. That he was *improbus*, indeed, but that was *non artif-
finitis ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his Learning; that, by Scaliger's good Favour, he denies. *Persius* shew'd his Learning, but was no Boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger: Where, methinks, *Cassiodorus* turns it handsomly upon this supercilious Critick, and silently insinuates, that he himself was sufficiently Vain-glorious; and a Boaster of his own Knowledge. All the Writings of this Venerable *Cassiodorus*, continues *Cassiodorus*, which are *non solum* *veritatis*, more golden than Gold it self, are every where smelling of that Thyme, which, like a Bee, he has gather'd from ancient Authors: But far be Ostentation and Vain-glory from a Gentleman, so well Born, and so nobly Educated as Scaliger: But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the Name of *Scythicus*, a dark Writer. Now, says *Cassiodorus*, 'tis a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the Divine Wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong Compliment, but no Defence. And *Cassiodorus*, who cou'd not but be sensible of his Author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a Post that was untenable. He acknowledges that *Persius* is obscure in some Places; but so is *Plato*, so is *Thucydides*; so are *Pindar*, *Theocritus*, and *Aristophanes*, amongst the Greek Poets; and even *Horace* and *Juvenal*, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The Truth is, *Persius* is not sometimes, but generally obscure: And therefore *Cassiodorus*, at last, is forc'd to excuse him, by alledging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of *Nero*; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by *Cornutus*, in virtue of holy Obedience to his Master. I cannot help my own Opinion; I think *Cornutus* needed not to have read many Lectures to him on that Subject. *Persius* was an apt Scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some Places, where his Life and Safety were in question, took the

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same Counsel for all his Book; and never afterwards wrote ten Lines together clearly. *Casaubon*, being upon this Chapter, has not fail'd, we may be sure, of making a Compliment to his own dear Comment. If *Perfius* says he, be in himself obscure, yet my Interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that Praise, which he has given to himself: But the nature of the thing, as *Lucretius* says, will not admit of a perfect Explanation. Besides many Examples which I could urge, the very last Verse of his last Satir, upon which he particularly values himself in his Preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. 'Tis true, *Holladay* has endeavour'd to justify his Construction; but *Stallius* is against it. And, for my part, I can have but a very dark Notion of it. As for the Chastity of his Thoughts, *Casaubon* denies not but that one particular Passage, in the Fourth Satir, *At, si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his Works: I understood it; but for that Reason turn'd it over. In defence of his boisterous Metaphors, he quotes *Longinus*, who accounts them as Instruments of the Sublime; fit to move and stir up the Affections, particularly in Narration. To which it may be reply'd, That where the Trope is far fetch'd and hard, 'tis fit for nothing but to puzzle the Understanding; and may be reckon'd amongst those things of *Demosthenes*, which *Eschines* call'd *deuata*, not *myata*: that is, Prodigies, not Words. It must be granted to *Casaubon*, that the Knowledge of many things is lost in our Modern Ages, which were of familiar notice to the Ancients; and that Satir is a Poem of a difficult nature in it self, and is not written to vulgar Readers. And through the relation which it has to Comedy, the frequent change of Persons makes the Sense perplex'd; when we can but divine who it is that speaks: Whether *Perfius* himself, or his Friend and Monitor; or, in some Places, a third Person. But *Casaubon* comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if *Perfius* had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an Interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoin'd him-

himself so hard a Task, he then consider'd the *Greek* Proverb, that he must *either eat the whole Snail, or let it quite alone*; and so he went through with his laborious Task, as I have done with my difficult Translation.

Thus far, my Lord, you see it has gone very hard with *Perfius*: I think he cannot be allow'd to stand in competition, either with *Juvenal* or *Horace*. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, That none of his hard Metaphors, or forc'd Expressions, are in my Translation: But more of this in its proper Place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of our general Performance, in making these two Authors *English*. In the mean time, I think my self oblig'd to give *Perfius* his undoubted due, and to acquaint the World, with *Casaubon*, in what he has equal'd, and in what excell'd his two Competitors.

A Man who is resolv'd to praise an Author, with any appearance of Justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to Exceptions. He is therefore oblig'd to chuse his Mediums accordingly: *Casaubon*, who saw that *Perfius* cou'd not laugh with a becoming Grace, that he was not made for Jestings, and that a merry Conceit was not his Talent, turn'd his Feather, like an *Indian*, to another Light, that he might give it the better Gloss. Moral Doctrine, says he, and Urbanity, or well-manner'd Wit, are the two things which constitute the *Roman* Satir. But of the two, that which is most essential to this Poem, and is, as it were, the very Soul which animates it, is the scourging of Vice, and exhortation to Virtue. Thus Wit, for a good Reason, is already almost out of Doors; and allow'd only for an Instrument, a kind of Tool, or a Weapon, as he call'd it, of which the Satirist makes use, in the compassing of his Design. The End and Aim of our Three Rivals, is consequently the same. But by what Methods they have prosecuted their Intention, is farther to be consider'd. Satir is of the nature of Moral Philosophy, as being instructive: He therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the Plam from his

his two Antagonists. The Philosophy in which *Perfidus* was Educated, and which he professes through his whole Book, is the Stoick: The most Noble, most Generous, most Beneficial to human Kind, amongst all the Sects, who have given us the Rules of Ethiques, thereby to form a severe Virtue in the Soul; to raise in us an undaunted Courage, against the Assaults of Fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our Power; not to value Riches, Beauty, Honours, Fame, or Health, any farther than as Conveniences; and so many Helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our Generation. In short, to be always happy, while we possess our Minds, with a good Conscience, are free from the Slavery of Vices, and conform our Actions and Conversation to the Rules of right Reason. See here, my Lord, an Epitome of *Epictetus*; the Doctrine of *Zeno*; and the Education of our *Perfidus*. And this he express'd, not only in all his Satires, but in the manner of his Life. I will not lessen this Commendation of the Stoick Philosophy, by giving you an Account of some Absurdities in their Doctrine, and some perhaps Impieties, if we consider them by the Standard of Christian Faith. *Perfidus* has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those Imputations. What he teaches, might be taught from Pulpit, with more profit to the Audience, than all the nice Speculations of Divinity, and Controversies concerning Faith; which are more for the Profit of the Shepherd, than for the Edification of the Flock. Passion, Interest, Ambition, and all their bloody Consequences of Discord, and of War, are banish'd from this Doctrine. Here is nothing propos'd but the Quiet and Tranquility of the Mind; Virtue lodg'd at home, and afterwards diffus'd in her general Effects, to the Improvement and Good of Human Kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of *Salisbury* has recommended this our Author, and the fifth Satire of *Juvenal*, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious Perusal and Practice of the Divines in his Diocess, as the best Common Places for their Sermons, at the Storr-

Houses

Houses and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of Assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous Life, which the Stoicks have assign'd for the great End and Perfection of Mankind. Herein, then it is, that *Persius* has excell'd both *Juvenal* and *Horace*. He sticks to his own Philosophy: He shifts not sides, like *Horace*, who is sometimes an *Epicurean*, sometimes a *Stoick*, sometimes an *Ecclesiastick*; as his present Humour leads him: Nor declaims like *Juvenal* against Vices, more like an Orator, than a Philosopher. *Persius* is every where the same; true to the Dogma of his Master: What he has learn'd, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a Spirit of Sincerity in all he says: You may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is perswaded of that Truth which he inculcates. In this I am of Opinion, that he excels *Horace*, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: And is equal to *Juvenal*, who was as honest and serious as *Persius*, and more he cou'd not be.

Hitherto I have follow'd *Cassaubon*, and enlarg'd upon him; because I am satisfy'd that he says no more than Truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that *Horace* being the Son of a Tax-gatherer, or a Collector, as we call it, smells every where of the Meanness of his Birth and Education: His Conceptions are vulgar, like the Subjects of his Satires; that he does *Plebeium sapere*; and mixes not with that Elevation, which becomes a Satirist: That *Persius* being Nobly born, and of an opulent Family, had likewise the advantage of a better Master; *Corneilius* being the most Learned of his time, a Man of a most Holy Life, the Chief of the Stoick Sect at Rome; and not only a great Philosopher, but a Poet himself; and in probability a Coadjutor of *Persius*. That, as for *Juvenal*, he was long a Declaimer, came late to Poetry, and had not been much conversant in Philosophy.

'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is, one degree remov'd from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, speaking of him,

gives

gives him the best Character of a Father, which I ever read in History; and I wish a witty Friend of mine now living had such another. He bred him in the best School, and with the best Company of young Noble-men. And *Horace*, by his Gratitude to his Memory, gives a certain Testimony that his Education was ingenious. After this, he fort'd himself abroad, by the Conversation of Great Men. *Brutus* found him at *Athens*, and was so pleas'd with him, that he took him thence into the Army, and made him *Tribunus Militum*, a Colonel in a Legion, which was the Preferment of an Old Soldier. All this was before his Acquaintance with *Mecenas*, and his Introduction into the Court of *Augustus*, and the Familiarity of that Great Emperor, which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his Conversation, and render him accomplish'd and knowing in all the Arts of Complacency and Good-behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable Companion for the retired Hours and Privacies of a Favourite, who was First Minister. So that, upon the whole matter, *Persius* may be acknowledg'd to be equal with him, in those Respects, tho' better born, and *Juvenal* inferior to both. If the Advantage be any where, 'tis on the side of *Horace*; as much as the Court of *Augustus Caesar*, was superiour to that of *Nero*. As for the Subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that *Horace* writ not vulgarly on vulgar Subjects, nor always chose them. His Style is constantly accommodated to his Subject, either high or low: If his fault be too much lowness, that of *Persius* is the fault of the hardness of his Metaphors, and Obscurity: And so they are equal in the Failings of their Style; where *Juvenal* manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The Comparison betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult, because their Forces were more equal: A Dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the Favourers of the two Poets. *Nam nostrum est tunc con-
ponere lites.* I shall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determine. If it be only

argu'd

argu'd in general, which of them was the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the side of *Horace*. *Virgil* himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his Turn, his choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who says that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his *Odes*. But the Contention betwixt these two great Masters, is for the Prize of Satir: In which Controversie, all the *Odes* and *Epodes* of *Horace* are to stand excluded. I say this, because *Horace* has written many of them Satirically, against his private Enemies: Yet these, if justly consider'd, are somewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were *Invectives* against particular Sects and Persons. But *Horace* had purg'd himself of this Choler, before he enter'd on those Discourses, which are more properly call'd the *Roman Satir*: He has not how to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Cassius Severus*, or a *Menæ*; but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a happy and virtuous Life. In a word, that former sort of Satir, which is known in *England* by the Name of *Lampoon*, is a dangerous sort of Weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral Right on the Reputation of other Men: 'Tis taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two Reasons, for which we may be permitted to write *Lampoons*; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: The first is *Revenge*, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd, and can make our selves no other *Reparation*. And yet we know, that, in *Christian Charity*, all Offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like Pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty *GOD*. And this Consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the Forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reason I have many times avoided the commission of that Fault, ev'n when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for *Vanity* in me; for 'tis Truth.

Begin

Libels

Libels have been written against me; than almost any Man now living: And I had Reason on my side, to have defended my own Innocence: I speak not of my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Criticks; let them use it as they please; Posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Interest and Passion will lie bury'd in another Age; and Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my Morals, which have been sufficiently aspers'd; that only sort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honest Man, and is to me. But let the World witness for me, that I have been often wanting to my self in that particular: I have seldom answer'd any scurrilous Lampoon; when it was in my power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindictive, have suffer'd in silence, and possess'd my Soul in quiet.

Any thing, tho' never so little, which a Man speaks of himself, in my Opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this Subject, and proceed to give the second Reason, which may justify a Poet, when he writes against a particular Person; and that is, when he is become a Publick Nuisance. And those, whom *Horace* in his Satires, and *Perseus* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs, with a Brand of Infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies: Both for their own Amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terrour of others, to hinder them from falling into those Enormities, which they see are so severely punish'd, in the Persons of others. The first Reason was only an Excuse for Revenge; but this second is absolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty: When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But good God! how remote they are in common Justice, from the Choice of such Persons are the proper Subject of Satire! And how little Wit they bring, for the support of their Injustice! The weaker Sex is their most ordinary Theme; and

and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst Men, those who are prosperously unjust, are intitled to Panegyrick: But afflicted Virtue is insolently stabb'd with all manner of Reproaches; no Decency is consider'd, no Fulsomness omitted, no Venom is wanting, as far as Dulness can supply it: For there is a perpetual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenness of good Sense and Entertainment. The neglect of the Readers, will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no Pleasantry where there is no Wit: No Impression can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Season: The Corn which held up its Head, is spoil'd with Rankness; but the greater part of the Harvest is laid along, and little of good Income and wholesom Nourishment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almost a Digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just Indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbish, I will return to the Comparison of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I would willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It must be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, That *Horace* is the more copious and profitable in his Instructions of Human Life: But in my particular Opinion, which I set not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace*, for my Instruction; and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular Taste of these two Authors: They who will have either of them to exceed the other in both Qualities, can scarce give better Reasons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiass'd Readers, will conclude, that my Moderation is not to be condemn'd: To such impartial Men I must appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may justly stand suspected of Prejudice; and tho' all who are my Readers, will set up to be my Judges,

I enter my *Caveat*, against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my Jury: Or, if they be admitted, 'tis but Reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the Defence of my Opinion.

That *Horace* is somewhat the better Instructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, That his Instructions are more general; *Juvenal's* more limited. So that granting, that the Counsels which they give are equally good for Moral Use; *Horace*, who gives the most various Advice, and most applicable to all Occasions which can occur to us in the Course of our Lives; as including in his Discourses, not only all the Rules of Morality, but also of Civil Conversation; is, undoubtedly, to be prefer'd to him, who is more circumscrib'd in his Instructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occasions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for using an old Saying, since 'tis true, and to the purpose, *Retinet quo continetur, et molitur*. *Juvenal*, excepting only his first Satir, is in all the rest confin'd, to the exposing of some particular Vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His Sentences are truly shining and instructive: But they are sprinkl'd here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences: To give you the Virtue of them, without shewing them in their full Extent: Which is the Ostentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this *Betrarius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *No Sententiæ extra Corpus Orationis eminent*: He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear embos'd upon it, and striking directly on the Reader's View. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few notoriously wicked Men, in Comparison with a Shoal of Fools and Fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wise, than to make him honest: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Understanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-sides and Follies, even in the Professors of Moral Philosophy; and there is

not

not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which, as it was not the Design of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in lashing Vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd; so, perhaps, it was not so much his Talent. *Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flatus amicus, tangit, Et admissus circum placordia ludit.* This was the Commendation which *Perseus* gave him: Where by *Vitium*, he means those little Vices, which we call Follies, the Defects of Human Understanding, or at most the Piccadillo's of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurry'd by their unruly Passions and exorbitant Desires. But in the word *Omne*, which is universal, he concludes, with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmost Recesses of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People; discovering, even in the great *Trobatius*, to whom he addresses the First Satir, his hunting after Business, and following the Court, as well as in the Persecutor *Crispinus*, his Impertinence and Importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes *Crispinus* openly, as a common Nuisance: But he rallies the other, as a Friend, more finely. The Exhortations of *Perseus* are confin'd to Noblemen: And the Stoick Philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them. *Juvenal* exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to those Vices against which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to shame all Follies, and insinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the severity of Precepts. This last Consideration seems to incline the Balance on the side of *Horace*, and to give him the preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languishing. Be pleas'd still to understand, that I speak of my own Taste only: He may ravish other Men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himself, and, as *Scaliger* says, only shews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke me to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be com-

mended, but his Wit is faint; and his Salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Masculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleasure as I can bear: He fully satisfies my Expectation; he treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raises mine: I have the Pleasure of Concernment in all he says: He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progress, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the Subject is exhausted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain-Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as just as those of *Horace*, and much more elevated. His Expressions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verse more numerous, and his Words are suitable to his Thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the Pleasure of the Reader; and the greater the Soul of him who reads, his Transports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the amble, *Juvenal* on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on Carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than *Horace*, but as securely; and the Swift-ness adds a more lively Agitation to the Spirits. The low Stile of *Horace* is according to his Subject, that is generally groveling: I question not but he cou'd have rais'd it: For the first Epistle of the Second Book, which he writes to *Augustus*, (a most instructive Satir concerning Poetry,) is of so much Dignity in the Words, and of so much Elegancy in the Numbers, that the Author plainly shews, the *Sermo pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his Choice than his Necessity. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predecessor, and was resolv'd to surpass him in his own manner. *Lucilius*, as we see by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Stile nor his Numbers, nor his Parity of Words, nor his Run of Verse. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satir; writes under his

own Force, and carries a dead Weight, that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reason, why he minded only the Clearness of his Satir, and the Cleanness of Expression, without ascending to those Heights, to which his own Vigour might have carry'd him. But limiting his Desires only to the Conquest of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new Conquest over himself, by *Juvenal* his Successor. He cou'd not give an equal Pleasure to his Reader, because he us'd not equal Instruments. The Fault was in the Tools, and not in the Workman. But Versification and Numbers, are the greatest Pleasures of Poetry: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both so happily, that for ought I know, his greatest Excellency is in his Diction. In all other Parts of Poetry, is faultless; but in this he plac'd his chief Perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt Occasion, to say, that *Virgil* cou'd have written sharper Satires, than either *Horace* or *Juvenal*, if he wou'd have employ'd his Talent that way. I will produce a Verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justify my Opinion; and with *Commus*'s after every Word, to shew, that he has given almost as many Lashes, as he has written Syllables; 'tis against a bad Poet, whose ill Verses he describes: *Non tu, in trivis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?* But to return to my Purpose, when there is any thing deficient in Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneasy, and unsatisfy'd; he wants something of his Complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: And this being the manifest Defect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding it supply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an Appetite of Reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite; so that granting *Horace* to be the more general Philosopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in Satir. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vice is more vehement;

ment; his Spirit has more of the Common-wealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost Rigour: And consequently a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a zealous Vindicator of Roman Liberty, than with a temporizing Poet, a Well-manner'd Court-slave, and a Man who is often afraid of laughing in the right Place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the Disadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worse for the Satirist. 'Tis generally said, that those enormous Vices which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the time of *Augustus Caesar*: That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of doors, when Oppression was to be scourg'd instead of Avarice; it was no longer time to turn into Ridicule the false Opinions of Philosophers, when the Roman Liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian's* Days, to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflection at the same time excuses *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*. I have ended, before I was aware, the Comparison of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the Topicks of Instruction and Delight; and indeed, I may safely here conclude that Common-place: For if we make *Horace* our Minister of State in Satir, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleasures; I think the latter has no ill Bargain of it. Let Profit have the Preheminence of Honour, in the End of Poetry. Pleasure, tho' but the second in Degree, is the first in Favour. And who wou'd not chuse to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topique; which concerns the particular Merits of these two Satyrists. However, I will pursue my Business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common Observation of the several Ages in which these Authors flourish'd. When *Horace* writ his Satires, the Monarchy of his *Caesar* was in its newness, and the Government but just made easie to the conquer'd People. They cou'd not possibly have forgotten the Usurpation of that Prince upon their

Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compassing that vast Design: They yet remember'd his Proscriptions, and the Slaughter of so many noble Romans their Defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was constrain'd to see her marry'd, as *Dion* relates the Story, and, big with Child as she was, convey'd to the Bed of his insulting Rival. The same *Dion Cassius* gives us another Instance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Sisenna*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the licentious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Answer; That he had marry'd her by the Counsel of *Augustus*: Intimating, says my Author, that *Augustus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that Covert, have the more free Access unto her. His Adulteries were still before their Eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not Power. In other things that Emperor was moderate enough: Propriety was generally secur'd; and the People entertain'd with publick Shows, and Donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost Liberty. But *Augustus*, who was conscious to himself, of so many Crimes which he had committed, thought in the first Place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict against Lampoons and Satires, and the Authors of those defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first Book of his *Annals*, he gives the following Account of it, in these Words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque inlustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in *English*: *Augustus* was the first, who under the Colour of that Law took Cognisance of Lampoons; being provok'd to it, by the Petulance of *Cassius Severus*, who had defam'd many Illustrious Persons of both Sexes, in his Writings. The Law to which *Tacitus* refers, was *Lex lasa Majestatis*; commonly call'd, for the sake of Brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, High Treason: He means not that this Law had not been

Enacted

Enacted formerly: For it had been made by the Decem-
virs, and was inscrib'd amongst the rest in the Twelve
Tables; to prevent the Asperſion of the Roman Majesty,
either of the People themselves, or their Religion, or
their Magistrates: And the Infringement of it was Capi-
tal; that is, the Offender was whipt to Death, with the
Fasces, which were born before their chief Officers of
Rome. But *Augustus* was the first, who restor'd that in-
termitted Law. By the Words, Under Colour of that Law,
he insinuates that *Augustus* caus'd it to be executed, on
pretence of those Libels, which were written by *Cassius*
Severus, against the Nobility: But, in truth, to save him-
self from such defamatory Verses: *Suetonius* likewise makes
mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in Curia famosos libellos,*
ne expavit, & magna cura redarguit. Ac ne requisitis qui-
dam Auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de
his qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno
nomine edant. *Augustus* was not afraid of Libels, says that
Author: Yet he took all care imaginable to have them
answer'd; and then decreed, that for the time to come,
the Authors of them should be punish'd. But *Aurelius*
makes it yet more clear, according to my Sense, that this
Emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id*
Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur Populo Romano,
& Primoribus urbis, sed revera ut sibi consulere. *Nam habuit*
in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in lo-
quendo, a qua nec ipse exemptus fuit. *Nam suo nomine com-*
peſcere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergo spe-
cie legis tractavit, quasi *Populi Romani Majestas infamare-*
tur. This, I think, is a sufficient Comment on that Pas-
sage of *Tacitus*; I will add only by the way, that the whole
Family of the *Caesars*, and all their Relations were included
in the Law; because the Majesty of the Romans in the
time of the Empire was wholly in that House: *Omnia Ca-*
sar erat: They were all accounted sacred who belong'd
to him. As for *Cassius Severus*, he was contemporary
with *Horace*; and was the same Poet against whom he
writes in his *Epodes*, under this Title, *In Cassium Severum*

Maladicum Poetam: Perhaps intending to kill two Crows, according to our Proverb, with one Stone; and revenge both himself and his Emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, That *Augustus*, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some By-respect in the enacting of this Law. For to do any thing for nothing, was not his Maxim. *Horace*, as he was a Courtier, comply'd with the Interest of his Master, and avoiding the lashing of greater Crimes, confin'd himself to the ridiculing of petty Vices and common Follies; excepting only some reserv'd Cases, in his *Odes* and *Egodes*, of his own particular Quarrels; which either with permission of the Magistrate, or without it, every Man will revenge, tho' I say not that he shou'd; for *prior lesit*, is a good Excuse in the Civil Law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper Man to arraign great Vices, at least if the Stories which we hear of him are true, that he practis'd some, which I will not here mention, out of Honour to him. It was not for a *Clodius* to accuse Adulterers, especially when *Augustus* was of that Number: So that tho' his Age was not exempted from the worst of Villanies, there was no Freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the Edict. And our Poet was not fit to represent them in an odious Character, because himself was dipt in the same Actions. Upon this Account, without farther insisting on the different Tempers of *Juvenal* and *Horace*, I conclude, that the Subjects which *Horace* chose for Satir, are of a lower Nature than those of which *Juvenal* has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new Method, the Comparison betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be consider'd. *Persius* was Grave, and particularly oppos'd his Gravity to Lewdness, which was the predominant Vice in *Nero's* Court, at the time when he publish'd his Satires, which was before that Emperor fell into the Excess of Cruelty. *Horace* was a mild Admonisher, a Court-Satirist, fit for the gentle Times of *Augustus*, and

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more fit, for the Reasons which I have already given. *Juvenal* was as proper for his Times, as they for theirs: His was an Age that deserv'd a more severe Chastisement; Vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encourag'd by the Example of a Tyrant, and more protected by his Authority. Therefore, wheresoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack in his own Person, but scourges him by Proxy. *Heinsius* urges in praise of *Horace*, that according to the ancient Art and Law of Satir, it shou'd be nearer to Comedy than to Tragedy; not declaiming against Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Perfius* nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for they had both study'd *Horace*. And the thing it self is plainly true. But as they had read *Horace*, they had likewise read *Lucilius*, of whom *Perfius* says *secuit Urbem; Et genuinum fregit in illis*, meaning *Mutius* and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* also mentions him in these words: *Ense velut strido, quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the Imitation of *Lucilius* was more proper to their purpose than that of *Horace*. They chang'd Satir, says *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better: For the Business being to reform great Vices, Chastisement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grinn, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critick, *Barten Holiday*, whose Interpretation and Illustrations of *Juvenal* are as excellent, as the Verse of his Translation and his *Englisb* are lame and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the Meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have perform'd most faithfully; but he must also imitate his Genius, and his Numbers, as far as the *Englisb* will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few words, 'tis only for a Poet to Translate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough consider'd this, when they attempted *Juvenal*; But I forbear Reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where *Holiday* says, *A perpetual Grinn, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a Man.* I

cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satir so easily: Let the Chastisements of *Juvenal* be never so necessary for his new kind of Satir; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of Satir consist in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not Imitation of an Author, which can produce this Fineness: It must be inborn, it must proceed from a Genius, and particular way of Thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious Terms! To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Nose and Cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of Shadowing. This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his Practice. Neither is it true, that this Fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted that in effect this way does more Mischief; that a Man is secretly wounded, and tho' he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly Butchering of a Man, and the fineness of a Stroak that separates the Head from the Body, and leaves it standing in its Place. A Man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch's* Wife said of his Servant, of a plain piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Abalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridicu-

ridiculous enough: And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an Injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly; but I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoid'd the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blindfides, and little Extravagancies: To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick. And thus, my Lord, you see I have preferr'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordship, in this kind of Satir, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reasonably. *Holiday* ought not to have arraign'd so Great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on such a palpable Mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectifie his Error, and restore to *Horace* that Commendation, of which he has so unjustly robb'd him. And let the Manes of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I say, that this way of *Horace* was the best for amending Manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *Ense rescindendum*; but that of *Horace* was a pleasant Cure, with all the Limbs preserv'd entire; and, as our *Mountebanks* tell us in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within Doors for a Day. What they promise only, *Horace* has effectually perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Proposition which I formerly advanc'd: *Juvenal's* Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation: But if he had liv'd in the Age of *Horace*, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was prescrib'd him by his own Genius; which was sharp and eager; he cou'd not rally, but he cou'd declaim: And as his Provocations were great, he has reveng'd them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but 'tis time for me now to speak more plainly.

This

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the best; but *Horace* has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The Manner of *Juvenal* is confes'd to be inferior to the former; but *Juvenal* has excell'd him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* means to make his Reader laugh; but he is not sure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his Purpose. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickl'd the People of his Age; but amongst the Moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own Understandings, that they can see a Jest farther off than other Men: They may find occasion of Laughter in the Wit-battel of the two Buffoons, *Sormentus* and *Cicernus*; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when *Rupilius* and *Persius* are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the Characters of all Four, which are judiciously given: But for my Heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* shou'd call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adversary; and that because he had kill'd *Julius Caesar* for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he shou'd be desir'd to Murther *Rupilius*, only because his Name was Mr. King. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Puns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of King *Charles II.* I am sorry to say it, for the sake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate who can feed so heartily on Garbage.

But I have already weary'd my self, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordship's Patience, with this long rambling, and I fear trivial Discourse. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleasure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satirist: They who will descend into his particular Praises, may find them at large in the

the

the Dissertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Thuanus*. As for *Perfius*, I have given the Reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject,

Baron Holiday, who Translated both *Juvenal* and *Perfius*, has made this Distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in *Perfius*, the Difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal* to chuse a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Perfius*, and so Copious in *Juvenal*: So much the Understanding is employ'd in one, and so much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any Sense in the former, and the best Sense of the latter.

If, on the other Side, any one suppose I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the Second Place, I desire him to consider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of excellent Natural Endowments, besides the Advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and Building upon his Foundations, might not probably, with all these Helps, surpass him? And whether it be any Dishonour to *Horace* to be thus surpass'd; since no Art, or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several Ages? If *Lucilius* could add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why, without any Diminution to the Fame of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the last Perfection to that Work? Or rather, what Disreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* excels in the Tragical Satir, as *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively both *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the Instructive Part; the Part of Wisdom, and not that of Pleasure; which therefore is here allow'd him, notwithstanding what *Scaliger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to shew that I am impartial, I will here Translate what *Dacier* has said on that Subject.

I cannot give a more just Idea of the Two Books of Satires made by *Horace*, than by comparing them to the Statues

Statues of the *Silens*, to which *Alcibiades* compares *Socrates*, in the *Symposium*. They were Figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their Out-side: But when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* presents himself to us, in his Satirs, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our Attention. It seems that he is rather an Amusement for Children, than for the serious Consideration of Men: But when we take away his Crust, and that which hides him from our sight; when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Assembly: That is to say, all the Virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their Vices.

'Tis easie to observe, that *Dacier*, in this Noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praise of his Author wholly to the Instructive Part: The Commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these Two Books of Satir, 'tis the Business of *Horace* to instruct us how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Passions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our Desires, to distinguish betwixt Truth and Falshood, and betwixt our Conceptions of Things, and Things themselves: To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to understand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Ridicule, into which all Men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those Notions which they have receiv'd from their Masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right Reason.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to our selves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converse. To make his Figures intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of some perplex'd Sentence, or obscure Parenthesis, is no greater matter: And, as *Epictetus* says, there

is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent Man. The principal Business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the Use, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a Model; are just like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of admirable Receipts for their Diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the Nature of the Remedies; or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with these Encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the Contention betwixt our three Poets, I will use the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid* where *Æneas* proposes the Rewards of the Foot Race, to the Three first, who shou'd reach the Goal. *Tres premia primi, accipient; flavaque Caput noctentur Olivâ*: Let these Three Ancients be preferr'd to all the Moderns; as first arriving at the Goal: Let them all be Crown'd as Victors, with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satir. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem, Victor habeto*. Let *Juvenal* Ride first in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam pharetram; plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & teriti subnectit Fibula gemma*. Let *Horace*, who is the Second, and but just the Second, carry off the Quivers and the Arrows, as the Badges of his Satir; and the Golden Belt and the Diamond Button, *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito*. And let *Persius*, the last of the first three Worthies, be contented with this *Grecian* Shield, and with Victory not only over all the *Grecians*, who were ignorant of the *Roman* Satir, but over all the Moderns in succeeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the History of Satir, and deriv'd it as from *Ennius*, to your Lordship; that is, from its first Rudiments of Barbarity, to its last Polishing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Address to *Augustus*;

— nomen

— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Tiboni primâ quot adest ab origine Casar.*

I said only from *Ennius*; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first Play at Rome, in the Year *ab Urbe condita* CCCCCXIV. I have since desir'd my Learned Friend Mr. *Maidwell*, to compute the difference of Times, betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Livius Andronicus*; and he assures me from the best Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the last of *Aristophanes's* Plays, was Represented at Athens, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad, which agrees with the Year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of Years betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a Grecian, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satirical, and also of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays, that were of the Satirical Nature. That the Romans had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication with Greece: So that *Andronicus* was the first who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about thirty Years afterwards. Tho' the former writ Fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman Satir. According to that Description, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his First; *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est far-rago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed from all the Modern Critiques, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the First; who by the *Archæa Comedia* of the Greeks, added many Beauties to the first Rude and Barbarous Roman Satir: Which sort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from Rome, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country.

'Tis but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satir, some Definition of it should be given. *Heinsius*, in his Dissertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in these words; Satir is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Human Vices, Ignorance, and Errors, and all things besides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are severely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and sometimes in both kinds of Speaking; but for the most part Figuratively, and Occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly, also, in a Facerious and Civil way of Jestling; by which either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is mov'd.——

Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Description of Satir, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, as foreign from that kind of Poem: The Clause in the beginning of it (without a Series of Action) distinguishes Satir properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continu'd Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satir is to purge the Passions; so far it is common to the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Persius*: The rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; 'till he comes upon us, with the excluding Clause (consisting in a low familiar way of Speech) which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honour be it spoken, are far distant. But how come Lowness of Style and the Familiarity of Words to be so much the Propriety of Satir, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satirist, than without Risibility he can be a Man? Is the fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue, and Standing Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Persius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be circumscrib'd, with the Meanness of Words and Vulgarity of Expression? If *Horace* refus'd the pains of Numbers, and the loathsomeness of Figures, are they bound to follow to ill a Precedent? Let him walk a Foot with his Pad in his hand, for his own Pleasure; but let

let not them be accounted no Poets, who chuse to mount, and shew their Horfmanship. *Holiday* is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall, as from his Odes to his Satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untun'd his Harp. The Majestique way of *Persius* and *Juvenal* was new when they began it; but 'tis old to us; and what Poems have not, with Time, receiv'd an Alteration in their Fashion? Which Alteration, says *Holiday*, is to after-times, as good a Warrant as the first. Has not *Virgil* chang'd the Manners of *Homer's* Hero's in his *Aeneis*? certainly he has, and for the better. For *Virgil's* Age was more Civiliz'd, and better Bred; and he writ according to the Politeness of *Rome*, under the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*; not to the Rudeness of *Agamemnon's* Age, or the Times of *Homer*. Why should we offer to confine free Spirits to one Form, when we cannot so much as confine our Bodies to one Fashion of Apparel? Wou'd not *Donn's* Satires, which abound with so much Wit, appear more Charming, if he had taken care of his Words, and of his Numbers? But he follow'd *Horace* so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: And I may safely say it of this present Age, That if we are not so great Wits as *Donn*, yet, certainly, we are better Poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be, to much on this Subject. Will your Lordship be pleas'd to Prolong my Audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial Thoughts, how a Modern Satir shou'd be made. I will not deviate in the least from the Precepts and Examples of the Ancients, who were always our best Masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden Beauties in their Designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that *Persius*, the least in Dignity of all the Three, has notwithstanding, been the first, who has discover'd to us this important Secret, in the designing of a perfect Satir; that it ought only to treat of one Subject; to be confin'd to one particular Theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other Vices occur in the management of the Chief, they should

should only be transiently lash'd, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a Play of the *English* Fashion, which we call a *Tragedy*, there is to be but one main Design: And tho' there be an Under-plot, or Second Walk of Comical Characters and Adventures, yet they are subservient to the Chief Fable, carry'd along under it, and helping to it; so that the *Drama* may not seem a Monster with two Heads. Thus the *Copernican* Systeme of the Planets makes the Moon to be mov'd by the motion of the Earth, and carry'd about her Orb, as a Dependant of hers: *Mascardi* in his Discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or Double-tale in Plays, gives an Instance of it, in the famous Pastoral of *Guarini*, call'd *Il Pastor Fido*; where *Corisca* and the Satir are the Under-parts: Yet we may observe, that *Corisca* is brought into the Body of the Plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain, that the Divine Wit of *Horace*, was not ignorant of this Rule, that a Play, though it consists of many Parts, must yet be one in the Action, and must drive on the Accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very Precept, *Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his Satires, many of them consisting of more Arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. *Casaubon* has observ'd this before me, in his Preference of *Persius* to *Horace*: And will have his own belov'd Author to be the first, who found out, and introduc'd this Method of confining himself to one Subject. I know it may be urg'd in defence of *Horace*, that this Unity is not necessary; because the very word *Satura* signifies a Dish plentifully stor'd with all variety of Fruits and Grains. Yet *Juvenal*, who calls his Poems a *Farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *Satura*; has chosen to follow the same Method of *Persius*, and not of *Horace*. And *Boileau*, whose Example alone is a sufficient Authority, has wholly confin'd himself, in all his Satires, to this Unity of Design. That variety which is not to be found in any one Satir, is, at least, in many, written on several Occasions. And if Variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, ac-

according to the Etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one Subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several Subordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdivisions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which all together may compleat that *Olla*, or Hotchpotch, which is properly a Satir.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Design of true Satir. The Poet is bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader some one Precept of Moral Virtue, and to caution him against some one particular Vice or Folly. Other Virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices or Follies may be scourg'd, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and insist on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satir, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal Instructive Point, or to the shunning of Moral Evil. Even in the Sixth, which seems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Womankind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid Ill Women, by shewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongst them. But this, tho' the wittiest of all his Satires, has yet the least of Truth or Instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a Moral Poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable Doctrine, and in exposing the opposite Vices to it. His kind of Philosophy is one, which is the Stoique; and every Satir is a Comment on one particular *Dogme* of that Sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad Writers; and yet ev'n there he forgets not the Precepts of the *Porch*. In general, all Virtues are everywhere to be prais'd and recommended to Practice; and all Vices to be reprehended, and made either Odious or Ridiculous; or else there is a Fundamental Error in the whole Design.

I have already declar'd who are the only Persons that are the Adequate Object of private Satir, and who they are that may properly be expos'd by Name for publick Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of Satir, I have said enough in the Comparison betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that sharp, well-manner'd way, of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordship is the best Master in this Age. I will proceed to the Versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that Subject. The sort of Verse which is call'd *Burlesque*, consisting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our excellent *Hudibras* has chosen. I ought to have mention'd him before, when I spake of *Donn*; but by a slip of an Old Man's Memory he was forgotten. The Worth of his Poem is too well known to need my Commendation, and he is above my Censure: His Satir is of the *Varronian* kind, tho' unmix'd with Prose. The Choice of his Numbers is suitable enough to his Design, as he has manag'd it: But in any other Hand, the shortness of his Verse, and the quick returns of Rhyme, had debas'd the Dignity of Style. And besides, the double Rhyme, (a necessary Companion of Burlesque Writing) is not so proper for Manly Satir, for it turns Earnest too much to Jest, and gives us a Boyish kind of Pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of Readers; we are pleas'd ungratefully, and if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable Delight, when we know he cou'd have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that Task to others, who not being able to put an Thought, can only make us grin with the Excellence of a Word of two or three Syllables in the Close. 'Tis, indeed, below so great a Master to make use of such a little Instrument. But his good Sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding Faults: We pass through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carry'd into some admirable useful Thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of

Verse; and has written the best in it: And had he taken another, he wou'd always have excell'd. As we say of a Court-Favourite, that whatsoever his Office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The Quickness of your Imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know before-hand, that I wou'd prefer the Verse of Ten Syllables, which we call the *English Heroique*, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion: For this sort of Number is more roomy: The Thought can turn it self with greater ease in a larger compass. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the Expression; we are thinking of the Close, when we shou'd be employ'd in adorning the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination; he loses many Beauties, without gaining one Advantage. For a Burlesque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more easily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: In both occasions 'tis as in a Tennis-Court, when the Stroaks of greater force are given, when we strike out, and play at length. *Tassone* and *Boileau* have left us the best Examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them *Merlin Coccajus* in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin Verse. The *Secchia Rapita*, is an *Italian Poem*, a Satir of the *Varronian* kind. 'Tis written in the Stanza of Eight, which is their Measure for Heroique Verse. The Words are stately, the Numbers smooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words is happy. The first six Lines of the Stanza seem Majestical and Severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant Ridicule. *Boileau*, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the Burlesque Poetry of *Scarron*, with some kind of Indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in *France* that was worthy of his Imitation. But he Copy'd the *Italian* so well, that his own may pass for an Original. He writes it in the *French Heroique Verse*, and calls it an Heroique Poem: His Subject is Trivial, but his Verse is Noble. I doubt not but he had

Virgil

Virgil in his Eye, for we find many admirable Imitations of him, and some *Parodies*; as particularly this Passage in the Fourth of the *Æneids*.

*Nec tibi Diva Parens; generis nec Dardanus Auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanaque admorunt ubera Tigres.*

Which he thus Translates, keeping to the Words, but altering the Sense:

*Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté
Te fit, avec son lait, sucer sa Cruauté.*

And, as *Virgil* in his Fourth *Georgique* of the Bees, perpetually raises the Lowness of his Subject, by the Loftiness of his Words; and ennobles it by Comparisons drawn from Empires, and from Monarchs.

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Ducēs, toriusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populus, & praelia dicam.*

And again:

*Sit Genus immortale manet; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.*

We see *Boileau* pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his Master. This, I think, my Lord, to be the most Beautiful, and most Noble kind of Satir. Here is the Majesty of the Heroique, finely mix'd with the Venom of the other; and raising the Delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the Sublimity of the Expression. I cou'd say somewhat more of the Delicacy of this and some other of his Satires; but it might turn to his Prejudice, if 'twere carry'd back to France.

I have given your Lordship but this bare hint, in what Verse, and in what manner, this sort of Satir may best be manag'd. Had I time, I cou'd enlarge on the beautiful Turns of Words and Thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in Heroique Poetry it self; of which the Satir is undoubtedly a Species. With these Beautiful Turns I confess my self to have been unacquainted, till about twenty Years ago, in a Conversation which I had with that Noble Wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzy: He ask'd me why I did not imitate in my Verses the Turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which, he repeated many to me: I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two Fathers of our *English* Poetry; but had not seriously enough consider'd those Beauties which give the last Perfection to their Works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my Plays; but they were casual, and not design'd. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own Wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other *English* Authors. I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous Cowley; there I found instead of them, the Points of Wit, and Quirks of Epigram, even in the *Davidick*, a Heroick Poem, which is of an opposite nature to those *Puerilities*; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word, or on the Thought. Then I consulted a greater Genius (without offence to the *Manes* of that Noble Author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express *Homer*, whose Age had not arriv'd to that fineness, I found in him a true Sublimity, lofty Thoughts, which were clothed with admirable *Grecisms*, and ancient Words, which he had been digging from the Mines of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, and which, with all their Rusticity, had somewhat of Venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd. At last I had recourse to his Master, *Spencer*, the Author of that immortal Poem call'd the *Fairy Queen*; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. *Spencer* had study'd *Virgil* to as much advantage as *Milton* had done *Homer*; and amongst the rest of his Excellencies had Copy'd that. Looking farther into the
Italian,

Italian, I found *Tasso* had done the same; nay more, that all the Sonnets in that Language, are on the turn of the first thought, which *Mr. Wallis*, in his late ingenious Preface to his Poems has observ'd. In short, *Virgil* and *Ovid* are the two Principal Fountains of them in Latin Poetry. And the *French* at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first Beauties. *Delicate*, & *bien tourné*, are the highest Commendations, which they bestow, on somewhat which they think a Master-Piece.

An Example of the turn on Words, amongst a thousand others, is that, in the last Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*:

Hec quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
Alteriusque Animantem, Animantis vivere lero.

An Example on the turn both of Thoughts and Words, is to be found in *Catullus*, in the Complaint of *Ariadne*, when she was left by *Theseus*:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti famina credat;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus praeestit apisci,
Nil metuant jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed simul ac cupida mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the Words, is that in *Ovid's Epistola Heroidum*, of *Sappho* to *Phaon*:

Si nisi qua forma poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est.

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on Words, for the Thought turns with them, is in the Fourth *Georgique* of *Virgil*; where *Orpheus* is to receive his Wife from Hell, on express Condition not to look on her, till she was come on Earth:

Cum subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.

I will not burthen your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a Master, who understands them better than my self. But I may safely conclude them to be great Beauties: I might descend also to the Mechanick Beauties of Heroick Verse; but we have yet no English *Prosodia*, not so much as a tolerable Dictionary, or a Grammar; so that our Language is in a manner Barbarous; and what Government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: But nothing under a Publick Expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the Language, than hope an advancement of it in the present Age.

I am still speaking to you, my Lord: tho' in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing which my Meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last Petition of *Abraham*; If there be Ten Righteous Lines, in this vast Preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next City, because it is but a little one.

I wou'd excuse the Performance of this Translation, if it were all my own; but the better, tho' not the greater part being the Work of some Gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their Undertaking; let their Excellencies atone for my Imperfections, and those of my Sons. I have perus'd some of the Satires, which are done by other Hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English Verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal Translation, but a kind of Paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a Paraphrase and Imitation. It was not possible for us, or any Men. to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendring the exact Sense of these Authors, almost Line for Line, had been our Business, *Barten Holiday* had done it already to our hands: And, by the help of his Learned Notes and Illustrations, not only *Juvenal* and *Persius*, but what yet is more obscure, his own Verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for Fame, and wrote to Scholars: We write only for the Pleasure and Entertainment of those Gentle-

Gentlemen and Ladies, who tho' they are not Scholars, are not Ignorant: Persons of Understanding and good Sense; who not having been conversant in the Original, or at least not having made *Latin* Verse so much their Business, as to be Critiques in it, wou'd be glad to find, if the Wit of our two great Authors be answerable to their Fame and Reputation in the World. We have therefore endeavour'd to give the Publick all the Satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our Author, as our Predecessors *Holiday* and *Stapylton*; yet we may challenge to our selves this Praise, That we shall be far more pleasing to our Readers. We have follow'd our Authors at greater Distance, tho' not Step by Step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the Heels of *Juvenal* and *Perfius*, and hurt them by their too near Approach. A Noble Author wou'd not be pursu'd too close by a Translator. We lose his Spirit, when we think to take his Body. The grosser Part remains with us, but the Soul is flown away, in some Noble Expression, or some delicate Turn of Words, or Thought. Thus *Holiday*, who made this way his Choice, seiz'd the Meaning of *Juvenal*; but the Poetry has always 'scap'd him.

They who will not grant me, that Pleasure is one of the Ends of Poetry, but that it is only a Means of compassing the only end, which is Instruction; must yet allow, that without the Means of Pleasure, the Instruction is but a bare and dry Philosophy; a crude Preparation of Morals, which we may have from *Aristotle* and *Epictetus*, with more Profit than from any Poet. Neither *Holiday* nor *Stapylton* have imitated *Juvenal*, in the Poetical Part of him, his Diction and his Elocution. Nor had they been Poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the Poetique Part.

The *English* Verse, which we call Heroique, consists of no more than Ten Syllables; the *Latin* Hexameter sometimes rises to Seventeen; as for Example, this Verse in *Virgil*:
Pul-

Pulverulentam putrem sonitu quatit angula Campum.
 Here is the difference of no less than Seven Syllables in a Line, betwixt the *English* and the *Latin*. Now the Medium of these, is about Fourteen Syllables; because the Dactyle is a more frequent Foot in Hexameters than the Spondee.

But *Holiday*, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of Four Syllables less in every Verse, endeavours to make one of his Lines to comprehend the Sense of one of *Juvenal's*. According to the Falsity of the Proposition, was the Success. He was forc'd to crowd his Verse with ill-sounding Monosyllables, of which our barbarous Language affords him a wild Plenty: And by that means he arriv'd at his pedantick End, which was to make a literal Translation: His Verses have nothing of Verse in them, but only the worst part of it the Rhime; and that, into the Bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding Monosyllables so close together; the very Sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his Author. So that *Holiday* himself cannot be understood, without as large a Commentary, as that which he makes on his two Authors. For my own Part, I can make a shift to find the Meaning of *Juvenal* without his Notes: But his Translation is more difficult than his Author. And I find Beauties in the *Latin* to recompence my Pains; but in *Holiday* and *Stapylton*, my Ears, in the first Place, are mortally offended; and then their Sense is so perplex'd, that I return to the Original, as the more pleasing Task, as well as the more easie.

This must be said for our Translation, that if we give not the whole Sense of *Juvenal*, yet we give the most considerable Part of it: We give it, in General, so clearly, that few Notes are sufficient to make us Intelligible: We make our Author at least appear in a Poetique Dress. We have actually made him more Sounding, and more Elegant, than he was before in *English*: And have endeavour'd to make him speak
 that

that kind of *Engliſh*, which he wou'd have ſpoken had he liv'd in *England*, and had written to this Age. If ſometimes any of us (and 'tis but ſeldom) make him expreſs the Cuſtoms and Manners of our Native Country, rather than of *Rome*; 'tis, either when there was ſome kind of Analogy, betwixt their Cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſie to Vulgar Underſtandings, we give him thoſe Manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this Innovation, 'tis enough if I can excuſe it. For to ſpeak ſincerely, the Manners of Nations and Ages, are not to be confounded: We ſhou'd either make them *Engliſh*, or leave them *Roman*. If this can neither be defended, nor excus'd, let it be pardon'd, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledg'd, and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a Fault which is never committed without ſome Pleaſure to the Reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubl'd you with a tedious Viſit, the beſt Manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt Ceremony. I will ſlip away while your Back is turn'd, and while you are otherwiſe employ'd: With great Confuſion, for having entertain'd you ſo long with this Diſcourſe; and for having no other Recompence to make you, than the Worthy Labours of my Fellow-Undertakers in this Work; and the Thankful Acknowledgments, Prayers, and perpetual good Wiſhes of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged, Moſt Humble,

Aug. 18. 1692.

and Moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

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JUVENAL.

THE

FIRST SATYR.

By Mr. D R I D E N.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet gives us first a kind of humorous Reason for his Writing : That being provok'd by hearing so many ill Poets rehearse their Works, he does himself Justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no Man will rank himself with all Writers, 'tis easie to conclude, that if such Wretches could draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater Esteem with the Publick. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to Satyr, than any other kind of Poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his Indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the Vices and Follies reigning in his time. So that this first Satyr is the natural Ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one Subject, but strikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every fol-

lowing Satyr he has chosen some particular Moral which he wou'd inculcate; and lashes some particular Vice or Folly, (An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our Poet being desirous to reform his own Age, but not daring to attempt it by an Overt-act of naming living Persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the mercy of future Poets and Historians, but also with a finer stroke of his Pen, brands ev'n the living, and personates them under dead Mens Names.

I have avoided as much as I cou'd possibly the borrow'd Learning of Marginal Notes and Illustrations, and for that Reason have Translated this Satyr somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the Proper Names, because I thought they wou'd not much edifie the Reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the Commentators, 'tis because they first deserted my Author, or at least have left him in so much Obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the Score,
 Stunn'd with hoarse' Codrus Theſeid, o'er and
 Shall this Man's Elegies and t'other's Play [o'er?
 Unpunish'd Murther a long Summer's Day?
 Hugo' Telephus, a formidable Page,
 Cries Vengeance; and 'Oreste's bulky Rage

Unfatisfy'd with Margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the Covers, and not finish'd yet:
No Man can take a more familiar note
Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan's* Grott,
Or *Mars his Grove*, or hollow Winds that blow
From *Etna's* Top, or tortur'd Ghosts below.
I know by rote the fam'd Exploits of *Greece*;
The Centaurs fury, and the Golden Fleece;
Through the thick Shades th' Eternal Scribler bauls,
And shakes the Statues on their Pedestals.
The best and worst on the same Theme employs
His Muse, and plagues us with an equal Noise.

Provok'd by these Incurrible Fools,
I left declaiming in Pedantick Schools;
Where, with Men Boys, I strove to get Renown,
Advising *Sylla* to a private Gown.
But, since the World with Writing is possess'd,
I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much Waste-paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satyrs' Rod,
And tread the Path which fam'd *Lucilius* trod,
Attend the Causes which my Muse have led:
When Sapsless Eunuchs mount the Marriage-Bed,

When^s Mannish *Mevia*, that two handed Whore,
 Astride on Horse-back hunts the *Tuscan* Boar,
 When all our Lords are by his Wealth outvy'd,
 Whose^s Razour on my callow Beard was try'd;
 When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd *Nile*
Crispinus^s, both in Birth and Manners vile,
 Pacing in Pomp, with Cloak of *Tyrian* Dye
 Chang'd oft a Day for needles Luxury;
 And finding oft occasion to be fan'd,
 Ambitious to produce his Lady-hand,
 Charg'd^s with light Summer-rings his Fingers sweat,
 Unable to support a Gem of weight:
 Such fulsom Objects meeting every where,
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
 To view so lewd a Town, and to refrain,
 What hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen contain!
 When^s pleading *Matbo*, born abroad for Air,
 With his Fat Paunch fills his new fashion'd Chair.
 And after him the Wretch in Pomp convey'd,
 Whose Evidence his Lord and Friend betray'd,
 And but the with'd Occasion does attend
 From the poor Nobles the last Spoils to rend,
 Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superior Fiend,

And bribe with Presents, or, when Presents fail,
 They send their prostituted Wives for Bail:
 When Night-performance holds the Place of Merit,
 And Brawn and Back the next of Kin differ it,
 For such good Parts are in Preferment's way,
 The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay:
 Her Legacies, by Nature's Standard given,
 One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven:
 A dear-bought Bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
 For which their thrice concocted Blood is paid:
 With Looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
 At unawares has trod upon a Snake.
 Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming Prize,
 For which the vanquish'd Rhetorician Dyes.

What Indignation boils within my Veins, { Gains,
 When perjur'd Guardians, proud with Impious
 Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their Trains!
 Whose Words by Want betray'd, to Crimes are led
 Too foul to name, too fulsom to be read!
 When he who pill'd his Province escapes the Laws,
 And keeps his Money, though he lost his Cause:

His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,
 Can rise at twelve, and get him Drunk e'er three:
 Enjoys his Exile, and, Condemn'd in vain,
 Leaves thee, "prevailing Province, to complain?

Such Villanies rous'd "Horace into Wrath:
 And 'tis more noble to pursue his Path,
 Than an old Tale of *Diomede* to repeat,
 Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to sweat,
 Or wandring in the winding Maze of *Greet*;
 Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,
 Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish Boy.

With what Impatience must the Muse behold
 The Wife, by her procuring Husband sold?
 For tho' the Law makes Null th' Adulterer's Deed
 Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may succeed.
 Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
 And sleeps all over but his wakeful Nose.
 When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,
 Whose Courses kept, ran out his Father's Land,
 Who yet a Stripling *Nero's* Chariot drove, [strove
 Whirl'd o'er the Streets, while his vain Master }
 With boasted Art to please his "Eunuch-Love.

Wou'd it not make a modest Author dare
To draw his Table-Book within the Square,
And fill with Notes, when lolling at his Ease,
Mecenas-like, the happy Rogue he sees
Born by Six weary'd Slaves in open View,
Who cancell'd an Old Will, and forg'd a New:
Made wealthy at the small Expence of Signing
With a wet Seal, and a fresh Interlining?
The Lady, next, requires a lashing Line,
Who squeez'd a Toad into her Husband's Wine:
So well the fashionable Med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis Practis'd ev'n by Country Wives:
Poys'ning, without regard of Fame or Fear:
And spotted Corps are frequent on the Bier.
Wou'dst thou to Honours and Preferments climb?
Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime,
Which Dungeons, Death, or Banishment deserves:
For Virtue is but dryly Prais'd, and Starves.
Great Men, to great Crimes, owe their Plate emboss'd,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost;
And high Commands: A Sneaking Sin is lost.

Who can behold that rank Old Letcher keep
 His Son's corrupted Wife, and hope to sleep?
 Or that Male-Harlot, or that unfledg'd Boy,
 Eager to Sin, before he can enjoy?
 If Nature cou'd not, Anger would indite
 Such woful stuff as I or *Sh*—*ll* write.

Count from the times, since old *Deucalion's* Boat,
 Rais'd by the Flood, did on *Parnassus* float;
 And scarcely Mooring on the Cliff, implor'd
 An Oracle how Man might be restor'd;
 When soften'd Stones and Vital Breath ensu'd,
 And Virgins naked were by Lovers view'd;
 What ever since that Golden Age was done,
 What Human Kind desires, and what they shun,
 Rage, Passions, Pleasures, Impotence of Will,
 Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

What Age so large a Crop of Vices bore,
 Or when was Avarice extended more?
 When were the Dice with more Profusion thrown?
 The well fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,
 But Gamesters for whole Patrimonies play;
 The Steward brings the Deeds which must convey

The lost Estate: What more than Madness reigns,
When one short Sitting many Hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?

}

What Age so many Summer-Seats did see?
Or which of our Forefathers far'd so well,
As on seven Dishes, at a private Meal?
Clients of old were Feasted; now a poor
Divided Dole is dealt at th' outward Door;
Which by the hungry Rout is soon dispatch'd:
The paltry Largesse, too, severely watch'd,
E'er given; and ev'ry Face observ'd with Care,
That no intruding Guests usurp a Share.
Known, you Receive: The Cryer calls aloud
Our Old Nobility of Trojan Blood,
Who gape among the Croud for their precarious
The Prators, and the Tribunes Voice is heard;
The Freedman jostles, and will be preferr'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your Great Lordships, will maintain my Right.
Tho' born a Slave, tho' my torn Ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the Birth, 'tis Mony makes the Lord,

[Food.]

}

The Rents of Five fair Houses I receive;
 What greater Honours can the purple give?
 Theⁿ poor *Patrician* is reduc'd to keep,
 In Melancholly Walks, a Grazier's Shesp;
 Notⁿ *Pallus* nor *Licinius* had my Treasure;
 Then let the sacred Tribunes wait my Leisure,
 Once a poor Rogue, 'tis true, I trod the Street,
 And trudg'd to *Rome* upon my naked Feet:
 Gold is the greatest God; though yet we see
 No Temples rais'd to Mony's Majesty,
 No Altars fuming to her Pow'r Divine,
 Such as to Valour, Peace and Virtue shine,
 And Faith, and Concord: where the Stork on^{ly}
 Seems to salute her Infant Progeny: [high
 Prefaging pious Love with her auspicious Cry.
 But since our Knights and Senators account
 To what their sordid begging Vails amount,
 Judge what a wretched share the Poor attends,
 Whose whole Subsistence on those Alms depends!
 Their Household-Fire, their Rayment, and their Food,
 Prevented^d by those Harpies; when a Wood
 Of Litters thick besiege the Doner's Gate,
 And begging Lords and teeming Ladies wait

The promis'd Dole : Nay, some have learn'd the Trick
To beg for absent Persons, feign them sick,
Close mew'd in their Sedans, for fear of Air:
And for their Wives produce an empty Chair.

This is my Spouse : Dispatch her with her Share.

'Tis *Galla* : Let her Ladyship but peep:

No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her Sleep.

Such fine Employments our whole Days divide :

The Salutations of the Morning tide

Call up the Sun; those ended, to the Hall

We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers bawl;

Thenst to the Statues; where amidst the Race

Of Conqu'ring *Rome*, some *Arab* shews his Face,

Inscrib'd with Titles, and profanes the Place;

Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more,

The Great Man, home conducted, shuts his Door;

Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitless Care,

Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.

Though much against the Grain, forc'd to retire,

Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire,

Mean time his Lordship lolls within at Ease,

Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign Rarities:

Both Sea and Land are ranfack'd for the Feast;
 And his own Gut the sole invited Guest.
 Such Plate, such Tables, Dishes dress'd so well,
 That whole Estates are swallow'd at a Meal.
 Ev'n Parasites are banish'd from his Board:
 (At once a fordid and luxurious Lord.)
 Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars are dress'd,
 (A Creature form'd to furnish out a Feast.)
 But present Punishment pursues his Maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the Peacock raw
 He bears into the Bath, whence want of Breath,
 Repletions, Apoplex, intestate Death.
 His Fate makes Table-Talk, divulg'd with Scorn,
 And he, a Jest, into his Grave is born.

No Age can go beyond us: Future Times
 Can add no farther to the present Crimes.
 Our Sons but the same things can wish and do,
 Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow. } [can blow.]
 Then Satyr spread thy Sails, take all the Winds.
 Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
 Sufficient Strength for such a spacious Field?
 From whence can be deriv'd so large a Vein,
 Bold Truths to speak, and spoken to maintain?

When God-like Freedom is so far bereft
 The Noble Mind, that scarce the Name is left?
 E'er *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot,
 No matter if the Great forgave or not:
 But if that honest Licence now you take,
 If into Rogues Omnipotent you rake,
 Death is your Doom, inspill'd upon a Stake;
 Smear'd o'er with Wax, and set on fire, to light
 The Streets, and make a dreadful Blaze by Night.

Shall They who drench'd three Uncles in a draught
 Of poy's'nous Juice be then in Triumph brought,
 Make Lanes among the People where they go,
 And, mounted high on downy Chariots, throw
 Disdainful Glances on the Crowd below?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
 'Tis Defamation but to say, That's He!
 Against bold *Turnus* the Great Trojan Arm,
 Amidst their strokes the Poet gets no Harm:
Achilles may in Epique Verse be slain,
 And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his Pitcher, none will cry;
 Not if he drown himself for Company:

But when *Lucilius* brandishes his Pen,
 And flashes in the Face of Guilty Men,
 A cold Sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
 And Rage succeeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart:
 Muse, be advis'd, 'tis past confid'ring time,
 When enter'd once the dang'rous Lifts of Rhime;
 Since none the Living-Villains dare implead,
 Arraign them in the Persons of the Dead.

Explanatory Notes on the First Satyr.

- 1 **C** *Odrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad Poet, who wrote the Life and Actions of *Ithacus*.
- 2 *Telephus*, the Name of a Tragedy.
- 3 *Orestes*, another Tragedy.
- 4 *Mars his Grove*. Some Commentators take this Grove to be a Place where Poets were us'd to repeat their Works to the People; but more probably, both this and *Vulcan's Grott*, or *Cave*, and the rest of the Places and Names here mention'd, are only meant for the Common Places of *Homer*, in his *Iliads* and *Odysseys*.
- 5 *The best and worst*; that is, the best and the worst Poets.
- 6 *Advising Sylla*, &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; Whether *Sylla* should lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorship, or still keep it.
- 7 *Lucilius*, the first Satyrist of the Romans, who wrote long before *Horace*.
- 8 *Mevia*, a Name put for any impudent or Mannish Woman.
- 9 *Whose Razor*, &c. *Juvenal's* Barber now grown Wealthy.
- 10 *Crispinus*, an Egyptian Slave; now by his Riches transform'd into a Nobleman.
- 11 *Charg'd with light Summer Rings*, &c. The Romans were grown so Effeminate in *Juvenal's* time, that they wore light Rings in the Summer, and heavier in the Winter.
- 12 *Matbo*, a Famous Lawyer, mentioned in other places by *Juvenal* and *Martial*.
- 13 *At Lyons*; a City in France, where Annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honour of *Augustus Caesar*.
- 14 *Prevailing Province*, &c. Here the Poet complains, that the Governors of Provinces being accus'd for their unjust Exactions,

though they were condemned at their Tryals, yet got off by Bribery,

15 *Horace*, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, says our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labours of *Hercules*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and his Followers, or the Flight of *Dedalus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

16 *His Eunuch-Love*. *Nero* Marry'd *Sporus* an *Eunuch*; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero's* Mistress in Man's Apparel.

17 *Mecenas-like*; *Mecenas* is often tax'd by *Seneca* and others, for his Effeminacy.

18 *And hope to sleep*: The meaning is, that the very consideration of such a Crime will hinder a Virtuous Man from taking his Repose.

19 *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, when the World was drown'd, escap'd to the top of Mount *Parnassus*; and were commanded to restore Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads: The Stones he threw became Men, and those she threw became Women.

20 *Though my torn Ears are bor'd*: The Ears of all Slaves were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Custom is still usual in the *East-Indies*, and in other Parts, even for whole Nations; who bore prodigious Holes in their Ears, and wear vast Weights at them.

21 *The poor Patrician*; the poor Nobleman.

22 *Pallus*, or *Licinius*. *Pallus*, a Slave freed by *Claudius Caesar*, and ris'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Licinius* was another Wealthy Freedman, belonging to *Augustus*.

23 *Where the Stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the Storks were us'd to build on the top of the Temple dedicated to *Comcord*.

24 *Prevented by those Harpies*: He calls the Roman Knights, &c. *Harpies*, or Devourers: In those Days the Rich made Doles intended for the poor: But the Great were either so Covetous, or so Needy, that they came in their Litters to demand their shares of the Largess; and thereby prevented, and consequently starv'd the Poor.

25 *'Tis Galla*, &c. The meaning is, that Noblemen would cause empty Litters to be carried to the Giver's Door, pretending their Wives were within them: *'Tis Galla*, that is, my Wife: the next Words, *Let her Ladyship but peep*, are of the Servant who distributes the Dole; Let me see her, that I may be sure she is within the Litter. The Husband answers, she is asleep, and to open the Litter would disturb her Rest.

26 *Next to the Statues*, &c. The Poet here tells you how the Idle pass'd their time; in going first to the Levees of the Great, then to the Hall, that is, to the Temple of *Apollo*, to hear the Lawyers Plead, then to the Market-place of *Augustus*, where the Statues of the Famous Romans were set in Ranks on Pedestals: Amongst which Statues were seen those of Foreigners, such as *Arabs*, &c. who, for no desert, but only on the Account of their Wealth, or Favour, were plac'd amongst the Noblest.

27 *Against bold Turnus*, &c. A Poet may safely write an Heroick Poem, such as that of *Virgil*, who describes the Duel of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*; or of *Homer* who writes of *Achilles* and *Hector*; or the Death of *Hylas* the Catamite of *Hercules*; who stooping for Water, dropt his Pitcher, and fell into the Well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write Satire like *Lucilius*.

JUVENAL.

THE SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. TATE

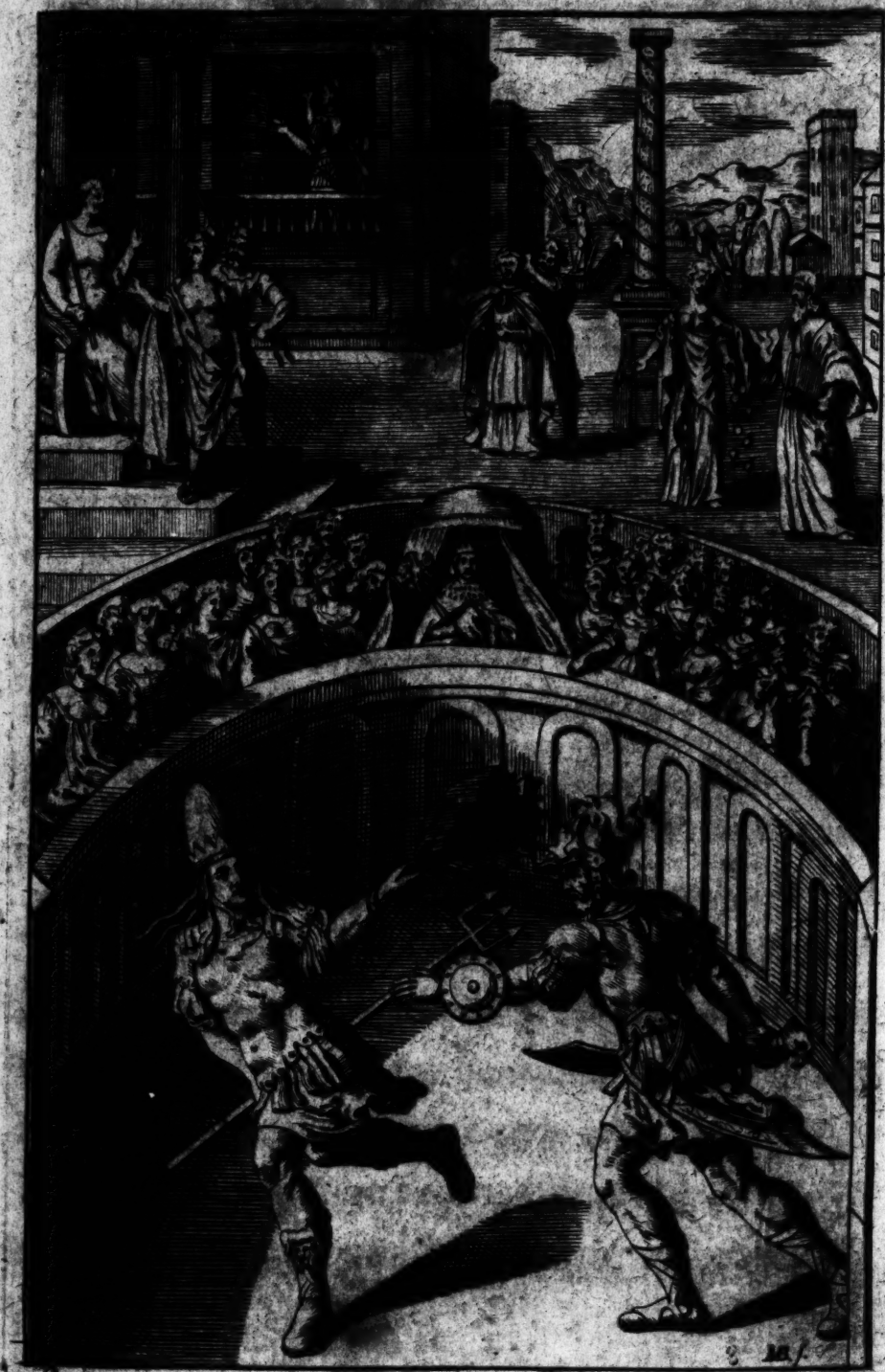
The ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in this Satyr, inveighs against the Hypocrisie of the Philosophers, and Priests of his Time; the Effeminaey of Military Officers, and Magistrates. Which Corruption of Manners in General, and more particularly of unnatural Vices, he imputes to the Atheistical Principle that then prevail'd.

I'M sick of Rome, and with my self convey'd
Where freezing Seas obstruct the Merchants
When Hypocrites read Lectures, and a Set, [Trade,
Because into a Gown and Pulpit got,
Tho' furseit-gorg'd, and reeking from the Stews,
Nothing but Abstinence for's Theme will chuse.

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The Rakehells too pretend to Learning—Why?
Chryſippus Statue decks their Library.
 Who makes his Cloſet fineſt is moſt Read;
 The Dolt that with an *Ariſtotele's* Head,
 Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
 Streight ſets up for a *Stag*—himſelf,
 Preciſe their Look, but to the Brothel come,
 You'll know the Price of Philoſophick Bum.
 You'd ſwear, if you their Bridled Hides ſurvey'd,
 That for a Bear's Careſſes they are made,
 Yet of their Obſcene Part they take ſuch care,
 That (like Baboons) they ſtill keep *Podex* bare;
 To ſee't ſo ſleek and trimm'd the Surgeon ſmiles,
 And ſcarceſly can for laughing launce the Piles.
 Since Silence ſeems to carry Wiſdom's Pow'r,
 Th' affected Rogues, like Clocks, ſpeak once an Hour.
 Thoſe grizled Locks which Nature did provide,
 In plenteous growth, their Aſſes Ears to hide,
 The formal Slaves reduce to a degree
 Short of their Eye-brows—Now I honour Thee,
 Thee *Peribonius*, thou profeſt He-Whore,
 And all thy Crimes impute to Nature's Score.

Thou, as in Harlots Drefs thou art attir'd,
 For ought I know, with Harlots Itch art fir'd;
 Thy Form seems for the *Pathick* Trade design'd,
 And generously thou dost own thy Kind.
 But what of those lewd Miscreants must become,
 Who Preach Morality, and Shake the Bum?

Varillus cries, shall I fear *Sextus* Doom,
 Whose Haunches are the common Sink of *Rome*?
 Let him cry Blackmoor-Devil, whose Skin is white,
 And Bandy-Legs, who treads himself upright;
 Let him reprove that's Innocent — In vain
 The *Gracchi* of Sedition must complain, [Spheres,
 'Twou'd make you swear the Planets from their
 Should *Verres* peach Thieves, *Milo* Murderers,
Clodius tax Bawds, *Cethegus* *Catiline*,
 Or *Scylla's* Pupils *Scylla's* Rules decline.
 Yet we have seen a Modern Magistrate
 Restore those rigid Laws that did create
 In *Mars* and *Venus* dread; himself the while,
 With impious Drugs and Potions, did beguile
 The teeming *Julia's* Womb, and thence did wrest
 Crude Births, that yet th' Incestuous Sire confess.

How shall such Hypocrites Reform the State,
On whom the Brothels can Recriminate?

Of this we have an Instance great and new
In a Cock-Zealot of this Preaching Crew,
Whose late Harangue the gaping Rabble drew.

His Theme, as Fate wou'd have't, was Fornication,
And as i'th' fury of his Declamation,

He cry'd, Why sleeps the *Julian* Law, that aw'd
This Vice?—*Laronia*, an industrious Bawd,

(As Bawds will run to Lectures) nettled much
To have her Copy-hold so nearly toucht,

With a disdainful Smile, reply'd, Blest Times,
That made thee Cenfor of the Age's Crimes!

Rome now must needs Reform, and Vice be stopt,
Since a Third *Cato* from the Clouds is dropt.

But tell me, Sir, what Perfume strikes the Air
From your most Rev'rend Neck o'ergrown with

For modestly we may presume, I trow, [Hair?
'Tis not your Nat'ral Grain—The Price I'd know,

And where 'tis sold, direct me to the Street,
And Shop, for I with no such Essence meet.

Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own sake,
 Use Caution, and permit the Laws to take
 A harmless Nap, lest the *Scantinian* wake.
 Our wise Forefathers took their Measures right,
 Nor wreak'd on Fornicators all their spight,
 But left a *Limbo* for the *Sodomite*.
 If you Commission-Courts must needs erect
 For Manners, put the Test to your own Sect.
 But you by Number think your selves secure,
 While our thin Squadron must the Brunt endure.
 With Grief I must confess our Muster's few,
 And much with Civil Broils impair'd, while you
 Are to the Dev'l and to each other true.
 Your Penal Laws against Us are enlarg'd,
 On whom no Crimes, like what you act, are charg'd.
Flavia may now and then turn up for Bread,
 But chaffly with *Corulla* lies a-bed.
 Your *Hispo* acts both Sexes parts, before
 A Fornicator; and behind, a Whore:
 We ne'er invade your Walks; the Clients Cause
 We leave to your confounding, and the Laws.
 If now and then an *Amazonian* Dame
 Dares fight a public Prize, 'tis sure less shame,

Than to behold your unnerv'd Sex set in
To Needle-Work, and like a Damsel spin.
How *Hister's*. Bondman his sole Heir became,
And his conniving Spouse so rich a Dame,
Is known, that Wife with Wealth must needs be sped,
Who is content to make a Third in Bed.
You Nymphs that would to Coach and Six arrive,
Marry, keep Counsel, and y'are sure to thrive!
Yet these Obnoxious Men, without Remorse,
Against our Tribe will put the Laws in force,
Clip the Dove's Wing, and give the Vulture course.

Thus spoke the Matron—The convicted Crew
From so direct a Charge like Lightning flew.
It must be so—Nor, vain *Metellus*, shall
From *Rome's* Tribunal, thy Harangues prevail
'Gainst Harlotry, while thou art clad so thin,
That through thy Cobweb-Robe we see thy Skin
As thou Declaim'st—*Fabulla* is, you say,
A Whore—I own it; so's *Carfinia*,
Rank Prostitutes, therefore without remorse
Punish the Strumpets, give the Law its course!

But when y'ave sentenc'd them, *Metellus*, know
They'd blush t'appear so loosly Drest as you.
You say the Dog-Star reigns, whose sultry Fire
Melts you to death ev'n in that light Attire;
Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
(Which has a priv'lege) than so lewdly clad!
How wou'd our Mountain Sires, return'd from Plow
Or Battel, such a Silken Judge allow?
Canst thou restore old Manners, or retrench
Rome's Pride, who com'st transparent to the Bench?
This Mode in which thou singly do'st appear,
By thy Example shall get footing here,
Till it has quite deprav'd the *Roman* Stock,
As one infected Sheep confounds the Flock.

Nor will this Crime, *Metellus*, be thy worst,
No Man e'er reach'd the heights of Vice at first:
For Vice like Virtue by Degrees must grow;
Thus from this wanton Dress, *Metellus*, thou
With those 'polluted Priests at last shalt join,
Who female Chaplets round their Temples twine,
And with 'perverted Rites profane the Goddess
Shrine.

Where such vile Practices 'twixt Males are past,
As makes our Matrons lowd Nocturnals chaste.

Corymbus ? Orgies scarce are more obscene,

For thus th' Effeminate Priests themselves demean.

With Jet-black Pencils one his Eye-brows dyes,

And adds new Fire to his lascivious Eyes:

Another in a *Glass-Priapus* swills,

While twisted Gold his platted Tresses fills,

A Female Robe, and to compleat the Farce,

His^s Servant not by *Jove* but *Juno* swears.

One holds a Mirrour, pathick *Otho's* Shield,

In which he view'd before he march'd to Field,

Nor *Ajax* with more Pride his seven-fold Targe

did wield.

Oh Noble Subject for new Annals fit,

In musty Fame's Records unmention'd yet !

A Looking-Glass must load th' Imperial Car,

The most important Carriage of the War!

Galba to kill he thought a Gen'ral's Part,

But, as a Courtier, us'd the nicest Art

To keep his Skin from Tan : before the Fight

Wou'd paint, and set his foil'd Complexion right.

A Softness which *Semiramis* ne'er knew,
 When once she had the Field and Foe in view,
 Nor *Egypt's* Queen, when she from *Actium* flew.

No chaste Discourse their Festivals afford,
 Obsceneness is the Language of their Board:
 Soft lisping Tones, taught by some bald-pate Priest,
 For skilful Palate, Master of the Feast.

A Pack of Prostitutes; unnerv'd, and rife
 For th' operation of a *Phrygian* Knife.
 For from such Pathicks 'twere but just to take
 Those Manly Parts, of which no use they make.

Gracchus, 'tis said, gave to his Trumpeter
 Four Hundred *Sesterces*—For what?—In Dow'r.
 The Motion's lik'd, the Parties are agreed;
 And for Performance seal a formal Deed:
 Guests are bespoke, a Wedding-Supper made,
 The wonted Joy is wisht, that done——
 The He-Bride in his Bridegroom's Arms is laid!
 O Peers of *Rome*! need these stupendious Times
 A *Censor* or *Aruspex* for such Crimes?
 The Prodigy less Monstrous wou'd appear,
 If Women Calves, or Heifers Lambs shou'd bear!

In Bridal Robe and Veil the Pathick's dress,
Whost bore the pondrous Shield at *Mars* his Feast.

"Father of *Rome*, say what detested Clime
Taught *Latian* Shepherds so abhor'd a Crime?
Say, thundring *Mars*, from whence the Nettle sprung
Whose Venom first thy Noble Offspring stung?
Behold! a Man by Birth and Fortune Great
Weds with a Man; yet from th' *Etherial* Seat
No ratling of thy Brazen Wheels we hear,
Nor is Earth pierc'd with thy avenging Spear!
Oh! if thy Jurisdiction (*Mars*) falls short
To punish Mischief of so vast import,
Complain to *Jove*, and move the higher Court.
For shame redress this Scandal, or resign
Thy Province to some Pow'r that's more Divine.
To Morrow early in *Quirinus* Vale
I must attend—Why?—Thereby hangs a Tale,
A Male Friend's to be marry'd to a Male.
'Tis true, the Wedding's carry'd privately,
The Parties being at present somewhat shy;
But that they own the Match, e'er long you'll hear,
And see it in the Publick Register.

But one fore Grief does these He-Brides perplex;
 Though they debate, they cannot change their Sex;
 Nor yet, by help of all their wicked Art,
 Bring Offsprings to secure their Husband's Heart.
 Nature too much i'th' dire Embrace is forc'd,
 But ne'er joins Influence with Desires so curs'd:
 Incestuous Births, and Monsters may appear,
 But teeming Males not Earth nor Hell can bear.

Yet *Gracchus*, thou degenerate Son of Fame,
 Thy Pranks are stigmatiz'd with greater blame:
 Theirs was a private, thine an open Shame.
 Who like a Fencer on a Publick Stage,
 Hast made thy self the Scandal of the Age.
 Nor can *Rome's* Noblest Blood with thine compare,
 While thou mak'st Pastime for the Theatre.

To what dire Cause can we assign these Crimes,
 But to that reigning Atheism of the Times?
 Ghosts, Stygian Lakes, and Frogs with creaking Note,
 And *Charon* wafting Souls in leaky Boat,
 Are now thought Fables, to fright Fools conceiv'd,
 Or Children, and by Children scarce believ'd.
 Yet give thou Credit. What can we suppose
 The Temperate *Curii*, and the *Scipio's*;

What will *Fabricius* or *Camillus* think,
When they behold, from their *Elisium's* brink,
An Atheist's Soul to last Perdition sink?
How will they from th' assaulting Banks rebound,
And wish for Sacred Rites to purge th' unhallow'd
Ground.

In vain, O *Rome*! thou dost thy Conquest boast
Beyond the *Orcades* short-nighted Coast,
Since free the conquer'd Provinces remain
From Crimes that thy Imperial City stain:
Yet Rumour speaks, if we may credit Fame,
Of one *Armenian* Youth, who since he came
Has learn'd the impious Trade; and does exceed
The lewdest Pathicks of our *Roman* Breed.
Blessings of Commerce! he was sent, 'tis said,
For Breeding hither: And he's fairly bred.
Fly Foreign Youths from our polluted Streets,
And, e'er unman'd, regain your Native Seats,
Left, while for Traffick, here too long you stay.
You learn at last to trade th' *Italian* way;
And, with curs'd Merchandise returning home,
Stock all your Country with the Figs of *Rome*.

Explanatory Notes on the Second Satyr.

- 1 Suppos'd by some, to be *Cesar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus*; but by others (more probably) *Augustus*, *Anthon*, and *Lepidus*.
- 2 The *Lex Julia* against Adultery.
- 3 Viz. Deform'd, and so resembling *Domitian*.
- 4 The Law so called, from *Scantinius*, against whom it was put in Execution.
- 5 Suppos'd to be the College of Priests, appointed by *Domitian* to Celebrate the *Quinquatria* to *Minerva*.
- 6 *Perverted Rites*. Because here Women are excluded from the Mysteries, as Men were elsewhere from *Ceres's* Worship.
- 7 *Cotyttus Orgies*. The Goddess of Impudence worship'd at *Athens*. A Strumpet in her Life time, that us'd to Dance naked with most Obscene Gestures.
- 8 An Instance of Extraordinary Effeminacy, it being the Custom for only Women to swear by Goddesses; the Men by *Jove*, *Hercules*, &c.
- 9 Alluding to the Priests of the *Phrygian* Goddesses, who were castrated.
- 10 Viz. The One to punish, the Other to Expiate such Unnatural Crimes.
- 11 He means one of the *Salii*, or Priests of *Mars*, who carry'd his Shield and Implements, and was brawny enough to Dance under them at his Festival. *Celestia Martis Arma ferunt Salii*. *Ov*, *Fast.* 3.
- 12 *Mars*, Father of *Romulus*, who founded *Rome*.
- 13 *Emrods*, call'd in *Latin*, *Ficus*.



M. Vander Gucht Scul.

JUVENAL

THE THIRD SATYR

By Mr. D R I D E N.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Story of this Satyr speaks it self. Umbricius, the suppos'd Friend of Juvenal, and himself a Poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricius tells his Friend the Reasons which oblige him to lead a private Life, in an obscure Place. He complains that an honest Man cannot get his Bread at Rome. That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: That Grecians and other Foreigners, raise themselves by those sordid Arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several Inconveniencies which arise from a City life; and the many Dangers which attend it. Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetousness, for not Rewarding good Poets; and arraigns the Government for starving them. The great Art of this Satyr is particularly shown, in common Places; and drawing in as many Vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

GRIEV'd tho' I am an ancient Friend to lose,
 I like the solitary Seat he chose :

In quiet *Cumæ* fixing his Repose :

Where, far from noise *Rome* secure he lives,

And one more Citizen to *Sybil* gives.

The Road to *Baja*, and that soft Reefs

Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bless.

Tho' I in *Prochyta* with greater Ease

Cou'd live, than in a Street of Palaces.

What Scene so Desert, or so full of Fright,

As tow'ring Houses tumbling in the Night,

And *Rome* on fire beheld by its own blazing Light?

But worse than all the clatt'ring Tiles; and worse

Than thousand Padders, is the Poet's Curse.

Rogues that in Dog-days cannot Rhime forbear :

But without Mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my Friend, just ready to depart,

Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart,

He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,

Where *Numa* modell'd once the *Roman* State,

In mighty Councils with his Nymphs retir'd :

Tho' now the sacred Shades and Founts are hir'd

By banish'd Jews, who their whole Wealth can lay
 In a small Basket, on a Wisp of Hay;
 Yet such our Av'rite is, that ev'ry Tree
 Pays for his Head, nor Sleep it self is free:
 Nor Place, nor Persons, now are Sacred held,
 From their own Grove the Muses are expell'd.
 Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend,
 I and my sullen discontented Friend:
 The marble Caves, and Aqueducts we view,
 But how adu'trate now, and different from the true!
 How much more Beauteous had the Fountain been
 Embellish'd with her first created Green,
 Where Crystal Streams thro' living Turf had run,
 Contented with an Urn of Native Stone!
 Then thus *Umbrinus*, (with an angry Frown,
 And looking back on this degen'rate Town,)
 Since noble Arts in *Rome* have no Support,
 And ragged Virtue not a Friend at Court,
 No Profit rises from th' ungrateful Stage,
 My Poverty encreasing with my Age,
 'Tis time to give my just Disdain a vent,
 And, Cursing, leave so base a Government.

Where *Dedalus* his borrow'd Wings laid by, and
 To that obscure Retreat I chuse to fly:
 While yet few Furrows on my Face are seen,
 While I walk upright, and old Age is green,
 And *Lachesis* has somewhat left to spin.
 Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed Place,
 And hide from Villains my too honest Face:
 Here let *Arturius* live, and such as he;
 Such Manners will with such a Town agree.
 Knaves who in full Assemblies have the knack
 Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black:
 Can hire large Houses, and oppress the Poor
 By farm'd Excise; can cleanse the Common-shear;
 And rent the Fishery; can bear the Dead,
 And teach their Eyes dissembled Tears to shed.
 All this for Gain, for Gain they sell their very Head.
 These Fellows (see what Fortune's Pow'r can do)
 Were once the Minstrels of a Country Show:
 Follow'd the Prizes thro' each paltry Town,
 By Trumpet-Cheeks and bloated Faces known.
 But now, grown rich, on drunken Holy-days,
 At their own Costs exhibit publick Plays:

Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody Will,
With^{re} Thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid Avarice rakes
In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes.
Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry thing,
Since such as they have Fortune in a String?
Who, for her Pleasure, can her Fools advance;
And tofs 'em topmost on the Wheel of Chance.
What's *Rome* to me, what Bus'ness have I there,
I who can neither Lie nor fasly Swear?
Nor praise my Patron's undeserving Rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his Times;
Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreshow,
Like Canting Rascals, how the Wars will go:
I neither will, nor can Prognosticate
To the young gaping Heir, his Father's Fate:
Nor in the Intrails of a Toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd Bawdy Presents to a Bride:
For want of these Town Virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my Way by none:
Like a dead Member from the Body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the Government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the Times,
Conscious of close Intrigues, and dipt in Crimes;
Lab'ring with Secrets which his Bosom burn,
Yet never must to publick Light return;
They, get Reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest Counsels none will pay.
He who can "*Verris* when he will, accuse,
The Purse of *Verris* may at pleasure use:
But let not all the Gold which "*Tagus* hides,
And pays the Sea in Tributary Tides,
Be Bribe sufficient to corrupt thy Breast,
Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful Rest.
Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend behold,
Whose Sacrifice they purchase with their Gold.
I haste to tell thee, nor shall Shame oppose
What Confidents our wealthy *Romans* chose:
And whom I most abhor: To speak my Mind,
I hate, in *Rome*, a *Grecian* Town to find:
To see the Scum of *Greece* transplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here abound,
Obscene "*Orontes* diving under ground,

Conveys his¹⁴ Wealth to *Tyber's* hungry Shores,
And fattens *Italy* with foreign Whores:
Hither their crooked Harps and Customs come;
All find receipt in Hospitable *Rome*.

The barbarous Harlots crowd the publick Place:
Go, Fools, and purchase an unclean Embrace;
The painted Mitre court, and the more painted Face.
Old *Romulus*, and Father *Mars* look down,
Your Herdsman primitive, your homely Clown
Is turn'd a *Beau* in a loose tawdry Gown.

His once unkem'd, and horrid Locks, behold
Stilling sweet Oil; his Neck inchain'd with Gold:
Aping the Foreigners in ev'ry Dress;
Which, bought at greater Cost, becomes him less.
Mean time they wisely leave their Native Land,
From *Sycion*, *Samos*, and from *Ataband*,
And *Amydon*, to *Rome* they swarm in Shoals:
So sweet and easie is the Gain from Fools.
Poor Refugies at first, they purchase here:
And, soon as Denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the Great, a flatt'ring servile Rout:
Work themselves inward, and their Patrons out.

Quick-witted, Brazen-fac'd, with fluent Tongues,
Patient of Labours, and diffembling Wrongs.

Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a Nation in a single Man?

A Cook, a Conjurér, a Rhetorician,

A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,

A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Physician.

All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:

And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes.

In short, no *Scythian*, *Moor*, or *Thracian* born,

But ¹⁶ in that Town which Arms and Arts adorn,

Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,

In Purple Cloath'd, and lolling like a Lord?

Shall he before me sign, whom t'other Day

A small-craft Vessel hither did convey;

Where stow'd with Prunes, and rotten Figs, he lay?

How little is the Privilege become

Of being born a Citizen of *Rome*!

The *Greeks* get all by fulsom Flatteries;

A most peculiar Stroke they have at Lies.

They make a Wit of their insipid Friend;

His Blobber-lips and Beetle-brows commend:

His

His long Crane-Neck, and narrow Shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing *Hercules*.

A creaking Voice for a clear Treble goes;
Tho' harsher than a Cock that Treads and Crows.

We can as grossly Praise; but, to our Grief,
No Flatt'ry but from *Grecians* gains Belief.

Besides these Qualities, we must agree

They Mimick better on the Stage than we:

The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdess they Play,

In such a Free, and such a Graceful way;

That we believ^e a very Woman shown,

And fancy something underneath the Gown.

But not ⁷ *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,

Our Ears and ravish'd Eyes can only please:

The Nation is compos'd of such as these.

All *Greece* is one Comedian: Laugh, and they

Return it louder than an Ass can bray:

Grieve, and they Grieve, if you Weep silently

There seems a silent Eccho in their Eye:

They cannot *Mourn* like you, but they can Cry.

Call for a Fire, their Winter Cloaths they take:

Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:

In Frost and Snow, if you complain of Heat,
 They rub th' unswearing Brow, and swear they sweat.
 We live not on the Square with such as these.
 Such are our Betters who can better please:
 Who Day and Night are like a Looking-Glass,
 Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face.
 The Panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,
 Prepar'd for some new Piece of Flattery.
 Ev'n Nastiness, Occasions will afford;
 They praise a belching, or well-pissing Lord.
 Besides, there's nothing Sacred, nothing free
 From bold Attempts of their rank Lascivry.
 Thro' the whole Family their Labours run;
 The Daughter is debauch'd, the Wife is won;
 Nor 'scapes the Bridegroom, or the blooming Son.
 If none they find for their lewd Purpose fit,
 They with the Walls and very Floors commit.
 They search the Secrets of the House, and so
 Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they
 know.

And, now we talk of *Grecians*, cast a view
 On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals do;
 A rigidst Stoick his own Pupil slew:

A Friend, against a Friend of his own Cloth,
Turn'd Evidence, and murder'd on his Oath.
What Room is left for *Romans*, in a Town
Where *Grecians* Rule, and Cloaks control the Gown?
Some "Dipbilus, or some Protogenes,
Look sharply out, our Senators to seize:
Engross 'em wholly, by their native Art,
And fear'd no Rivals in their Bubbles Heart:
One drop of Poison in my Patron's Ear,
One slight Suggestion of a senseless Fear,
Infus'd with Cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the Family.
In vain forgotten Services I boast,
My long Dependance in an Hour is lost:
Look round the World, what Country will appear,
Where Friends are left with greater Ease than here?
At *Rome* (nor think me partial to the Poor)
All Offices of ours are out of Door:
In vain we rise, and to the Levees run,
My Lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The Prætor bids his Lictors mend their pace,
Least his Colleague out-strip him in the Race:

The childish Matrons are, long since, awake,
And, for Affronts, the tardy Visits take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born Son
On the left-hand of a rich Hireling run:
Because the wealthy Rogue can throw away,
For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribune's Pay:
But you, poor Sinner, tho' you love the Vice,
And like the Whore, demure upon the Price:
And, frighted with the wicked Sum, forbear
To lend a Hand, and help her from the Chair.

Produce a Witness of unblemish'd Life,
Holy as *Numa*, or as *Numa's* Wife,
Or^{so} him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling Goddess from the Fire:
The Question is not put how far extends
His Piety, but what he yearly spends:
Quick, to the Bus'ness; how he lives and eats,
How largely gives, how splendidly he treats:
How many thousand Acres feed his Sheep,
What are his Rents, what Servants does he keep?
Th' Account is soon cast up; the Judges rate
Our Credit in the Court by our Estate.

Swear by our Gods, or those the *Greeks* adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:

The Poor must gain their Bread by Perjury;
And e'en the Gods, that other Means deny,
In Conscience must absolve 'em, when they lye.

Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in store;
And will be monstrous witty on the Poor:

For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest:

The greasie Gown, sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, The Man's in Mourning:
Or if the Shooe be ript, or Patches put,
He's wounded! see the Plaister on his Foot.

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool;
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.

Pack hence, and from the Cover'd Benches rise,
(The Master of the Ceremonies cries)

This is no place for you, whose small Estate
Is not the Value of the settled Rate:

The Sons of happy Punks, the Pandar's Heir,
Are privileg'd to sit in Triumph there.
To clap the first, and rule the Theatre.

Up to the Galleries, for shame retreat; [Seat.
 For, by the "Rascian Law, the Poor can claim no
 Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's Bed,
 The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for his Head?
 Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the Judging Chair?
 The Poor were wise, who by the Rich oppress'd,
 Withdrew, and sought a sacred Place of Rest.
 Once they did well, to free themselves from Scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they Rise by Virtue's Aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless Poverty.
 At Rome 'tis worse, where House-Rent by the Year,
 And Servants Bellies cost so devillish dear,
 And Tavern-Bills run high for hungry Chear.
 To drink or eat in Earthen-ware we scorn,
 Which cheaply Country-Cupboards does adorn:
 And coarse blew Hoods on Holy-days are worn,
 Some distant Parts of *Italy* are known,
 Where "none but only dead Men wear a Gown;
 On Theaters of Turf, in homely State,
 Old Plays they act, old Feasts they celebrate;

The same rude Song returns upon the Crowd,
 And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.
 The Mimick yearly gives the same Delights;
 And in the Mother's Arms the Clownish Infant frights.
 Their Habits (undistinguish'd by Degree)
 Are plain, alike, the same Simplicity,
 Both on the Stage, and in the Pit, you see.
 In his white Cloak the Magistrate appears;
 The Country Bumkin the same Liv'ry wears.
 But here, Attir'd beyond our Purse we go,
 For useless Ornament and flaunting Show:
 We take on trust, in Purple Robes to shine;
 And Poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
 This is a common Vice, tho' all things here
 Are fold, and fold unconscionably dear.
 What will you give that *Cassius* may but view
 Your Face, and in the Crowd distinguish you;
 May take your Incense like a Gracious God,
 And answer only with a civil Nod?
 To please our Patrons, in this vicious Age,
 We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page:

Shave his first Down, and when he polls his Hair,
The consecrated Locks to Temples bear:
Pay Tributary Cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our Offerings, help to raise his Vails.

Who fears in Country-Towns a House's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall?
But we inhabit a weak City, here;
Which Buttresses and Props but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the Village-Mason's daily Calling,
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the Gutters, and the Chinks to close;
And, for one Night, secure his Lord's Repose.
At *Cume* we can sleep quite round the Year,
Nor Falls, nor Fires, nor Nightly Dangers fear;
While rolling Flames from *Roman* Turrets fly,
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry.
Thy Neighbour has remov'd his wretched Store
(Few Hands will rid the Lumber of the Poor)
Thy own third Story smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in Fumes of undigested Wine.
For if the lowest Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets soon will take the Turn,

Wherest thy tame Pidgeons next the Tiles were bred,
Which in their Nests unsafe, are timely fled,

"*Codrus* had but one Bed, so short to boot,
That his short Wife's short Legs hung dangling out;
His Cupboard's Head, six Earthen Pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his trusty Tankard plac'd:

And, to support this Noble Plate, there lay
A bending *Chiron* cast from honest Clay;

His few *Greek* Books a rotten Chest contain'd;
Whose Covers much of Mouldiness complain'd:

Where Mice and Rats devour'd Poetick Bread;
And with Heroick Verse luxuriously were fed.

'Tis true, poor *Codrus* nothing had to boast,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that nothing lost.

Begg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy *Rome*;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the Palace of *Arturius* burn,
The Nobles change their Cloaths, the Matrons mourn;

The City-Prætor will no Pleadings hear;
The very Name of Fire we hate and fear:

And look aghast, as if the *Gauls* were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious Nation flies,

Some to condole, and some to bring Supplies:

One sends him Marble to rebuild, and one
 With naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone,
 The Work of *Polyclere*, that seem to live;
 While others Images for Altars give;
 One Books and Screens, and *Pallas* to the Breast,
 Another Bags of Gold, and he gives best.
 Childless *Arturius*, vastly rich before,
 Thus by his Losses multiplies his Store:
 Suspected for Accomplice to the Fire,
 That burnt his Palace but to build it higher.

But, could you be content to bid adieu
 To the dear Play-House, and the Players too:
 Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry where,
 With Lands and Gardens, at less Price than here }
 You hire a darksome Dog-hole by the Year.
 A small Convenience decently prepar'd,
 A shallow Well that rises in your Yard,
 That spreads his easie Crystal Streams around,
 And waters all the pretty Spot of Ground,
 There, love the Fork, thy Garden cultivate,
 And give thy frugal Friends²⁶ a *Pythagorean* Treat.
 'Tis somewhat to be Lord of some small Ground
 In which a Lizard may, at least, turn round.

'Tis frequent, here, for want of Sleep to die;
Which Fumes of undigested Feasts deny;
And, with imperfect Heat, in languid Stomachs fry.
What House secure from Noise the Poor can keep,
When ev'n the Rich can scarce afford to sleep?
So dear it costs to purchase Rest in Rome;
And hence the Sources of Diseases come.
The Drover who his Fellow-Drover meets
In narrow Passages of winding Streets,
The Waggoners that curse their standing Teams,
Wou'd wake ev'n droufie *Drusus* from his Dreams.
And yet the Wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our Heads, and make their way;
In lofty Litters born, and read, and write,
Or sleep at ease: The Shutters make it Night.
Yet still he reaches, first, the publick Place:
The Praese before him stops the Client's pace.
The Crowd that follows crush his panting Sides,
And trip his Heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juttles in the Shole:
A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's Polo;

Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-Dirt he goes;
 And some Rogue-Soldier, with his Hob-nail'd
 Indents his Legs behind in bloody rows. [Shooes,

See with what Smoke our Doles we celebrate:
 A hundred Guests, invited, walk in state: (wait.
 A hundred hungry Slaves, with their *Dutch* Kitchens
 Huge Pans the Wretches on their Head must bear,
 Which scarce *Gygantick Corbula* cou'd rear:
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the Load,
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling Flames
 abroad.

Their Coats, from botching newly brought, are torn,
 Unweildy Timber-trees in Waggon born,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their Carriage lie;
 That nod, and threaten Ruin from on high,
 For, shou'd their Axel break, its overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the Crowd below:
 Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons
 cou'd know:

Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass would remain:
 But a mash'd heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain.
 One vast Destruction; not the Soul alone,
 But Bodies, like the Soul, invifibly are flown.

Mean time, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,
The Servants wash the Platter, scour the Plate,
Then blow the Fire, with puffing Cheeks, and lay
The Rubbers, and the Bathing-sheets display;
And oyl them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busie care they take,
Poor Ghost, is wandring by the *Stygian Lake*:
Affrighted withth the Ferryman's grim Face,
New to the Horrors of that uncouth Place;
His Passage begs with unregarded Pray'r:
And wants two Farthings to discharge his Fare.

Return we to the Dangers of the Night;
And, first, behold our Houses dreadful height:
From whence come broken Potsherds tumbling
down,
And leaky Ware, from Garrot Windows thrown;
Well may they break our Heads, that mark the flinty
'Tis want of Sense to sup abroad too late; [Stone.]
Unless thou first hast settled thy Estate.
As many Fates attend thy Steps to meet,
As there are waking Windows in the Street.
Bless the good Gods, and think thy Chance is rare
To have a Piss-pot only for thy share.

The scouring Drunkard, if he does not fight
 Before his Bed-time, takes no rest that Night:
 Passing the tedious Hours in greater pain
 Than *Achilles*, when his Friend was slain:
 'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
 A Bully cannot sleep without a Brail:
 Yet tho' his youthful Blood be fir'd with Wine,
 He wants not Wit the Danger to decline:
 Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six,
 And on the Lacquies will no Quarrel fix.
 His Train of Flambeaus, and Embroider'd Coat,
 May privilege my Lord to walk secure on Foot.
 But me, who must by Moon-light homeward bend,
 Or lighted only with a Candle's end,
 Poor me he fights, if that be Fighting, where
 He only Cudgels, and I only bear.
 He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide,
 For he's the stronger, and is Drunk beside.

Where did you whet your Knife to night, he cries,
 And shred the Leeks that in your Stomach rise?
 Whose windy Beans have stuf't your Guts, and where
 Have your black Thumbs been dipt in Vinegar?

With what Companion-Cobler have you fed,
 On old Ox-checks, or He-Goats tougher Head?
 What, are you dumb? Quick, with your Answer, quick,
 Before my Foot salutes you with a Kick.
 Say, in what nasty Cellar, under Ground,
 Or what Church-Porch, your Roguery may be found?
 Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
 He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
 Before the Bar, for beating him, you come;
 This is a poor Man's Liberty in *Rome*.
 You beg his Pardon; happy to retreat
 With some remaining Teeth, to chew your Meat.
 Not is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
 To sleep securely, when the Candles wink,
 When ev'ry Door with Iron Chains is barr'd,
 And roaring Taverns are no longer heard;
 The Russian Robbers by no Justice aw'd,
 And unpaid Cut-throat Soldiers are abroad.
 Those venal Souls, who hardned in each Ill,
 To save Complaints and Prosecution, kill.
 Chas'd from their Woods and Bogs the Padders come
 To this vast City, as their Native Home;
 To live at ease, and safely sculk in *Rome*.

The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd;
 Our Iron Mines exhausted and destroy'd
 In Shackles; for these Villains scarce allow
 Goads for the Teams, and Plough-shares for the Plough.
 Oh happy Ages of our Ancestors,
 Beneath³ the Kings and Tribunitial Pow'rs!
 One Jayl did all their Criminals restrain;
 Which now the Walls of *Rome* can scarce contain.

More I cou'd say, more Causes I cou'd show
 For my Departure; but the Sun is low:
 The Waggoner grows weary of my stay;
 And whips his Horses forwards on their way.
 Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with care,
 You to your own³ *Aquinum* shall repair,
 To take a mouthful of sweet Country Air,
 Be mindful of your Friend; and send me word,
 What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades afford:
 Then, to assist your Satyrs, I will come;
 And add new Venom when you write of *Rome*.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Third Satyr.

- 1 **C** *Ume*, a small City in *Campania*, near *Puteoli*, or *Puzzolo*, as it is call'd. The Habitation of the *Cumean Sybil*.
- 2 *Baje*; another little Town in *Campania*, near the Sea: A pleasant Place.
- 3 *Prochyta*: A small Barren Island belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.
- 4 *In Dog-Days*. The Poets in *Juvenal's* time, us'd to rehearse their Poetry in *August*.
- 5 *Numa*, The second King of *Rome*; who made their Laws, and Instituted their Religion.
- 6 *Nymph. Egeria*, a Nymph, or Goddess, with whom *Numa* feign'd to converse by Night; and to be instructed by her in modelling his Superstitions.
- 7 *Where Dedalus, &c.* Meaning at *Cuma*.
- 8 *Lachesis*; one of the three Destinies, whose Office was to spin the Life of every Man; as it was of *Clotho* to hold the Distaff, and *Atropos* to cut the Thread.
- 9 *Arturius*. Any debauch'd wicked Fellow who gains by the times.
- 10 *With Thumbs bent backward*. In a Prize of Sword-Players, when one of the Fencers had the other at his Mercy, the Vanquish'd Party implor'd the Clemency of the Spectators. If they thought he deserv'd it not, they held up their Thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of Death.
- 11 *Verres*, Prætor in *Sicily*, Contemporary with *Cicero*; by whom accus'd of oppressing the Province, he was condemn'd: His Name is us'd here for any Rich vicious Man.
- 12 *Tagus*, a famous River in *Spain*, which discharges it self into the Ocean near *Lisbone* in *Portugal*. It was held of old, to be full of Golden Sands.
- 13 *Orontes*, the greatest River of *Syria*: The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*.
- 14 *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*.
- 15 *Romulus*; First King of *Rome*; Son of *Mars*, as the Poets feign; the first Romans were originally Herdsmen.
- 16 *But in that Town, &c.* He means *Athens*; of which, *Pallas* the Goddess of Arms and Arts was Patroness.
- 17 *Antiochus and Stratocles*, two famous *Grecian* Mimicks, or Actors, in the Poet's time.
- 18 *A Rigid Stoick, &c.* *Publius Ignatius*, a Stoick, falsely accus'd *Barcas Sorenius*, as *Tacitus* tells us.
- 19 *Diphilus*, and *Protagenes, &c.* were *Grecians* living in *Rome*:

20 *Or him who bad, &c. Lucius Metellus* the High-Priest; who when the Temple of *Vesta* was on Fire, sav'd the *Palladium*.

21 *For by the Roscian Law, &c. Roscius* a Tribune, who order'd the distinction of Places in Publick Shows, betwixt the Noble-men of *Rome* and the *Plebeians*.

22 *Where none but only dead Men, &c.* The meaning is, that Men in some parts of *Italy* never wore a Gown (the usual Habit of the *Romans*) till they were bury'd in one.

23 *Cossus* is here taken for any great Man.

24 *Where the tame Pidgeons, &c.* The *Romans* us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Garrets.

25 *Codrus*, a Learned Man, very poor: by his Books suppos'd to be a Poet. For, in all probability, the Heroick Verses here mention'd which Rats and Mice devour'd, were *Homer's* Works.

26 *A Pythagorean Treat*: He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and Sallads.

27 *Gygantick Corbulo*. *Corbulo* was a famous General in *Nero's* time, who conquer'd *Armenia*, and was afterwards put to Death by that Tyrant, when he was in *Greece*, in reward of his great Services. His Stature was not only tall, above the ordinary Size; but he was also proportionably strong.

28 *The Ferry-man's, &c. Charon* the Ferry-man of Hell, whose Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul.

29 *Stern Achilles*. The Friend of *Achilles*, was *Patroclus*, who was slain by *Hector*.

30 *Beneath the Kings, &c.* *Rome* was originally rul'd by Kings; till for the Rape of *Lucretia*, *Tarquin* the proud was expell'd. After which it was govern'd by two Consuls, yearly chosen; but they oppressing the People, the Commoners mutiny'd, and procur'd Tribunes to be created, who defended their Privileges, and often oppos'd the Consular Authority, and the Senate.

31 *Aquinum* was the Birth-place of *Juvenal*.

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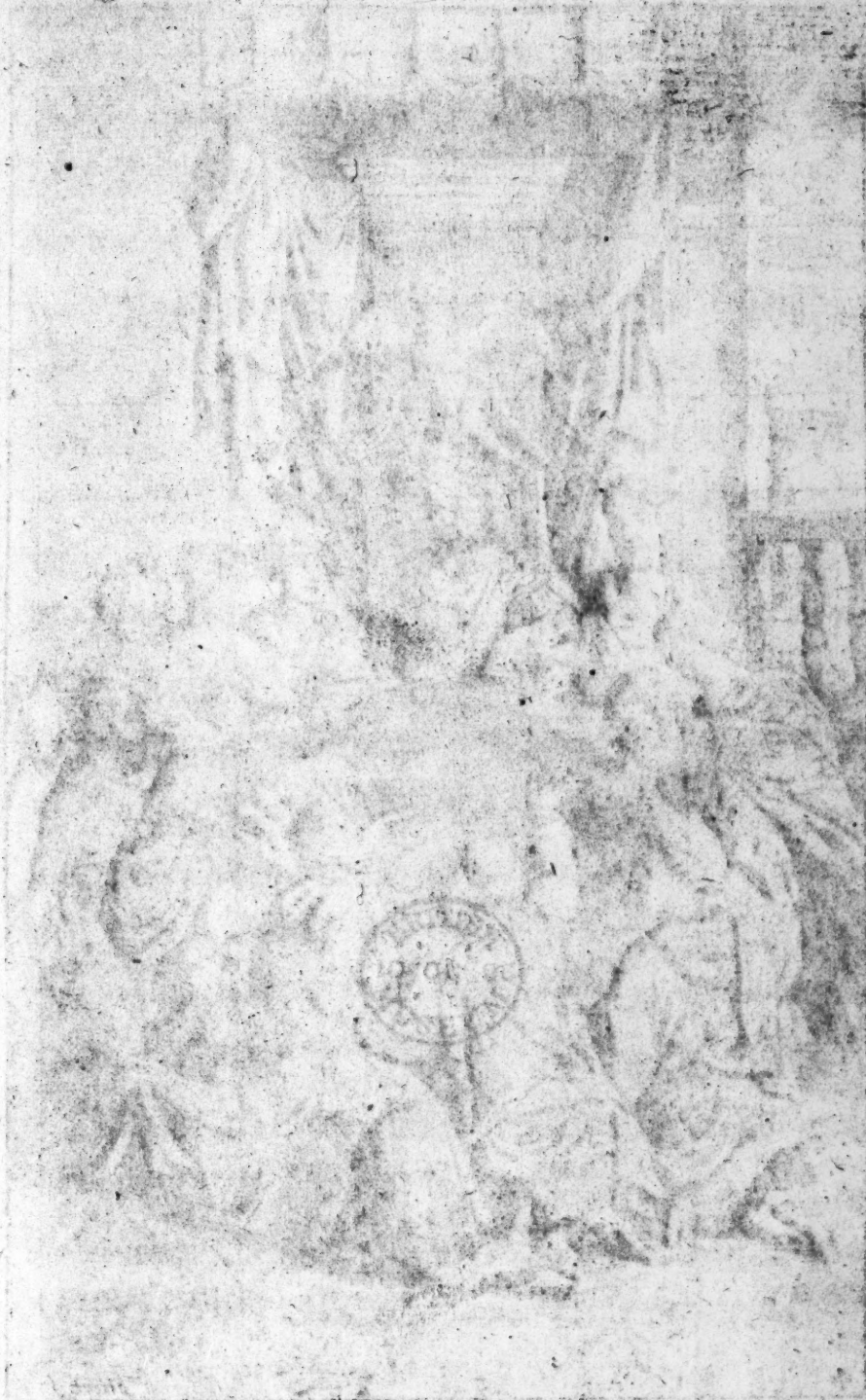
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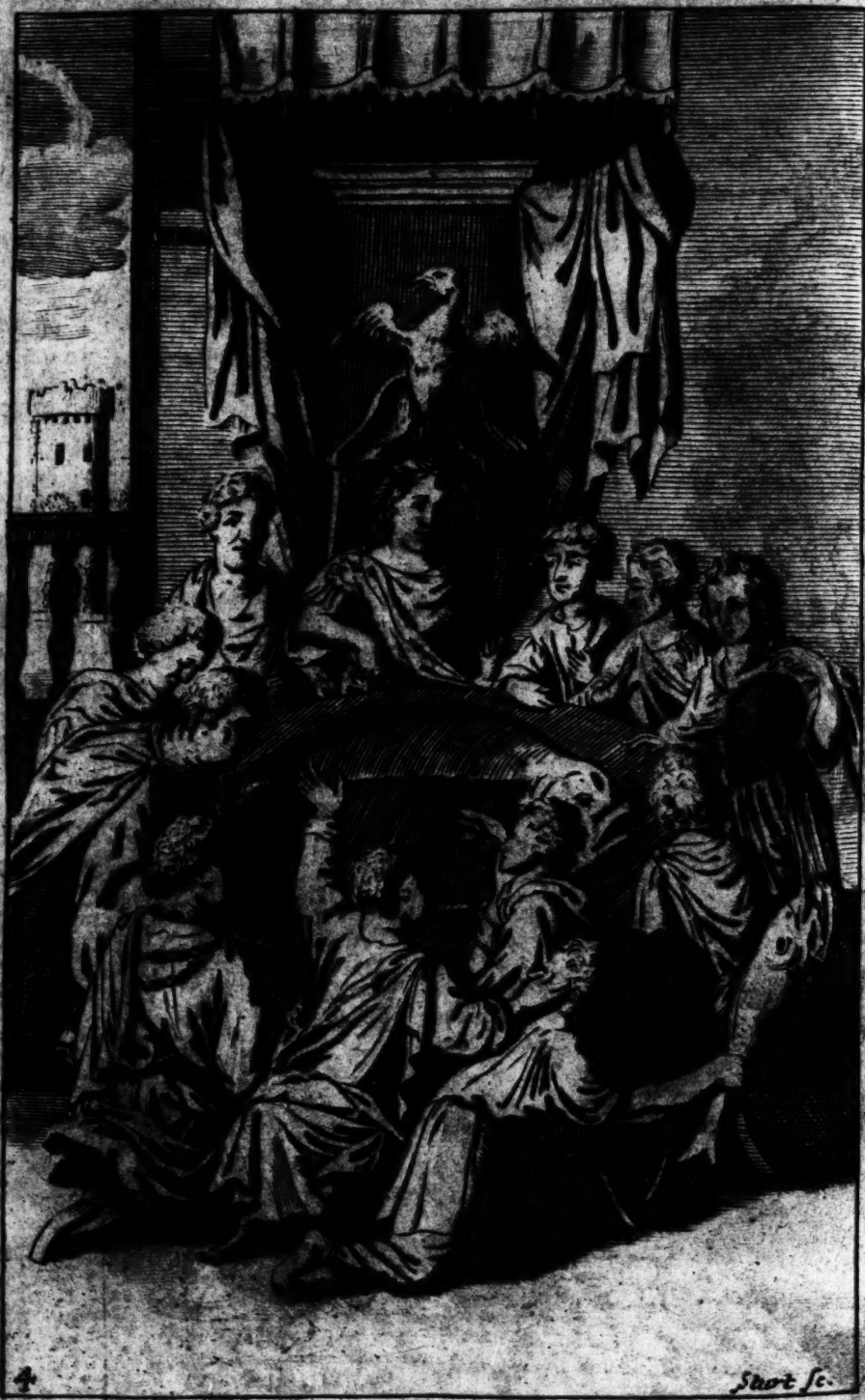
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JUVENAL.

THE FOURTH SATYR.

By the Reverend Mr. **RICHARD DUKE.**

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a Lash at in his first Satyr, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous Prodigality and Luxury in giving the Price of an Estate for a Barbel; and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal Subject, and true Design of this Satyr, which is grounded upon a ridiculous Story of a Turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness, that all the Emperor's Scullery had not a Dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the Senate in all haste is summon'd, to consult in this Exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a Particular of the Senators Names, their distinct Characters, and Speeches, and Advice; and after much and wise Consultation, an Expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the Senate, and concludes the Satyr.

ONCE more *Crispinus*, call'd upon the Stage,
 (Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my
 A Monster, to whom ev'ry Vice lays claim, [Rage:
 Without one Virtue to redeem his Fame,
 Feeble and sick, yet strong in Lust alone,
 The rank Adult'rer preys on all the Town,
 All but the Widow's nauseous Charms go down. }
 What matter then how stately is the Arch
 Where his tir'd Mules flow with their Burden march?
 What matter then how thick and long the Shade
 Through which, by sweating Slaves, he is convey'd?
 How many Acres near the City Walls,
 Or new-built Palaces, his own he calls?
 No ill Man's happy; least of all is he
 Whose study 'tis to corrupt Chastity.
 Th' incestuous Brute, who the veil'd Vestal Maid
 But lately to his impious Bed betray'd,
 Who for her Crime, if Laws their Course might have,
 Ought to descend alive into the Grave.

But now of slighter Faults; and yet the same
 By others done, the Censor's Justice claim.

For what good Men ignoble count and base,
Is Virtue here; and does *Crispinus* grace:
In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The Person is more odious than the Crime.
And so all Satyr's lost. The lavish Slave
Six thousand Pieces for a Barbel gave:
A Sesterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they
Give out, that hear great things, but greater say.
If by this Bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless Usurer that wants an Heir,
Or if this Present the sly Courtier meant,
Should to some Punk of Quality be sent,
That in her easie Chair in State does ride,
The Glasses all drawn up on ev'ry side,
I'd praise his Cunning; but expect not this,
For his own Gut he bought the stately Fish.
Now ev'n *Apicius* Frugal seems, and Poor,
Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.

Gave you, *Crispinus*, you this mighty Sum?
You, that, for want of other Rags, did come
In our own Country Paper wrapp'd, to *Rome*?
Do Scales and Fins bear Price to this Excess?
You might have bought the Fisherman for less.

For less some Provinces whole Acres sell,
 Nay, in *Apulia*, if you bargain well,
 A Manor wou'd cost less than such a Meal.

What think we then of his luxurious Lord?
 What Banquets loaded that Imperial Board?
 When in one Dish, that taken from the rest
 His constant Table wou'd have hardly miss,
 So many Sesterces were swallow'd down,
 To stuff one Scarlet-coated Court Buffoon,
 Whom *Rome* of all her Knights now Chiefest greets,
 From crying stinking Fish about her Streets.

Begin, *Calliope*, but not to sing:
 Plain, honest Truth we for our Subject bring.
 Help then, ye young *Pierian* Maids to tell
 A downright Narrative of what befall.
 Afford me willingly your sacred Aids, [you Maids.
 Me that have call'd you young, me that have still'd

When he, with whom the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
 The groaning World with Iron Scepter sway'd,
 When a bald *Nero* Reign'd, and servile *Rome* obey'd,
 Where *Venus* Shrine does fair *Ancona* grace,
 A Turbut taken of prodigious Space,

Fill'd the extended Net, not less than those
That dull *Mentis* does with Ice enclose,
Till conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
It opens to the *Pontick* Sea their way;
And throws them out unweildy with their Growth,
Fat with long ease, and a whole Winter's sloth:
The wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,
For^r our High Priest the stately Prey designs;
For who that Lordly Fish durst sell or buy,
So many Spies and Court-Informers nigh?
No Shoar but of this Vermin Swarms does bear,
Searchers of Mud and Sea-weed! that would swear
The Fish had long in *Cæsar's* Ponds been fed,
And from its Lord undutifully fled,
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit Sage^s *Palphurius* word,
Or dare relie on *Armillatus* Skill,
Whatever Fish the vulgar Fry excel
Belong to *Cæsar*, wheresoe'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.

The Boatman then shall a wise Present make,
And give the Fish, before the Seizers take.

Now sickly Autumn to dry Frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the Prey,
Yet with such haste the busie Fishes flew,
As if a hot South-Wind Corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the Lake, " where what remains
Of *Alba*, still her ancient Rites retains,
Still Worships *Vesta*, " tho' an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd *Trojan* Fire decay.

The wondring Croud that to strange Sights resort,
And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,
At length gives way, ope flies the Palace-Gate,
The Turbut enters in, without the " Fathers wait,
The Boatman straight does to *Astrides* press,
And thus presents his Fish, and his Address:

Accept, Dread Sir, this Tribute from the Main,
Too great for private Kitchens to contain.
To your glad Genius sacrifice this Day,
Let common Meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your Stomachs to receive
This Turbut, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to be Imperial Food,
Glad of the Net, and to be taken proud.

How fulsom this! how gross! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty Pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd,
When to his Face the worthless Wretch is prais'd.
Whom vile Court-Flattery to a God has rais'd,

But oh hard Fate! the Palace Stores no Dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.

To sage Debate are summon'd all the Peers,
His trusty and much-hated Counsellors,
In whose pale Looks that ghastly Terror sat,
That haunts the dangerous Friendship of the Great.

"The loud *Liburnian* that the Senate call'd,
Run, run; he's set, he's set, no sooner baul'd,
But with his Robe snatch'd up in haste, does come
Pegasus, "Bailiff of affrighted *Rome*.

What more were Præfects then? The Best he was,
And faithfullest Expounder of the Laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
When Justice exercis'd her Sword the least.

"Old *Crispus* next, Pleasant, tho' Old, appears;
His Wit nor Humour yielding to his Years:

His Temper mild, good Nature join'd with Sense,
And Manners charming as his Eloquence,
Who fitter for a useful Friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the Earth and Sea,
If as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free?
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Mind
To *Rome's* dire Plague, and Terror of Mankind,
If cruel Pow'r could softning Counsel bear;
But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear?
With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,
At ev'ry Sentence set his Life at stake,
Tho' the Discourse were of no weightier things,
Than sultry Summers, or unhealthful Springs.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd
With his weak Arms to stem the stronger Tyde.
Nor did all *Rome*, grown Spiritless, supply
A Man that for bold Truth durst bravely die,
So safe by wise complying Silence, he
Ev'n in that Court did fourscore Summers see,
Next him *Acilius*, tho' his Age the same,
With eager haste to the Grand Council came;

With him a Youth, unworthy of the Fate
That did too near his growing Virtues wait,
Urg'd by the Tyrant's Envy, Fear, or Hate.
(But 'tis long since Old Age began to be
In Noble Blood no less than Prodigy,
Whence 'tis I'd rather be of ¹⁰Giants Birth,
A Pigmy-Brother to those Sons of Earth.)
Unhappy Youth! whom from his destin'd End,
No well-dissembled Madness could defend;
When naked in the *Alban* Theater,
In *Lybian* Bears he fixt his hunting Spear,
Who sees not now thro' the Lord's thin Disguise,
That long seem'd Fools do prove at last more wise?
That State-Court Trick is now too open laid,
Who now admires the ¹⁷Part old *Brutus* play'd?
Those honest Times might swallow this Pretence,
When ¹⁸the King's Beard was deeper than his Sense,
Next *Rubrius* came, ¹⁹tho' not of Noble Race,
With equal Marks of Terroure in his Face.
Pale with the gnawing Guilt and inward Shame
Of an old Crime that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in Scandal taking more delight,
Than ²⁰the vile *Pathick* that durst Satyr write.

Montanus Belly next, advancing slow
Before the sweating Senator did go.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,
Scented with costly Oils and Eastern Gums,
More than would serve two Fun'rals for Perfumes.

Then *Pompey*, none more skill'd in the Court-Game
Of cutting Throats with a soft Whisper, came.

Next *Fuscus*, he who many a peaceful Day
For "Dacian Vultures was reserv'd a Prey,
Till having study'd War enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy Arms of Rome.

Cunning *Vejento* next, and by his side
Bloody *Catullus* leaning on his Guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious Lover he,
And deeply smit with Charms he could not see.
A Monster, that even this worst Age out-vies,
Conspicuous and above the common size.

A blind base Flatt'rer, from some Bridge or Gate,
Rais'd to a murd'ring Minister of State.

Deserving still to beg upon the Road,
And bless each passing Waggon and its Load.
None more admir'd the Fish; he in its Praise
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.

But to the left all his fine things did say,
Whilst on his right the unseen Turbut lay.
So he the fam'd *Cilician* Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with Wonder seem'd amaz'd.
So did the Scenes and Stage Machines admire,
And Boys that flew thro' Canvas Clouds in Wyre.

Nor came *Vejento* short; but as inspir'd
By thee, *Bellona*, by thy Fury fir'd,
Turns Prophet: See, the mighty Omen, see,
He cries, of some Illustrious Victory!

Some Captive King, thee his new Lord shall own:
Or from his *British* Chariot headlong thrown
The "proud *Arviragus* came tumbling down!
The Monster's foreign. Mark the pointed Spears
That from thy Hand on his pierc'd Back he wears!
Who Nobler could, or plainer things presage?
Yet one thing 'scap'd him, the Prophetick Rage
Shew'd not the Turbut's Country, nor its Age.

At length by *Cesar* the grand Question's put:
My Lords, your Judgment; Shall the Fish be cut?
Far be it, far from us! *Montanus* cries;
Let's not dishonour thus the Noble Prize!

A Pot of finest Earth, thin, deep, and wide,
 Some²⁶ skilful quick *Prometheus* must provide.
 Clay and the forming Wheel prepare with speed;
 But, *Cæsar*, be it from henceforth decreed,
 That Potters on the Royal Progress wait,
 To assist in these Emergencies of State.

This Council pleas'd; nor cou'd it fail to take,
 So fit, so worthy of the Man that spake.
 The old Court Riots he remember'd well,
 Could Tales of *Nero's* Midnight Suppers tell,
 When Falern Wines the lab'ring Lungs did fire,
 And to new Dainties kindled false Desire.
 In Arts of Eating none more early Train'd;
 None in my time had equal Skill attain'd.
 He whither²⁷ *Circe's* Rock his Oysters bore,
 Or²⁸ *Lucrine* Lake, or²⁹ the *Rutupian* Shoar,
 Knew at first taste, nay at first sight cou'd tell
 A Crab or Lobster's Country by its Shell.

They rise, and straight all with respectful Awe,
 At the word giv'n, obsequiously withdraw,
 Whom full of eager haste, surprize, and fear,
 Our mighty Prince had summon'd to appear;

As if some News he'd of the *Catti* tell,
 Or that the fierce *Sicambrians* did rebel:
 As if Expresses from all Parts had come
 With fresh Alarms threatening the Fate of *Rome*.

What Folly this! but oh! that all the rest
 Of his dire Reign had thus been spent in Jest!
 And all that Time such Trifles had employ'd
 In which so many Nobles he destroy'd!
 He safe, they unreveng'd, to the Disgrace
 Of the surviving, tame, *Patrician Race*!
 But when he dreadful to the Rabble grew,
 Him, whom so many Lords had slain, they slew.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourth Satyr.

1 *If Laws their Course, &c. Ought to descend, &c.* *Crispinus* had deflower'd a Vestal Virgin, but by his Favour with *Domitian*, he escap'd the Punishment due to her Offence, which was to be bury'd alive by *Numa's* Law; as may be seen in *Livy*, l. 1. and is more particularly describ'd in *Plutarch's* Life of *Numa*.

2 *Six thousand Pieces.* Six thousand of the Roman *Sestertii*, which makes six *Sestertia*, according to our Account, 46 l. 17 s. 6 d.

3 *Now even Apicius.* A Man for Gluttony and Prodigality famous, even to a Proverb, who having spent most of his vast Estate upon his Gut, for fear of Want poison'd himself, *Senec.*

4 *Nay in Apulia.* Part of *Italy*, near the *Adriatick* Gulf, where Land it seems, was very cheap, either for the barrenness and cragg'd height of the Mountains, or for the unwholesomeness of the Air, and the Wind *Atabulus*. *Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 5. Montes Apulia notos--quos torres Atabulus & quos nunquam erepsimus, &c.*

5 *His luxurious Lord.* The Emperor *Domitian*.

6 *The Flavian Race decay'd.* *Domitian* was the last and worst of the *Flavian* Family, which tho' at first obscure, yet had produc'd great

and good Men. *Reipublica nequaquam penitenda*, says *Sueton.* 9. For of this Family were *Vespasian* and *Titus*.

7 *A bald Nero.* *Domitian*, who could not so much as bear with Patience the mention of baldness, tho' in Jest only, and objected to another, as *Suetonius* in his Life tells us: And who, for his Cruelty, is here call'd a second *Nero*.

8 *Our High Priest.* The Emperor *Domitian* call'd so, either from his Instituting the College of the *Alban Priests*, of whom he was as it were Chief; or for taking upon him the Office of *Pontifex Maximus* in the Condemnation of the Vestal Virgin *Cornezia*; or, more generally, because often the Emperors assum'd both the Title and Office of high Priest.

9 *Palphurius* and *Armillatus*. Both Men of Consular Degree: Lawyers, and Spies, and Informers, and so Favourers of *Domitian*.

10 *What remains of Alba, &c.* *Alba Longa* built by *Ascanius*, about fifteen Miles from *Rome*, was destroy'd after by *Tullus Hostilius*, the Temples only excepted, (*Liv.* l. 1.) The *Albans* upon this their Misfortunes neglecting their Worship, were by sundry Prodigies commanded to restore their Ancient Rites, the chief of which was the keeping perpetually burning the Vestal Fire, which was brought thither by *Aeneas* and his *Trojans* as a fatal Pledge of the perpetuity of the *Roman Empire*.

11 *Tho' an humbler way.* There was a more stately Temple erected to *Vesta* at *Rome* by *Numa*, than this at *Alba*, where the same Ceremonies were us'd.

12 *The Fathers.* The Senate always so call'd. *Patres Conscripti*.

13 *The loud Liburnian.* Some say that of the People of this Country, which is part of *Illyricum*, the *Romans* made their Cryers, because of their loud Voices. Others take *Liburnus* for the proper Name of one Man---*Liburnus* that the Senate call'd.

14 *Pegasus, Bailiff.* A Citizen of *Alba*, a very Learned Lawyer, and Praefect or Chief Magistrate of *Rome*. He calls him here Bailiff: As if *Rome*, by *Domitian's* Cruelty, had so far lost its Liberty and Privileges, that it now was no better than a Country Village, and fit to be Govern'd by no better than a Bailiff.

15 *Old Crispus, (Vibius Crispus.)* This was he that made the known Jest upon *Domitian's* killing Flies. When one Day *Domitian* being alone in his Closet, and being ask'd, Whether there was any one left within with the Emperor? He answer'd, No, not so much as a Fly. The Names and Characters of most of these Senators here mention'd may be found in *Suetonius's* Life of *Domitian*, and in *Tacitus*.

16 *Of Giants Birth.* Of an obscure and unknown Family.

17 *The part old Brutus play'd.* 'Tis a known Story, how *Brutus* finding that his own Brother, and some of the most considerable Men of *Rome* had been put to Death by *Tarquinius Superbus*, counterfeited himself a Madman or Fool, and so avoided the Tyrant's Cruelty, till he

he had gain'd a fit time to destroy him, revenge his Brother's and Countrymens Deaths, and free Rome.

18 *When the King's Beard.* In those ancient and more simple times, when it was the Custom never to shave their Beards: For 400 Years there was no such thing as a Barber heard of in Rome.

19 *The not of Noble Race, with equal Marks of Terror.* For Domitian's Cruelty reach'd even to the Common People, and those of lower Birth, which (in the end of this Satyr) the Poet tells us, caus'd his Destruction.

20 *The vile Patibick.* Naro, who wrote a Satyr upon *Quintianus*, whom he charges with his own profligate Lewdness and Debauchery. *Tacit. Annal. 15.*

21 *For Dacian Vultures.* *Cornelius Fuscus*, a Noble-man of no manner of Experience, or more knowledge in War-Affairs, than what he had study'd in his own Country Retirement, was yet by *Domitian* twice sent with an Army against the *Dacians*, in the last of which his Army was defeated, and himself slain.

22 *From Bridge or Gate.* The common Stands for Beggars.

23 *The proud Arviragus.* One of the ancient *British* Kings.

24 *Mark the painted Spears.* He makes the Flatterer call the sharp Fins rising on the Fishes back, Spears; and to signify and portend that *Domitian* shall lick the like in some Foreign Enemy.

25 *Some skilful quick Prometheus.* Some skilful Potter. Alluding to the old Fable of *Prometheus*, whose skill in this Art was such that he made a Man of Clay.

26 *Circe's Rack.* the *Circean* Promontory, nam'd from *Circe* that liv'd there, on the Shore of *Compassa*.

27 *The Lucrine Lake.* Between *Bae* and *Puteoli*.

28 *The Ruspian Shore,* *Rutupe* or *Rutupi*, an Ancient Town's Name on the *Kenish* Shore, suppos'd to be our *Richborough*. These were all famous in those Times for Oysters.

JUVENAL.

THE

FIFTH SATYR.

By the Reverend Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet dissuades a Parasite from frequenting the Tables of great Men, where he is certain to be treated with the highest Scorn and Contempt: And, at the same time, inveighs against the Luxury and Insolence of the Roman Nobility.

IF harden'd by Affronts, and still the same,
 Lost to all Sense of Honour, and of Shame,
 Thou yet canst love to haunt the Great Man's Board,
 And think no Supper good but with a Lord:
 If yet thou canst hold out, and suffer more
 Than lewd' *Sarmentus*, or vile *Galba* bore,



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Thy solemn Oath ought to be set aside:
 But sure the Belly's easily supply'd.
 Suppose, what frugal Nature wou'd suffice,
 Suppose that wanting, Hunger is not nice.
 Is no^r Bridge vacant, no convenient Seat,
 Where thou may'st cringe, and gnaw thy broken Meat,
 And with a Matt, and Crutch, and ty'd up Leg,
 More honestly and honourably Beg?

First, if he please to say, Sit down, and smile,
 Behold the full Reward of all thy Toil!
 All thy old Services are largely paid,
 And thou a proud and happy Man art made.
 See! of thy boasted Friendship see the Fruits!
 And these too he upbraids, and these imputes:
 If after two cold Months thy Lord think fit
 His poor, neglected Clients to admit,
 And say, Sup with me, thou hast thy desire,
 Be thankful, Mortal, and no more require.
 Thus Blest, must *Trebius* to his *Levees* run;
 When the Stars languish near the rising Sun;
 Break off sweet Slumbers, drowse, and undrest,
 To shew his Zeal, and to prevent the rest;

Run to prevent the fawning humble Train,
 While slow^d *Bootes* drives his frozen Wain.
 Perhaps the gen'rous Entertainment may
 For all the Stare and dear Attendance pay:
 For him is kept a Liquor more Divine,
 You Sponges must be drunk with Lees of Wine,
 Drunk for your Patron's Pleasure and his Jest;
 Then raving like a *Cerybas* posselt,
 Thou and the Freed-men first begin to jarr;
 From mutual Jeers the Prelude to the War,
 Thou and thy Fellow-Parasites engage,
 And Battel with a Troop of Servants wage;
 Then Glasses and *Saguntine* Pitchers fly,
 And broken Pates discolour'd Napkins dye.
 While happy he, stretch'd on his Couch, supine
 Looks on with Scorn, and drinks old gen'rous Wine,
 Prest from the Grape, when Warlike *Rome* was free
 But kindly, never fends one Glas to thee.
 Perhaps to morrow he may change his Wine,
 And drink old sparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*,
 Whole Title, and whose Age, with Mould o'ergrown
 The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown:

Such⁷ bold *Helvidius* drank, and *Thrasca* crown'd
With Garlands, when the flowing Bowl went round
On *Brutus* Birth-day: And to raise Delight,
To please at once the Taste, and charm the Sight,
He in bright Amber drinks, or brighter Gold,
And Cups with shining Berils set does hold.
Thou art not suffer'd or to Touch or Taste;
And if thou dar'st, a Guard on thee is plac'd
To watch the Gems. This may perhaps surprize,
But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are Stones of Price.
For *Virro* does, as many do of late,
Gems from his Fingers to his Cups translate,
Which the bold⁸ Youth to *Dido*'s Love preferr'd,
Wore on the Scabbard of his shining Sword.
Thou may'st at distance gaze, and sigh in vain,
A crack'd black Pot's reserv'd for thee to drain.

If his Blood boil, and th' adventitious Fire
Rais'd by high Meats, and higher Wines, require
To temper and allay the burning Heat,
Waters are brought, which by Decoction get
New coolness, such plain Nature does not know,
Not Ice so cool, nor *Hyperborean* Snow.

Did I complain but now, and justly too,
That the same Wine is not allow'd to you?
Another Water's reach'd you, when you call,
From Hands of *Moorish* Footmen, lean and tall;
The grim Attendance he assigns t' affright
Rather than wait; Rogues who wou'd scare by Night,
If met among the Tombs; the ghastly Slaves
Look as if newly started from their Graves.
Before himself the Flower of *Asia* stands,
To watch his Looks, and to receive Commands.
A Boy of such a Price as had undone
Old *Roman* Kings, and drain'd the Treasure of a Crown.
If thou or any of thy Tribe want Wine,
Look back, and give thy *Ganymedes* th' sign.
The lovely Boy, and bought at such a rate,
Is much too handsom, and too proud to wait
On the despis'd and poor: Will he descend
To give a Glass to a declining Friend?
No, his good Mien, his Youth, and blooming Face
Tempt him to think, that with a better Grace
Himself might sit, and thou supply his Place.
Behold there yet remains, which must be born,
Proud Servants more insufferable Scorn.

With what Disdain another gave thee Bread!
The meanest Wretches are with better fed:
Th' impenetrable Crust thy Teeth defies,
And petrify'd with Age securely lies,
Hard, mouldy, black: If thou presume to invade,
With sacrilegious Hands, thy Patron's Bread,
There stands a Servant ready to chastise
Your Insolence, and teach you to be wise.
Will you, a bold Intruder, never learn
To know your Basket, and your Bread discern?
'Tis just, ye Gods! And what I well deserve,
Why did not I more honourably starve?
Did I for this abandon Wife and Bed?
For this, alas! by vain Ambition led,
Thro' cold *Esquilles* run so oft, and hear
The Storms and Fury of the Vernal Air,
And then with Cloak wet thro' attend, and drop-
ping Hair?
See! by the tallest Servant born on high,
A "Sturgeon fills the largest Dish and Eye!
With how much Pomp he's plac'd upon the Board!
With what a Tail and Breast salutes his Lord!

With what Expence and Art, how richly dress!
 Garnish'd with Sparagus, himself a Feast!
 Thou art to one small dismal Dish confin'd,
 A Crab ill dress'd, and of the vilest kind.

He on his own Fish pours the noblest Oil,
 The product of *Venatrum's* happy Soil,
 That to your marcid dying Herbs assign'd,
 By the rank Smell and Taste betrays its Kind,
 By *Moors* imported; and for Lamps alone design'd,
 Well rubb'd with this, when *Bocchor* comes to Town,
 He makes the Theatres and Baths his own,
 All round from him, as from th' infected run,
 The pois'nous Sink ev'n their own Serpents shun.

Behold a Mullet ev'n from *Corfa* brought!
 Or near the Rocks of *Taurominium* caught.
 Since our own Seas no longer can supply,
 Exhausted by our boundless Luxury,
 The secret Deep can no Protection give,
 No *Tyrrhene* Fish is suffer'd now to live
 To his just growth. The Provinces from far
 Furnish our Kitchens, and revenge our War,
 Baits for the Rich, and Childless they supply,
Aurelia thence must sell, and *Lenas* buy.

The largest Lamprey which their Seas afford,
Is made a Sacrifice to *Virro's* Board.
When *Auster* to th' *Æolian* Cayes retires
With dropping Wings, and murm'ring there respire,
Rash daring Nets, in hope of such a Prize,
Caribdis, and the treacherous Deep despise,
An Eel for you remains, in ¹⁶*Tiber* bred,
With foulest Mud, and the rank Ordure fed,
Discharg'd by Common-Shoars from all the Town;
No secret Passage was to him unknown;
In every noisom Sink the Serpent slept,
And thro' dark Vaults oft to *Suburra* crept,
One word to *Virro* now, if he can bear,
And 'tis a Truth, which he's not us'd to hear,
No Man expects, (for who so much a Sot,
Who has the Times he lives in so forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piso* us'd to send,
To raise, or to support a sinking Friend.
Those Godlike Men, to wanting Virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd preferr'd, and well design'd,
To all their Titles, all that height of Pow'r,
Which turns the Brains of Fools, and Fools alone adore

When your poor Client is condemn'd attend,
 'Tis all we ask, receive him like a Friend,
 At least, let him be easie if you can,
 Let him be treated like a Free-born Man.
 Descend to this, and then we ask no more,
 Rich to your self, to all beside be poor.

Near him is plac'd the Liver of a Goose,
 That part alone which Luxury would chuse,
 A Bear entire, and worthy of the Sword
 Of *Meleager*, smoaks upon the Board.

Next Mushrooms, larger when the Clouds descend
 In fruitful Showers, and desir'd *Thunders* rend
 The Vernal Air. No more plough up the Ground,
 Of *Lybia*, where such Mushrooms can be found,
Aledius cries, but furnish us with more

Of Mushrooms, and import thy Corn no more!

Mean while thy Indignation yet to raise,
 The Carver dancing round each Dish, surveys
 With flying Knife, and as his Art directs,
 With proper Gestures ev'ry Fowl dissects,
 A thing of so great moment to their Taste,
 That one false slip had surely marr'd the Feast.

If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain
With Freedom, like a *Roman Gentleman*,
Thou'rt seiz'd immediately by his Commands,
And dragg'd like *Cæsus* by *Herculean Hands*
Out from his Presence. When does haughty he
Descend to take a Glass once touch'd by thee?
That Wretch were lost, who should presume to think
He might be free, who durst say, Come, Sir, drink:
Will any Freedom here from you be born
Whose Cloaths are thred-bare, and whose Cloaks
are torn?

Wou'd any God, or Godlike Man below,
Four hundred thousand *Sesterces* bestow?
How mightily wou'd *Trebius* be improv'd
How much a Friend to *Virra*, how belov'd!
Will *Trebius* eat of this? What Sot attends
My Brother? Who carves to my best of Friends?
O *Sesterces*, this Honour's done to you!
You are his Friends, and you his Brethren too.
Wouldst thou become his Patron and his Lord;
Wouldst thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?

No young *Aeneas* in thy Hall must play,
Nor sweeter Daughter lead thy Heart astray.

O how a barren Wife does recommend!

How dear, how pleasant is a Childless Friend!

But if thy *Mycale*, thy Teeming Wife

Pour out three Boys, the Comfort of thy Life;

He too will in the prattling Nest rejoice,

Farthings and Nuts provide, and various Toys,

For the young smiling Parasites, the wanton Boys.

He viler Friends with doubtful Mushrooms fears,
Secure for you, himself Champignons eats:

Such *Claudius* lov'd, of the same sort and taste,

Till *Agrippina* kindly gave the last,

To him are order'd, and those happy few

Whom Fate has rais'd above contempt and you,

Most fragrant Fruits, such in *Phœcian* Gardens

grew;

Where a perpetual Autumn ever smil'd,

And Golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd.

By such swift *Atalanta* was betray'd,

The vegetable Gold soon stopt the flying Maid.

To you such scabb'd harsh Fruit is giv'n, as raw

Young Soldiers at their Exercisings gnaw,

Who trembling learn to throw the fatal Dart,
And under Rods of rough Centurions smart.

Thou tak'st all this as done to save Expence;
No! 'tis on purpose done to give Offence:
What Comedy, what Face can more delight,
Than grinning Hunger, and the pleasing sight
Of your bilk'd Hopes? No! He's resolv'd t'extort
Tears from your Eyes: 'Tis barb'rous jest and sport.
Thou think'st thy self Companion of the Great,
Art free and happy in thy own Conceit.

He thinks thou'rt tempted by th' attractive smell
Of his warm Kitchen, and he judges well.

For who so naked, in whose empty Veins

One single Drop of Noble Blood remains;

What Freeborn Man, who, tho' of Mungrel strain,
Wou'd twice support the Scorn, and proud Disdain

With which those Idols you adore, the Great,

Their wretched Vassals and Dependants treat?

O Slaves must abject! you still gaping sit,

Devouring with your Eyes each pleasing Bit;

Now sure we Parasites at last shall share

That Boar, and now that Wild-fowl, or that Hare;

Thus you expecting gaze, with your Teeth set,
 With your Bread ready, and your Knives well whet;
 Demure and silent; but, alas! in vain;
 He mocks your Hunger, and derides your Pain.
 If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
 You well deserve the Treatment which you find.
 At last thou wilt beneath the³ Burthen bow;
 And, glad, receive the⁴ manumitting Blow
 On thy shav'd slavish Head, mean while attend,
 Worthy of such a Treat, and such a Friend.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifth Satyr.

1. *Sarmentus*. A Buffoon and Parasite of *Augustus Caesar*. The same perhaps with that *Sarmentus* in *Horace*, *Sat.* 3. l. 1.
- 2 Where common Beggars us'd to place themselves.
- 3 It was the Custom in *Rome* for the Clients to attend their Patrons, to salute them in the Morning. *Virgil*, *Martial*, &c.
- 4 That Constellation, otherwise call'd the *Bear*, which appearing always above the Horizon, is said by the Poets never to descend into the Sea. The meaning is, that *Trebius* was forc'd to run early in the Morning, by the Light of these Stars.
- 5 Priest of *Cybele*.
- 6 From *Stes* a Town of *Campania*, renown'd for the best Wines.
- 7 *Thrasca* and *Helvidius* his Sons-in-Law, Men of great Virtue, Constancy, and Zeal for the Liberty of their Country; they were both oppress'd by *Nero*, *Thrasca* put to Death, and *Helvidius* banished: *Tacitus* has related at large the Charge and Accusation of *Thrasca*, with what Bravery he receiv'd the Order by which he was commanded to die, and being allow'd his Choice, open'd his Veins with these words: *Libemus Jovi Liberatori*, *Annal. Lib.* 16. They are said here to have solemnly observed the Birth-days of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the Deliverers of their Country; which may perhaps be true, tho' it be not objected among many things of this kind in *Tacitus*.
- 8 An Allusion to that of *Virgil* describing *Aneas Stellatus*, *Jaspide fulvâ Ensis erat*.

9 The Romans mightily affected to be serv'd by beautiful Boys, whom they bought at vast rates. *Marzial*, &c.

10 One of the seven Hills on which Rome was built.

11 The Authors whom I have the Opportunity to consult, are not agreed what Fish is meant by *Squilla*; I have translated it Sturgeon, I confess at random, but it may serve as well.

12 A Town in *Campania*, famous for the best Oil.

13 The Name of a King of *Mauritania*; but here must be understood as the Name of any Noble Moor.

14 A Town of *Sicily*.

15 One of those whom the Romans call'd *Heredipeta*, who courted and presented the Rich and Childless, in hope to become their Heirs.

16 The Fish of Tyber were for this Reason thought the worst in Italy.

17 The Story of the Caledonian Boar, slain by *Meleager*, is to be found, *Metamor. Lib. 8.*

18 Rainy and thundring Springs produce abundance of Mushrooms, and were therefore desired. *Pliny, Lib. 19.*

19 Rome was supply'd with great Quantities of Corn from *Africa*, and of Mushrooms too it seems.

20 The Name of a Glutton or Parasite.

21 The Name of a famous Thief, who stole the Oxen of *Hercules*, and drew them into his Den backwards; but was slain by *Hercules*, and dragg'd out by the Heels. *Aeneid. 8.*

22 The *Census Equestris*, about 3125 l. English. *Rosim Orba* made a Law, that whereas before Roman Gentlemen and Commons sat promiscuously in the Theatres, there thou'd be fourteen Seats or Benches apart, for those who were worth that Sum.

23 An Allusion to that of *Dido*, *Si quis mihi parvulum aule Luderet Enas*. The meaning is, thou must have no Child to defeat his hopes of becoming thy Heir.

24 Ironically.

25 His Wife *Agrippina* gave him a poison'd one, of which he died. See that ingenious Satyr of *Seneca*, *Claudii Apocolocyntosis*.

26 The Gardens of *Alcinous*, King of the *Phaeacians*, are renown'd in *Homer* and all Antiquity.

27 In the following Lines, there is in the Original Reference to the Custom of Roman Children, wearing for distinction of their Quality, the *Bulla aurea*, or *Corsacca*. I have translated them according to the intent and sense of the Poet, without allusion to those Customs; which being unknown to meer English Readers, wou'd have only made the Translation as obscure as the Original.

28 Of so many Indignities.

29 I know the Commentators give another Sense of these last Lines; but I take them to allude to the manner of the Manumission of Slaves, which was done by giving them a touch or blow on the Head, by their Lord, or the Praetor, with the Wand call'd *Wandilla*; and thus the meaning will be, that *Troilus*, weary'd at last, will be glad to be discharg'd from the Slavery of attending, where he finds such usage.

JUVENAL.

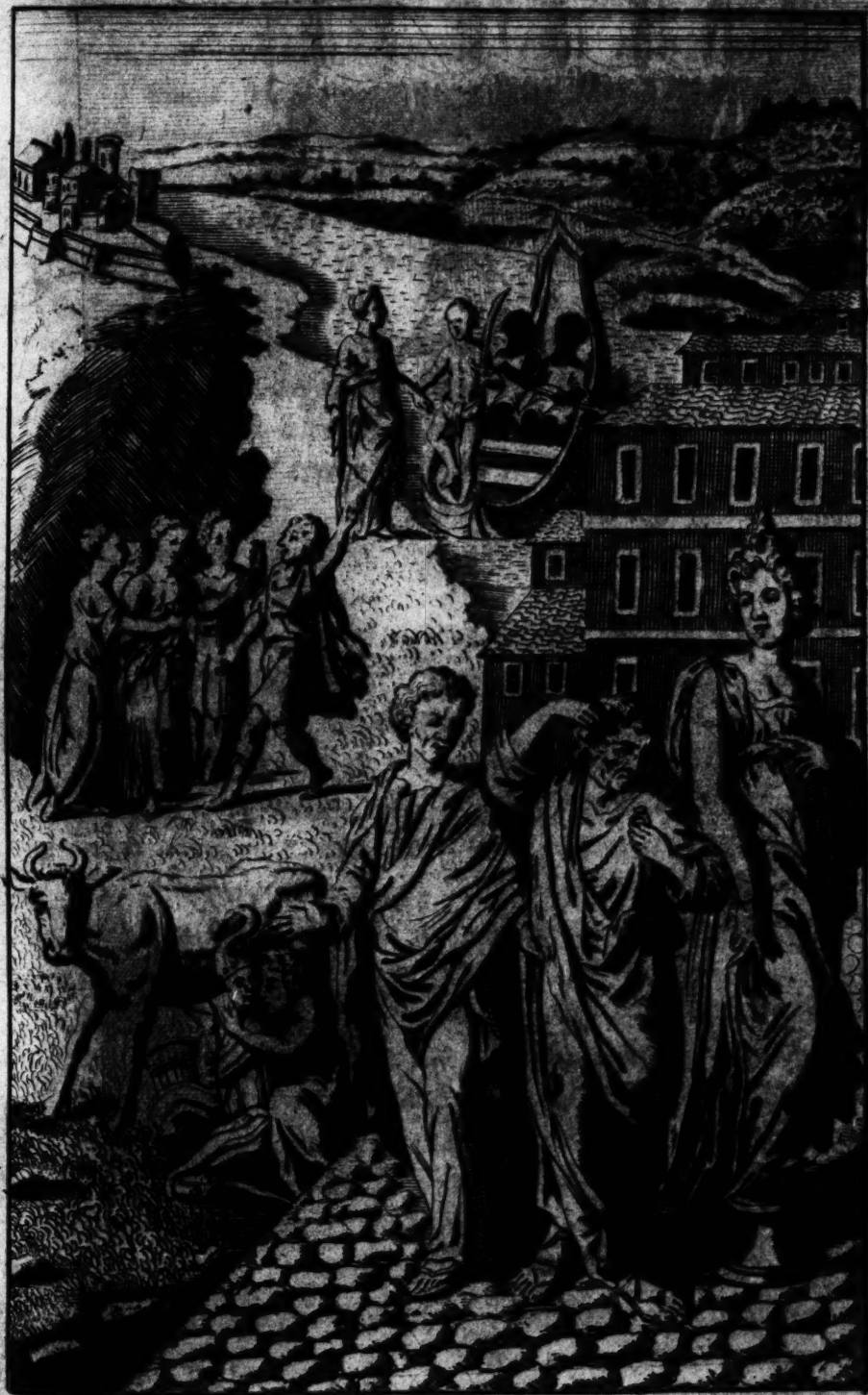
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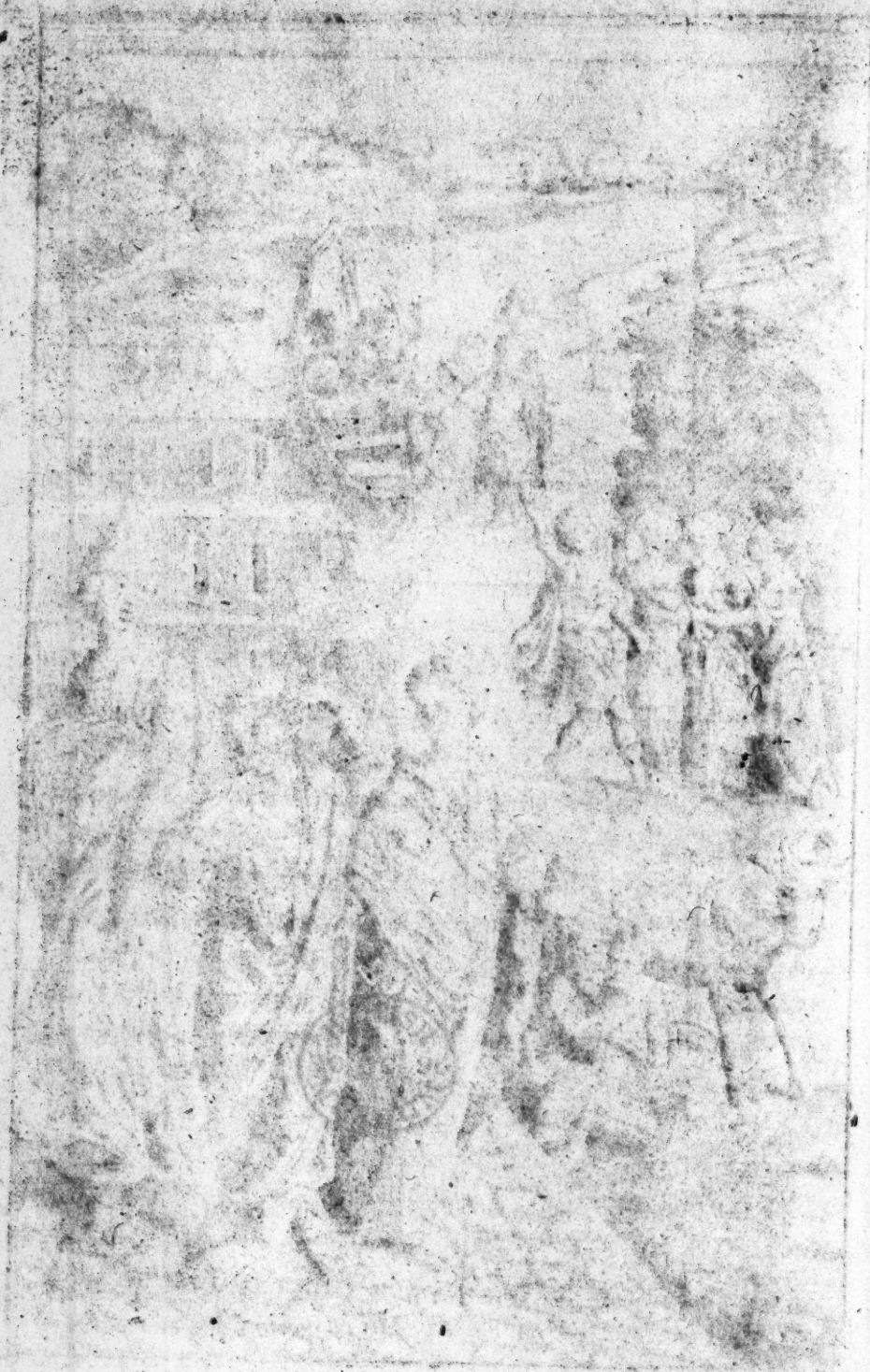
SIXTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Satyr, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter Invective against the fair Sex. 'Tis, indeed, a Common-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest Raileries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on some particular Women, and generally scourg'd the Men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alledges against them:





for that had been to put an end to Human Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more Wit than Men: which turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Complement, where he meant a Libel. If he intended only to exercise his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies: And amongst the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will disprove his Accusations. The whole World must allow this to be the Wittiest of his Satyrs; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with so much Violence, so unjust a Charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion: And on that Consideration chiefly I ventur'd to translate him. Tho' there wanted not another Reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: At least, Sir C. S. who cou'd have done more Right to the Author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refus'd so ungrateful an Employment: And every one will grant, that the Work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appear'd without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bear the blame of his own Invention; and let me satisfie the World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his Roman Ladies were, the English are free from all his Imputations. They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence, the Vices of an Age, which was the most Infamous of any on Record. They will bless themselves when they behold those Examples related of Do-

mitian's time: They will give back to Antiquity
 those Monsters it produc'd: And believe with rea-
 son, that the Species of those Women is extin-
 guish'd; or at least, that they were never here
 propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to
 the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way rela-
 ting to them: And first observe, that my Author
 makes their Lust the most Heroick of their Vices:
 The rest are in a manner but Digression. He skims
 them over; but he dwells on this; when he seems
 to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden
 he returns to it: 'Tis one Branch of it in Hippia,
 another in Messalina, but Lust is the main Body
 of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the
 first Line, and takes it up with Intermissions to
 the end of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader,
 but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate
 Parts, are their Revenge; their Contrivances of
 secret Crimes; their Arts to hide them; their Wit
 to excuse them; and their Impudence to own them,
 when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the
 Persons to whom they are most addicted; and on
 whom they commonly bestow the last Favours:
 As Stage-Players, Fiddlers, Singing-Boys, and
 Fencers. Those who pass for Chast amongst them,
 are not really so; but only for their vast Dowries,
 are rather suffer'd, than lov'd by their own Hus-
 bands. That they are Imperious, Domineering,
 Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and Cri-
 ticism in Poetry; but are false Judges. Love
 to speak Greek (which was then the Fashionable
 Tongue, as French is now with us.) That they
 plead Causes at the Bar, and play Prizes at the

Bear-Garden. That they are Gossips and News-Mongers: Wrangle with their Neighbours abroad, and beat their Servants at home. That they Lie-in for new Faces once a Month, are sluttish with their Husbands in private, and Paint and Dress in Publick for their Lovers. That they deal with Jews, Diviners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts of Miscarrying, and Barrenness. Buy Children, and produce them for their own. Murder their Husbands Sons, if they stand in their way to his Estate; and make their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence the Poët proceeds to shew the Occasions of all these Vices, their Original, and how they were introduc'd in Rome, by Peace, Wealth, and Luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious Author; Bad Women are the general standing Rule; and the Good, but some few Exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's Reign, at Nature's early Birth,
 There was that thing call'd Chastity on Earth;
 When in a narrow Cave, their common Shade,
 The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were laid:
 When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beasts
 were spread
 By Mountain-Huswives, for their homely Bed,
 And mossie Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's
 Head.

Unlike the Nicenels of our Modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs with new-affected Names;) *The Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolve in Tears.
Those first unpolish'd Matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to Infants of Gyantick Mold;
Rough as their savage Lords who rang'd the Wood,
And fat with Acorns belch'd their windy Food.
For when the World was bucksom, fresh and young,
Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or struggling from the Teeming Oaks to Birth,
Or from what other Atoms they begun,
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.
Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd
Ev'n³ under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard;
Before the servile *Greeks* had learnt to swear
By Heads of Kings; while yet the Bounteous Year
Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
E'er Thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd,
At length uneasie Justice upwards flew,
And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew;

From that old *Era* Whoring did begin,
So venerably Ancient is the Sin.
Adult'ers next invade the Nuptial State,
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a Foreign Weight;
All other Ills did Iron Times adorn;
But Whores and Silver in one Age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for Marriage dost provide;
Is this an Age to Buckle with a Bride?
They say thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,
The Wedding-Ring perhaps already bought;
A sober Man like thee to change his Life!
What Fury wou'd possess thee with a Wife?
Art thou of every other Death bereft,
No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?
(For ev'ry Noose compar'd to hers is cheap)
Is there no City Bridge from whence to leap?
Would'st thou become her Drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of Bedfellow, thy Boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,
Nor with a begg'd Reward thy Pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate Heavings calls for more,
When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before.

But still *Ursidius* courts the Marriage Bait,
Longs for a Son to settle his Estate,
And takes no Gifts, tho' ev'ry gaping Heir
Would gladly grease the rich old Batchelor.
What Revolution can appear so strange,
As such a Leacher, such a Life to change?
A rank, notorious Whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his Neck into the Marriage Noose!
He who so often in a dreadful fright
Had in a Coffin 'scap'd the jealous Cuckold's fight,
That he to Wedlock, dotingly betray'd,
Should hope, in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!
The Man's grown mad: To ease his frantick Pain,
Run for the Surgeon; breath the middle Vein:
But let a Heifer with gilt Horns be led
To *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,
And let him ev'ry Deity adore,
If his new Bride prove not an arrant Whore,
In Head and Tail, and ev'ry other Pore.
On *Ceres* Feast, restrain'd from their Delight,
Few Matrons there, but curse the tedious Night:
Few whom their Fathers dare salute, such Lust
Their Kisses have, and come with such a Gust.

With Ivy now adorn thy Doors, and Wed,
 Such is thy Bride, and such thy genial Bed.
 Think'st thou one Man is for one Woman meant?
 She, sooner, with one Eye wou'd be content.

And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once appear
 In some small Village, tho' Fame says not where:
 'Tis possible; but sure no Man she found;
 'Twas desert, all, about her Father's Ground;
 And yet some lustful God might there make bold,
 Are *Jove* and *Mars* grown impotent and old?
 Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been spread,
 And much good Love, without a Feather Bed.
 Whither wou'dst thou to chuse a Wife resort,
 The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the Court?
 Which way soever thy Adventures fall,
 Secure alike of Chastity in all.

One sees a Dancing-Master cap'ring high,
 And Raves, and Pisses, with pure Extasie:
 Another does, with all his Motions, move,
 And gapes, and grins, as in the Feat of Love;
 A third is Charm'd with the new Opera Notes,
 Admires the Song, but on the Singer dotes;

The Country Lady in the Box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in Passion, both at Eyes and Ears.

The rest, (when now the long Vacation's come,
The noisie Hall and Theatres grown dumb)
Their Mem'ries to refresh, and cheer their Hearts,
In borrow'd Breeches act the Players Parts.

The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.

The Rich to buy him, will refuse no Price;
And stretch his Quail-pipe till they crack his Voice.

Tragedians, acting Love, for Lust are sought:
(Tho' but the Parrots of a Poet's Thought.)

The Pleading Lawyer, tho' for Counsel us'd,
In Chamber-Practice often is refus'd

Still thou wilt have a Wife, and father Heirs;
(The product of concurring Theatres.)

Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,
And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is born.

Thus *Hippia* loath'd her old Patrician Lord,
And left him for a Brother of the Sword:
To wondring *Pharos* with her Love she fled,
To shew one Monster more than *Africk* bred:

Forgetting House and Husband, left behind,
 Ev'n Children too; she sails before the Wind;
 False to 'em all, but constant to her Kind.

But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
 She cou'd the Play-house and the Players leave.

Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,

She lodg'd on Down, and in a Damask Bed;

Yet daring now the Dangers of the Deep,

On a hard Mattress is content to sleep.

E'er this, 'tis true, she did her Fame expose:

But that, great Ladies with great Ease can lose.

The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean bear:

So much her Lust was stronger than her Fear.

But had some honest Cause her Passage prest,

The smallest Hardship had disturb'd her Breast:

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold:

But Womankind, in Ills, is ever bold.

Were she to follow her own Lord to Sea,

What Doubts and Scruples wou'd she raise to stay?

Her Stomach sick, and her Head giddy grows;

The Tar and Pitch are nauseous to her Nose.

But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend;

Women are never Sea-sick with a Friend.

Amidst the Crew, she walks upon the Board;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every Cord:
And, if she spews, 'tis thinking of her Lord.
Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame she lost?
What Youth, what Beauty cou'd th' Adult'rer boast?
What was the Face, for which she cou'd sustain
To be call'd Mistress to so base a Man?
The Gallant, of his Days had known the best:
Deep Scars were seen indented on his Breast;
And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their needful rest.
A Promontory Wen, with griev'd Grace,
Stood high, upon the Handle of his Face:
His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin:
His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks were thin,
But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move;
'Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they love.
But shou'd he quit his Trade, and sheath his Sword,
Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord.

This was a private Crime; but you shall hear
What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs bear;
The good old Sluggard but began to snore,
When from his side up rose th' Imperial Whore:

She who prefer'd the Pleasures of the Night
To Pomps, that are but impotent Delight,
Strode from the Palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine Embrace:
Muffled she march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,
Of all her Train but one poor *Wench* allow'd,
One whom in secret Service she cou'd trust,
The Rival and Companion of her Lust.
To the known Brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty Room gives double Pay;
That Room in which the rankest Harlot lay.
Prepar'd for Fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving Breasts, and with desiring Eyes:
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
At length when friendly Darkness is expir'd,
And ev'ry Strumpet from her Cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and lingring at the Gate,
With a repining Sigh submits to Fate:
All Filth without, and all a Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unfated with the Sin.
Old *Cæsar's* Bed the modest Matron seeks;
The steam of Lamps still hanging on her Checks

In ropy Smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the Product of the Night.

Now should I sing what Poisons they provide,
With all their Trumpery of Charms beside:

And all their Arts of Death, it would be known
Lust is the smallest Sin the Sex can own.

Cesnia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord Renown'd:

And well she may, she brought ten thousand Bound.

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;

His Tongue is ty'd in golden Fetters fast:

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry Hour;

Who wou'd not do as much for such a Dower?

She writes Love Letters to the Youth in Grace;

Nay, tips the wink before the Cuckold's Face;

And might do more: Her Portion makes it good;

Wealth has the Privilege of Widowhood.

These Truths with his Example you disprove,

Who with his Wife is monstrously in Love;

But know him better; for I heard him swear,

'Tis not that she's his Wife, but that she's fair.

Let her but have three Wrinkles in her Face,

Let her Eyes lessen, and her Skin unbrace,

Soon you will hear the saucy Steward say,
Pack up with all your Trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at Bed and Board,
Your Betters must be had to please my Lord.

Mean time she's absolute upon the Throne;
And knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool more fine
Than Silk, and Vineyards of the noblest Wine;
Whole Doves of Pages for her Train she craves;
And sweeps the Prisons for attending Slaves.
In short, whatever in her Eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When Winter shuts the Seas, and fleecy Snows
Make Houses white, she to the Merchant goes;
Rich Crystals of the Rock she takes up there,
Huge *Agat* Vases, and old *China* Ware:
Then *Berenice's* Ring her Finger proves,
More precious made by her incestuous Loves:
And infamously dear: A Brother's Bribe,
Ev'n Gods Anointed, and of *Judah's* Tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the sacred Shrine,
And think it only Sin to feed on Swine.

But is none worthy to be made a Wife
 In all this Town? Suppose her free from Strife,
 Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of Unblemish'd Life,
 Chaste as the *Sabines*, whose prevailing Charms
 Dismiss'd their Husbands, and their Brothers Arms:
 Grant her, besides, of Noble Blood that ran
 In ancient Veins, e'er Heraldry began:
 Suppose all these, and take a Poet's Word,
 A Black Swan is not half so rare a Bird.
 A Wife, so hung with Virtues, such a Freight,
 What mortal Shoulders cou'd support the Weight!
 Some Country-Girl, scarce to a Curt'sey bred,
 Wou'd I much rather than "*Cornelia* wed:
 If Supercilious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,
 She brought her Father's Triumphs in her Train.
 Away with all your *Carthaginian* State,
 Let vanquish'd *Hannibal* without-doors wait,
 Too burly and too big to pass my narrow Gate.
 O "*Peon*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow
 Against my Wife, and let my Children go:
 But fullen *Peon* shoots at Sons and Mothers too.
 His *Niobe* and all his Boys he lost;
 Ev'n her, who did her num'rous Offspring boast,

As fair and fruitful as the Sow that carry'd
Theⁿ thirty Pigs at one large Litter farrow'd.

What Beauty or what Chastity can bear
So great a Price, if stately and severe
She still insults, and you must still adore;
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is more.
Upbraided with the Virtues she displays,
Seven Hours in twelve, you loath the Wife you praise:
Some Faults, tho' small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due Perfection want,
Who have not learnt to Lisp the "*Grecian* Cant?
In *Greece*, their whole Accomplishments they seek:
Their Fashion, Breeding, Language, must be *Greek*;
But raw, in all that does to *Rome* belong,
They scorn to cultivate their Mother-Tongue.
In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they speak,
Tell all their Secrets; nay, they scold in *Greek*:
Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they use that Tongue.
Such Affectations may become the Young;
But thou, Old Hag of Threescore Years and Three,
Is shewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee?

Zon is Luxu! All those tender words
 The momentary trembling Bliss affords,
 The kind soft Murmurs of the private Sheets
 Are Bawdy, while thou speak'st in publick Streets?
 Those words have Fingers, and their force is such,
 They raise the Dead, and mount him with a touch.
 But all Provocatives from thee are vain:
 No blandishment the slacken'd Nerve can strain.

If then thy Lawful Spouse thou canst not Love,
 What reason shou'd thy Mind to Marriage move?
 Why all the Charges of the Nuptial Feast,
 Wine and Deserts, and Sweet-meats to digest?
 Th' endowing Gold that buys the dear Delight,
 Giv'n for their first and only happy Night?
 If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy Bondage with a willing Mind,
 Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke:
 But for no Mercy from thy Woman look.
 For tho', perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,
 To absolute Dominion she aspires;
 Joys in the Spoils, and triumphs o'er thy Purse;
 The better Husband makes the Wife the worse.

Nothing

Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy, and then
 All Offices of ancient Friendship die; }
 Nor hast thou leave to make a Legacy. }
 By "thy imperious Wife thou art bereft
 A Privilege, to Pimps and Panders left;
 Thy Testament's her Will; where she prefers }
 Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers, }
 Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.

Go "drag that Slave to Death: "Your Reason, why
 Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to die?
 What Proofs? For, when Man's Life is in debate,
 The Judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
 Call'st ¹⁸ thou that Slave a Man? the Wife replies:
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the Crime, the Villain dies.
 I have the Sovereign Pow'r to save or kill;
 And give no other Reason but my Will.

Thus the She Tyrant Reigns, till pleas'd with
 Her wild Affections to new Empires range: [change,
 Another Subject-Husband she desires;
 Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
 While the last Wedding Feast is scarcely o'er,
 And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door.

So still the Reck'ning rises, and appears;
 In total Sum, Eight Husbands in Five Years.
 The Title for a Tomb-stone might be fit;
 But that it wou'd too commonly be writ.

Her Mother living, hope no quiet Day,
 She sharpens her, instructs her how to Flea
 Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey.
 She takes Love-Letters, with a crafty Smile,
 And, in her Daughter's Answer, mends the Style.
 In vain the Husband sets his watchful Spies;
 She cheats their Cunning, or she bribes their Eyes.
 The Doctor's call'd; the Daughter, taught the trick,
 Pretends to faint; and in full Health is sick.
 The Panting Stallions, at the Closet-door,
 Hears the Consult, and wishes it were o'er.
 Can'st thou, in Reason, hope, a Bawd so known,
 Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own?
 Her Int'rest is in all th' Advice she gives:
 'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives.

No Cause is try'd at the litigious Bar,
 But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are.

They form the Procefs, all the Briefs they write;
The Topicks furnish, and the Pleas indite,
And teach the toothlefs Lawyer how to bite.

They turn Virago's too; the Wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked Limbs with Oil:
Against the Post their wicker Shields they crush,
Flourish the Sword, and at the Plastron push.
Of ev'ry Exercise the Mannish Crew
Fulfills the Parts, and oft excels us too:
Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights t'engage,
But rout the Gladiators on the Stage.

What sense of shame in such a Breast can lie,
Intur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?

Yet to be wholly Man she wou'd disclaim;
To quit her tenfold Pleasure at the Game,
For frothy Praises, and an empty Name.

Oh what a decent sight 'tis to behold

All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction sold!

The Belt, the crested Plume, the several Suits
Of Armour, and the *Spanish* Leather Boots!

Yet these are they, that cannot bear the Heat
Of figur'd Silks, and under Sarcenet sweat.

Behold the strutting *Amazonian* Whore,
She stands in Guard with her right Foot before:
Her Coats tuck'd up; and all her Motions just,
She stamps, and then cries, Hah! at ev'ry thrust:
But laugh to see her rin'd with many a Bout,
Call for the Pot, and like a Man Piss out.
The Ghosts of ancient *Romans*, should they rise,
Wou'd grin to see their Daughters play a Prize.
Besides, what endless Brawls by Wives are bred:
The Curtain-Lecture makes a mournful Bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the Sheets,
Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats,
Conscience of Crimes her self, she teizes first;
Thy Servants are accus'd; thy Whore is curs'd;
She acts the Jealous, and at Will she cries:
For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.
Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'st that Love sincere,
And suck'st between her Lips the falling Tear:
But search her Cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each Tiller there with Love-Epistles lin'd.
Suppose her taken in a close Embrace;
This you wou'd think so manifest a case,
No Rhetorick cou'd defend, no Impudence outface:

And yet ev'n then she cries the Marriage Vow,
A mental Reservation must allow;
And there's a silent Bargain still imply'd,
The Parties shou'd be pleas'd on either side :
And both may for their private needs provide.
Tho' Men your selves, and Women us you call,
Yet *Homo* is a common Name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught;
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous Crimes;
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our Matrons were: No Luxury found room
In low-rooft Houses, and bare Walls of Lome;
Their Hands with Labour hardned while 'twas light,
And frugal Sleep supply'd the quiet Night, [straight;
While pinch'd with Want, their Hunger held 'em
When " *Hannibal* was hov'ring at the Gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' invet'rate Ills of Peace,
And wasteful Riot, whose destructive Charms
Revenge the vanquish'd World, of our victorious Arms.

No Crime, no lustful Postures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our Guardian-God, is gone:
Pride, Laziness, and all luxurious Arts,
Pour like a Deluge in, from foreign Parts:
Since Gold obscene, and Silver found the way,
Strange Fashions with strange Bullion to convey,
And our plain simple Manners to betray.

What care our drunken Dames to whom thy spread?
Wine, no distinction makes of Tail or Head,
Who lewdly dancing at a Midnight-Ball,
For hot Eringoes, and fat Oysters call:
Full Brimmers to their fuddled Noses thrust;
Brimmers the last Provocatives of Lust.
When Vapours to their swimming Brains advance,
And double Tapers on the Tables dance,

Now think what bawdy Dialogues they have,
What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,
At Modesty's old Statue; when by Night
They make a stand, and from their Litters light;
The good Man early to the Levee goes,
And treads the nasty Paddle of his Spouse.

The Secrets of the Goddess nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by Boys and Barbers understood;

Where the rank Matrons, dancing to the Pipe,
Gig with their Bums, and are for Action ripe;
With Musick rais'd, they spread abroad their Hair;
And toss their Heads like an enamour'd Mare:
Laufella lays her Garland by, and proves
The Mimick Leachery of Manly Loves,
Rank'd with the Lady the cheap Sinner lies;
For here not Blood, but Virtue gives the Prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal Strife;
'Tis downright Lust, and acted to the Life.
So full, so fierce, so vig'rous, and so strong,
That, looking on, wou'd make old *Nestor* young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral Sound,
An universal Groan of Lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex sincere is found.
Now is the time of Action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty Lovers in.
The Whoresons are asleep; then bring the Slaves,
And Watermen, a Race of strong back'd Knaves.
I wish, at least, our sacred Rights were free
From those Pollutions of Obscenity:

But 'tis well known" what Singer, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious Action enterpriz'd;
Into the Fair, with Women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed Instrument;
A grateful Present to those holy Choirs,
Where the Mouse guilty of his Sex retires;
And ev'n Male-Pictures modestly are vail'd;
Yet no Profaneness on that Age prevail'd;
No Scoffers at Religious Rites were found;
Tho' now, at ev'ry Altar they abound.

I hear your cautious Counsel, you wou'd say,
Keep close your Women, under Lock and Key:
But, who shall keep those Keepers? Women, nurs't
In Craft, begin with those, and Bribe 'em first.
The Sex is turn'd all Whore, they love the Game,
And Mistresses, and Maids, are both the same.

The poor *Ogulnia*, on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Clothes, and Chair, to see the Play:
She, who before, had mortgag'd her Estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of Plate,
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
But Women have no shame of Poverty.

They live beyond their stint; as if their store
The more exhausted, wou'd encrease the more;
Some Men, instructed by th' Lab'ring Ant,
Provide against the Extremities of Want;
But Womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear;
And think no Pleasure can be bought too dear.

There are who in soft Eunuchs place their Bliss;
To shun the scrubbing of a bearded Kiss:
And 'scape Abortion; but their solid Joy
Is when the Page, already past a Boy,
Is Capon'd late; and to the Guelder shown,
With his two Pounders, to Perfection grown.
When all the Navel-string cou'd give, appears;
All but the Beard; and that's the Barber's loss, not
theirs.

Seen from afar, and famous for his Ware,
He struts into the Bath, among the Fair:
Th' admiring Crew to their Devotions fall:
And, kneeling, on their "New *Priapus* call.
Kerv'd for his Lady's use, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,

Rather than trust him with thy Favrite Boy,
He proffers Death, in proffering to enjoy.

If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they force
Beyond his Compass, 'till his Quail-Pipe's hoarse;
His Lute and Lyre, with their Embrace is worn;
With Knots they trim it, and with Gems adorn:
Run over all the Strings, and Kiss the Case,
And make Love to it, in the Master's place.

A certain Lady once, of high Degree,
To *Janus* Vow'd, and *Vesta's* Deity,
That *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the Prize;
Pollio the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes: (done
She pray'd, and brib'd, what could she more have
For a sick Husband, or an only Son?
With her Face veil'd, and heaving up her Hands,
The shameless Suppliant at th' Altar stands;
The Forms of Pray'r she solemnly pursues;
And, pale with Fear, the offer'd Intrails views.
Answer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,
Your Godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all, for *Actors*, they implore:
An Impudence not known to Heav'n before.

Th' *Aruspex*, tir'd with this Religious Rout,
 Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the Count,
 But suffer not thy Wife abroad to roam,
 If she loves Singing, let her sing at home;
 Not strut in Streets, with *Amazonian* Pace,
 For that's to Cuckold thee before thy Face.

Their endless Itch of News comes next in play
 They vent their own, and hear what others say.
 Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is done;
 Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam, and the Son.
 Tell who loves who, what Favours some partake:
 And who is Jilted for another's sake.
 What pregnant Widow, in what Month was made;
 How oft she did, and doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging Comet rise:
 Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands destroys.
 Still for the newest News she lies in wait;
 And takes Reports, just ent'ring at the Gate.
 Wrecks, Floods, and Fires, whatever she can meet,
 She spreads, and is the *Fame* of ev'ry Street.

This is a Grievance, but the next is worse;
 A very Judgment, and her Neighbours Curse:

For, if their Barking Dog disturb her Ease,
No Pray'r can bind her, no Excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd Malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the Master, who the Curr maintain'd,
Must feel the Scourge: By Night she leaves her Bed,
By Night her Bathing Equipage is led.
That marching Armies a less Noise create;
She moves in Tumult, and she sweats in State.
Mean while, her Guests their Appetites must keep;
Some gape for Hunger, and some gasp for Sleep.
At length she comes, all flush'd; but e're she sup,
Swallows a swinging Preparation-Cup;
And then to clear her Stomach, spews it up,
The Deluge-Vomit all the Floor o'erflows,
And the four Saviour nauseates ev'ry Nose.
She drinks again; again she spews a Lake;
Her wretched Husband sees, and dares not speak;
But mutters many a Curse against his Wife;
And damns himself for chusing such a Life.

But of all Plagues, the greatest is unfold;
The Book-learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin* bold.

The Critick-Dame, who at her Table sits: *Labors*
Homer and *Vergil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
 And pities *Dido's* Agonizing Fits.
 She has so far the Ascendant of the Board,
 The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:
 The Man of Law is Non-plust, in his Sute,
 Nay, ev'ry other Female Tongue is mute.
 Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd swear,
 And *Vulcan* with his whole *Miliria* there.
 Tabor^s and Trumpets cease, for she alone
 Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
 Ev'n Wit's a Burthen, when it talks too long:
 But she who has no Continence of Tongue,
 Should walk in Breeches, and shou'd wear a Beard,
 And mix among the Philosophick Herd.
 O what a midnight Curse has he, whose side
 Is pester'd with a^r Mood and Figure-Bride!
 Let mine, ye Gods! (if such must be my Fate)
 No Logick learn, nor History translate:
 But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:
 I hate a Wife to whom I go to School.
 Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly knows
 Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows:

Corrects her Country-Neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking *Phrygian's*, breaks her Husband's Head.

The gawdy Gossip, when she's set agog,
In Jewels dress'd, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of Pride,
Thinks all she says or does, is justify'd
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable Evil;
But rich, and fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

She duly, once a Month, renews her Face;
Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and hid in Grease;
Those are the Husband's Nights; she craves her due;
He takes fat Kisses, and is stuck in Glue.
But to the Lov'd Adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the Bath, in Brightness she appears.
For him the rich *Arabia* sweats her Gum,
And precious Oils from distant *Indies* come.
How Haggardly so'er she looks at home.
Th' Eclipse then vanishes, and all her Face
Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry Grace,
The Crust remov'd, her Cheeks as smooth as Silk,
Are polish'd with a Wash of Asses Milk;
And should she to the farthest *North* be sent,
A Train³ of these attend her Banishment.

But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a Face, it seem'd a Sore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away.

For, if o'er-night the Husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his Back,
Next day, be sure, the Servants go to wrack.

The Chamber-maid and Dresser, are call'd Whores;
The Page is stripe, and beaten out of doors.
The whole House suffers for the Master's Crime
And he himself is warm'd; to wake another time.

She hires Tormentors by the Year; she treats
Her Visitors, and talks; but still she beats.

Beats while she paints her Face, surveys her Gown,
Casts up the Day's Account, and still beats on;

Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous Tone,
She bids 'em, in the Devil's Name, be gone.

Compar'd with such a proud, insulting Dame,
*Sicilian*³³ Tyrants may renounce their Name.

For, if she hastes abroad, to take the Air,
Or goes to *Isis* Church (the Bawdy House of Prayer)

She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task;
Her Head, alone, will twenty Dressers ask.

Psecas, the Chief, with Breast and Shoulders bare,
 Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred Hair;
 If any Stragler from his Rank be found,
 A pinch must, for the Mortal Sin, compound.
Psecas, is not in fault: But in the Glass,
 The Dame's offended at her own ill Face.
 The Maid is banish'd; and another Girl
 More dext'rous, manages the Comb and Curl;
 The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
 And first, the grave old Woman gives Advice.
 The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
 As each for Age, or Wisdom, is Repown'd:
 Such Counsel, such deliberate Care they take,
 As if her Life and Honour lay at stake,
 With Curls on Curls, they build her Head before,
 And mount it with a formidable Tow'r.
 A Gyantess she seems, but look behind,
 And then she dwindles to the Pigmy kind.
 Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a Dwarf she is,
 That she must rise on Tip-toes for a Kiss.
 Mean while, her Husband's whole Estate is spent!
 He may go bare, while she receives his Rent.
 She

She minds him not, she lives not as a Wife,
But like a Bawling Neighbour, full of Strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her Hate, to all his Servants and his Friends.

Bellona's Priests, an Eunuch at their Head,
About the Streets a mad Procession lead;
The³ Venerable Guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the Herd of his inferior Fry.
His awkward Clergy-men about him prance;
And beat the Timbrels to their Mystick Dance.
Guileless of Testicles, they tear their Throats,
And squeak, in Treble, their unmanly Notes.
Mean while, his Cheeks, the Mitred Prophet swells,
And dire Presages of the Year foretels.
Unless with Eggs (his Priestly Hire) they haste
To expiate, and avert th' Autumnal Blast.
And³ add beside a murrey-colour'd Vest,
Which, in their places, may receive the Pest:
And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes may bear;
To purge th' unlucky Omens of the Year.
Th' astonisht Matrons pay, before the rest;
That Sex is still obnoxious to the Priest:

Thro' y^e they beat, and plunge into the Stream,
 If so the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream
 Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion strong;
 On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl along;
 A whole Field's length, the laughter of the Throng,
 Shou'd *Io* (*Io's* Priest I mean) command
 A Pilgrimage to *Meroe's* burning Sand,
 Thro' Desarts they wou'd seek the secret Spring;
 A Holy Water for Lustration bring.
 How can they pay their Priests too much Respect,
 Who trade with Heav'n, and Earthly Gains neglect?
 With him, Domestick Gods discourse by Night:
 By Day, attended by his Choir in white,
 The Bald-pate Tribe runs madding thro' the Street,
 And smile to see with how much ease they Cheat.
 The Ghostly Sire forgives the Wife's Delights,
 Who sins, thro' Frailty, on forbidden Nights;
 And tempts her Husband in the Holy time,
 When Carnal Pleasure is a Mortal Crime.
 The Sweating Image shakes his Head, but he
 With mumbled Pray'rs atones the Deity,
 The Pious Priesthood the fat Goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the Godhead must forgive.

No sooner these remove, but full of Fear,
A Gypſie Jewels whiffers in your Ear,
And begs an Alms! An High-Prieſt's Daughter ſhe
Verſ'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity,
And Prophecies beneath a ſhady Tree.
Her Goods a Basket, and old Flay her Bed,
She ſtrouls, and Telling Fortunes gains her Bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall Monies, are her Fees,
Yet ſhe Interprets all your Dreams for theſe.
Foretels th' Eſtate, when the Rich Uncle dies,
And ſees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
Such Toys, a Pidgeon's Intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' *Armenian Augur* far out-goes!
In Dogs, a Victim more obſcene, he rakes,
And murder'd Infants for Inſpection, takes:
For Gain, his Impious Practice he purſues;
For Gain will his Accomplices accuſe.
More Credit, yet, is to *Chaldeans* giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the Voice of Heav'n.
Their Answers, as from *Hammon's* Altar, come,
Since now the *Delphian* Oracles are dumb.

And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,
Believes what fond Astrologers relate.

Of these, the most in vogue is he, who sent
Beyond Seas, is return'd from Banishment.

His Art who to³⁸ aspiring *Otho* sold,
And sure Succession to the Crown foretold:

For his Esteem, is in his Exile plac'd,
The more Believ'd, the more he was Disgrac'd.

No Astrologick Wizzard Honour gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in Chains.

He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your Wife enquires the Planets Will,
When the Black *Jaundies* shall her Mother kill:

Her Sister's and her Unkle's End, wou'd know:
But, first, consults his Art, when you shall go.

And what's the greatest Gift that Heaven can give,
If, after her, the Adult'rer shall live.

She neither knows nor cares to know the rest,
If³⁹ *Mars* and *Saturn* shall the World infest,

Or *Jove* and *Venus* with their Friendly Rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the Woman too, and shun her sight,
 Who, in these Studies, does her self delight.
 By whom a greasie Almanack is born,
 With often handing, like chaste Amber, worn:
 Not now consulting, but consulted, she
 Of the Twelve Houses, and their Lords, is free.
 She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey show,
 Stays safe at home, but lets her Husband go.
 If but a Mile she travel out of Town,
 The Planetary Hour must first be known,
 And lucky moment; if her Eye but akes
 Or itches, its Decumbiture she takes.
 No Nourishment receives in her Disease,
 But what the Stars, and *Protony* shall please.
 The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
 To Chiromancers cheaper Art repair,
 Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more [fair.
 But the Rich Matron, who has more to give,
 Her Answers from the *Brachman* will receive:
 Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he gravely stands,
 And, with his Compass, measures Seas and Lands.

The poorest of the Sex, have still an Itch
 To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.
 The Dairy-Maid enquires, if she shall take
 The trusty Taylor, and the Cook forsake.

Yet these, tho' Poor, the Pain of Child-bed bear,
 And, without Nurfes, their own Infants rear:
 You seldom hear of the rich Mantle, spread
 For the Babe, born in the great Lady's Bed.
 Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; such Arts they use
 To make them barren, or their Fruit to lose.
 But thou, whatever Slops she will have bought,
 Be thankful, and supply the deadly Draught:
 Help her to make Man-slaughter; let her bleed,
 And never want for Savin at her need.
 For, if she holds 'till her Nine Months be run,
 Thou may'st be Father to an *Ethiop's* Son:
 A Boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
 By Law is to inherit all thy Lands:
 One of that hue, that shou'd he cross the way,
 His Omen wou'd discolour all the Day.

I pass the Foundling by, a Race unknown,
 At doors expos'd, whom Matrons make their own:

And into Noble Families advance
 A Nameless Issue, the blind work of Chance.
 Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,
 And, smiling, broods upon the Naked Boy:
 Her Garment spreads, and laps him in the Fold,
 And covers, with her Wings, from nightly Cold:
 Gives him her Blessing, puts him in a way,
 Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own Play.
 Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
 And makes Provision for him, as her own.
 The craving Wife, the force of Magick tries,
 And Philters for th' unable Husband buys:
 The Potion works not on the part design'd,
 But turns his Brains, and stupifies his Mind.
 The fotted Moon-Calf gapes, and staring on,
 Sees his own Bus'ness by another done:
 A long Oblivion, a benumbing Frost,
 Constrains his Head, and Yesterday is lost:
 Some nimbler Juice wou'd make him foam and rave,
 Like that *Cæsonia* to her *Caius* gave:
 Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Fole
 His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl:

The boiling Blood ran hissing in his Veins;
 Till the mad Vapour mounted to his Brains;
 The⁴⁷ Thund'rer was not half so much on Fire,
 When *Juno's* Girdle kindled his Desire.
 What Woman will not use the Pois'ning Trade,
 When *Cæsar's* Wife the Precedent has made?
 Let⁴⁸ *Agrippina's* Mushroom be forgot,
 Giv'n to a slav'ring, old, unuseful Sot;
 That only clos'd the driv'ling Dotard's Eyes,
 And sent his Godhead downward to the Skies.
 But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and Sword;
 Nor spares the Commons, when it strikes the Lord:
 So many Mischiefs were in one combin'd;
 So much one single Pois'ner cost Mankind.

If Stepdames seek their Sons in-Law to kill,
 'Tis venial Trespas; let them have their Will:
 But let the Child, entrusted to the Care
 Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware;
 Beware the Food she reaches with her Hand;
 The Morfel is intended for thy Land.
 Thy Tutor be thy Taster, e'er thou eat;
 There's Poison in thy Drink, and in thy Meat.

You think this feign'd; the Satyr in a Rage
Struts in the Buskins of the Tragick Stage,
Forgets his Business is to Laugh and Bite,
And will of Deaths and dire Revenges write.
Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you read;
But *Drymon's* Wife pleads guilty to the Deed.
I (she confesses) in the Fact was caught,
Two Sons dispatching at one deadly Draught.
What, Two! Two Sons, thou Viper, in one Day!
Yes, Sev'n, she cries, if Sev'n were in my way.
Medea's Legend is no more a Lye;
One Age adds Credit to Antiquity.
Great Ills, we grant, in former Times did Reign,
And Murthers then were done; but not for Gain.
Less Admiration to great Crimes is due,
Which they thro' Wrath, or thro' Revenge pursue,
For, weak of Reason, impotent of Will,
The Sex is hurry'd headlong into Ill:
And, like a Cliff from its Foundation torn,
By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born.
But those are Fiends, who Crimes from Thought begin;
And, cool in Mischief, meditate the Sin.

They read th' Example of a pious Wife,
 Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's Life;
 Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,
 Would save their Lap-Dog sooner than their Lord.
 Where-e'er you walk, the *Belides* you meet;
 And *Clytemnestra's* grow in ev'ry Street:
 But here's the difference, *Agamemnon's* Wife
 Was a gross Butcher, with a bloody Knife;
 But Murther, now, is to perfection grown:
 And subtle Poisons are employ'd alone:
 Unless some Antidote prevents their Arts,
 And lines with Balsom all the Noble Parts:
 In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
 Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

Explanatory Notes on the Sixth Satyr.

- 1 **I**N the Golden Age, when *Serain* Reign'd.
- 2 *Fat with Acorns.* Acorns were the Bread of Mankind, before Corn was found.
- 3 *Under Jove.* When Jove had driven his Father into Banishment, the Silver Age began, according to the Poets.
- 4 *Uneasie Justice, &c.* The Poet makes Justice and Chastity Sisters; and says, that they fled to Heaven together, and left Earth for ever.
- 5 *Ceres Feast.* When the Roman Women were forbidden to bed with their Husbands.
- 6 *Jove and Mars.* Of whom more fornicating Stories are told than any of the other Gods.

7 *Wondering Pharo.* She fled to *Egypt*; which wonder'd at the Enormity of her Crime.

8 He tells the Famous Story of *Messalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*.

9 *Wealth has the Privilege, &c.* His meaning is, that a Wife who brings a large Dowry may do what she pleases, and has all the Privileges of a Widow.

10 *Berenice's Ring.* A Ring of great Price, which *Herod Agrippa* gave to his Sister *Berenice*. He was the King of the Jews, but Tributary to the Romans.

11 *Cornelia.* Mother to the *Gracchi*, of the Family of the *Cornelii*; from whence *Scipio* the African was descended, who Triumph'd over *Hannibal*.

12 *O Pean, &c.* He alludes to the known Fable of *Niobe* in *Ovid*. *Amphion* was her Husband: *Pean* is *Apollo*, who with his Arrows kill'd her Children, because she boasted that she was more fruitful than *Latona*, *Apollo's* Mother.

13 *The thirty Pigs, &c.* He alludes to the white Sow in *Virgil*, who farrow'd thirty Pigs.

14 *The Grecian Cant.* Women then learnt *Greek*, as ours speak *French*.

15 All the Romans, even the most inferior, and most infamous sort of them, had the Power of making Wills.

16 *Go drag that Slave, &c.* These are the Words of the Wife.

17 *Your Reason why, &c.* The Answer of the Husband.

18 *Call'st thou that Slave a Man?* The Wife again.

19 *Hannibal.* A famous *Carthaginian* Captain, who was upon the point of Conquering the Romans.

20 *The good Goddess.* At whose Feasts no Men were to be present.

21 *Nesstor.* Who lived three hundred Years.

22 *What Singer, &c.* He alludes to the Story of *P. Clodius*, who, disguis'd in the Habit of a Singing Woman, went into the House of *Cesar*, where the Feast of the good Goddess was celebrated, to find an opportunity with *Cesar's* Wife *Pompeia*.

23 He taxes Women with their loving Eunuchs, who can get no Children; but adds, that they only love such Eunuchs as are gilded when they are already at the Age of Manhood.

24 *Priapus.* The God of Lust.

25 *Pollio.* A famous Singing Boy.

26 That such an Actor whom they love might obtain the Prize.

27 *The Auspex.* He who inspects the Intrails of the Sacrifice, and from thence foretells the Successor.

28 *Vulcan.* The God of Smiths.

29 *Tubors and Trumppers, &c.* The Ancients thought that with such Sounds, they could bring the Moon out of her Eclipse.

30 *A Mood and Figure-Bride.* A Woman who has learn'd Logick.

31 A Woman Grammarian, who corrects her Husband for speaking false *Latin*, which is call'd breaking *Priscian's* Head.

- 32 *A Train of these.* That is, of She-Asses.
- 33 *Sicilian Tyrants.* Are grown to a Proverb in Latin for their Cruelty.
- 34 This dressing up the Head so high, which we call a Tow'r, was an ancient way amongst the Romans.
- 35 *Bellona's Priests* were a sort of Fortune-tellers, and the High-Priest an Eunuch.
- 36 *And add beside, &c.* A Garment was given to the Priest, which he threw into the River; and that, they thought, bore all the Sins of the People, which were drown'd with it.
- 37 *Chaldeans* are thought to have been the first Astrologers.
- 38 *Orho* succeeded *Galba* in the Empire; which was foretold him by an Astrologer.
- 39 *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two Unfortunate Planets; *Jupiter* and *Venus*, the two Fortunate.
- 40 *Ptolomy.* A Famous Astrologer, an Egyptian.
- 41 The *Brachmans* are Indian Philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after *Pythagoras*, the Translation of Souls from one Body to another.
- 42 *To an Ethiop's Son.* His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to Bed of a Blackmoor, which thou being her Husband, art bound to Father; and that Bastard may by Law Inherit thy Estate.
- 43 *His Omen, &c.* The Romans thought it ominous to see a Blackmoor in the Morning, if he were the first Man they met.
- 44 *Caïonia,* Wife to *Caïus Caligula*, the great Tyrant: 'Tis said she gave him a Love-Potion, which flying up into his Head, distracted him; and was the occasion of his committing so many Acts of Cruelty.
- 45 *The Thunderer, &c.* The Story is in *Homer*; where *Juno* borrow'd the Girdle of *Venus*, call'd *Cestus*; to make *Jupiter* in love with her, while the *Grecians* and *Trojans* were fighting, that he might not help the latter.
- 46 *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Tyrant *Nero*, who poyson'd her Husband *Claudius*, that *Nero* might Succeed, who was her Son, and not *Britannicus*, who was the Son of *Claudius*, by a former Wife.
- 47 The Widow of *Drymon* poyson'd her Sons, that she might Succeed to their Estate: This was done either in the Poet's time, or just before it.
- 48 *Medea*, out of Revenge to *Jason* who had forsaken her, kill'd the Children which she had by him.
- 49 *The Belides.* Who were fifty Sisters, marry'd to fifty young Men, their Cousin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting *Hypermnestra*, who sav'd her Husband *Linus*.
- 50 *Clytemnestra.* The Wife of *Agamemnon*, who, in favour to her Adulterer *Egythus*, was consenting to his Murther.

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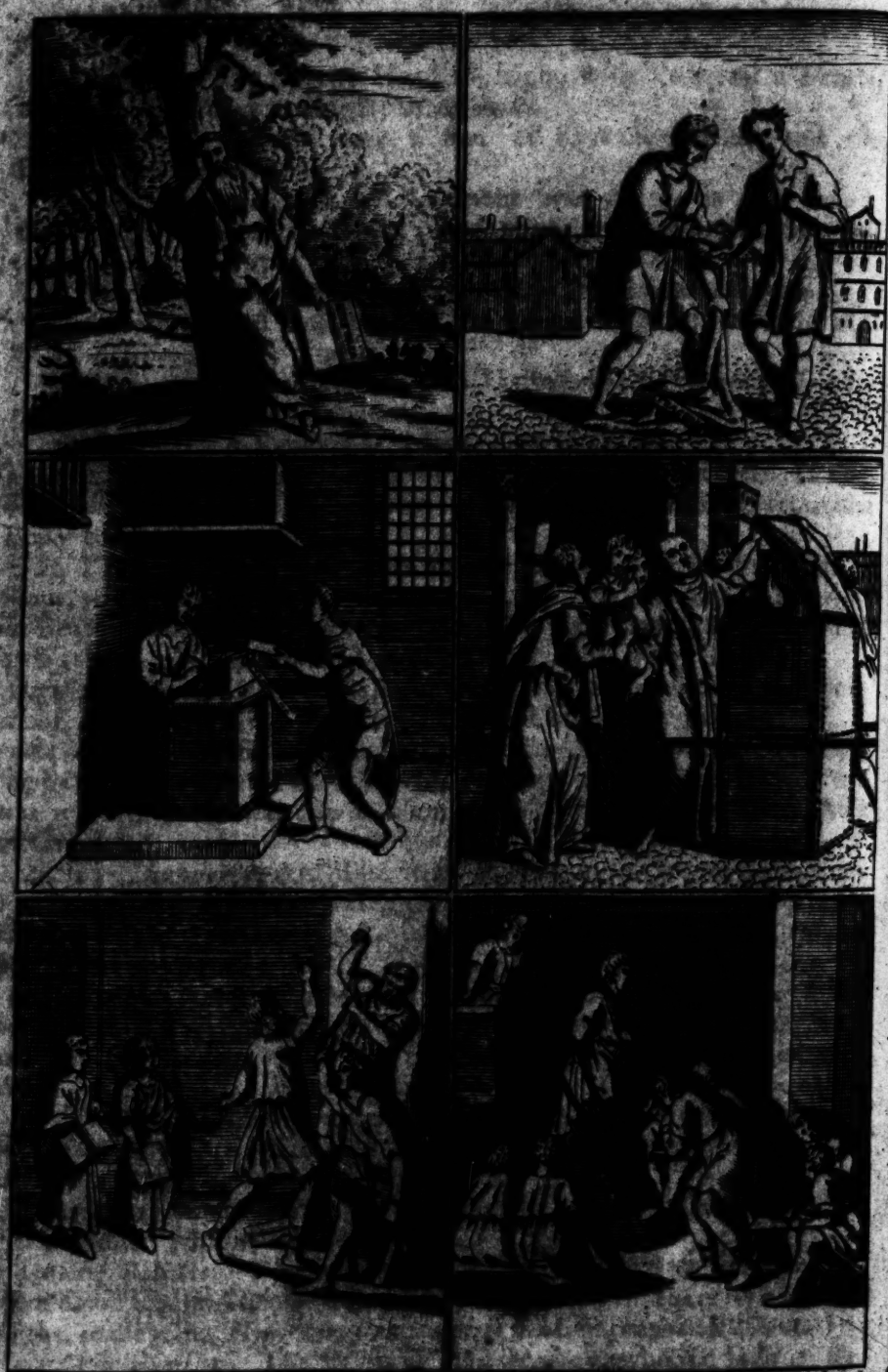
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H. Vander Gucht Sculp.

JUVENAL

THE
SEVENTH SATYR:

By Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Hope and Encouragement of all the Learn'd is only repos'd in Cæsar; whether in Domitian, Nerva, or Trajan, is left doubtful by the Poet. The Nobility, which in Reason ought to Patronize Poetry, and Reward it, are now grown sordidly Covetous, and think it enough for them barely to praise Writers, or to write ill Verses themselves. This gives occasion to our Author, to lament likewise the Hard Fortune and Necessities of other Arts, and their Professors; particularly Historians, Lawyers, Rhetoricians, and Grammarians.

ON Cæsar all our Studies must depend:

For Cæsar is alone the Muses Friend:

When now the celebrated Wits for need

Hire Bagnios, to the Cryer's Trade succeed,

Or get their own by Baking other's Bread;

Or by the Porter's Lodge, with Beggars, wait
 For greasie Fragments at the Great Man's Gate.
 'Tis better, so; if thy Poetick Fob
 Refuse to pay an Ordinary's Club;
 And much more Honeft, to be hir'd, and stand
 With Auctionary Hammer in thy Hand,
 Provoking to give more; and knocking thrice
 For the fold Household Stuff, or Picture's Price;
 Expofing Play-Books, full of Fustian Lines,
 Or the dull Libraries of dead Divines.

Even this is better, tho' 'tis hardly got,
 Than be a perjurd Witness of a Plot,
 To swear he saw three Inches thro' a Door,
 As *Assiatick* Evidences swore;
 Who hither coming, out at Heels and Knees,
 For this had Pensions, Titles, and Degrees.

Henceforward let no Poet fear to starve,
Cesar will give, if we can but deserve.
 Tune all your Lyres, the Monarch's Praise invites
 The lab'ring Muse, and vast Reward excites.
 But if from other hands than his, you think
 To find Supply, 'tis loss of Pen and Ink:

Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their way;
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praises be forgot,
And make of all an universal Blot.

The Muses Ground is barren Defart all,
If no Support from *Cæsar's* Bounty fall,
The rest is empty Praise, an Ivy Crown,
Or the lean Statue of a starv'd Renown.

For now the cunning Patron never pays,
But thinks he gives enough, in giving Praise;
Extols the Poem, and the Poets Vein,
As Boys admire the Peacock's gaudy Train;
Mean while thy Manhood, fit for Toils and Wars,
Patient of Seas, and Storms, and Household-Cares,
Ebbs out apace, and all thy Strength impairs.
Old Age, with silent pace, comes creeping on,
Naufteates the Praise, which in her Youth she won,
And hates the Mase by which she was undone.

The Tricks of thy base Patron now behold,
To spare his Purse, and save his Darling Gold,
In his own Coin the starving Wit he Treats,
Himself makes Verses, which himself repeats,

And yields to *Homer* on no other score,
 Than that he liv'd a thousand Years before.
 But if to Fame alone thou dost pretend,
 The Miser will his empty Palace lend,
 Set wide his Doors, adorn'd with plated Brass,
 Where droves, as at a City-gate may pass,
 A spacious Hall afford thee to rehearse,
 And send his Clients to applaud thy Verse,
 But not one Farthing to defray the Costs
 Of Carpenters, the Pulpit, and the Posts.
 House-room that costs him nothing, he bestows,
 Yet still we scribble on, tho' still we lose,
 We drudge, and cultivate with care, a Ground
 Where no return of Gain was ever found:
 The Charms of Poetry our Souls bewitch,
 The Curse of Writing is an endless Itch.
 But he whose Noble Genius is allow'd:
 Who with stretch'd Pinions soars above the Croud,
 Who mighty Thought can cloath with Manly Dress,
 He, whom I fancy, but can ne'er express:
 Such, such a Wit, tho' rarely to be found,
 Must be secure from Want, if not abound.

Nice

2
 SAT. VII. JUVENAL. 225

Nice is his Make, impatient of the War,
 Avoiding Bus'ness, and abhorring Care;
 He must have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuse,
 And easie Solitudes to bait his Muse;
 Unvex'd with thought of Wants, which may betide,
 Or for to Morrow's Dinner to provide.
 Horace³ neer wrote but with a Rolle Check,
 His Belly pamper'd, and his Sides were sleek.
 A Wit should have no Care, or this alone,
 To make his rising Numbers justly run;
 Phæbus and Bacchus, those two Jolly Gods,
 Bear no starv'd Poets to their blest Abodes.
 'Tis not for Hungry Wit, with Wants controll'd,
 The Face of Jove in Council to behold:
 Or fierce⁴ *Alecto*, when her Brand she tosd,
 Betwixt the Trojan and Rutilian Host;
 If *Virgil's* Suit⁵ *Mecænas* had not sped,
 And sent⁶ *Alexis* to the Poet's Bed;
 The crested Snakes had dropt upon the Ground,
 And the loud Trumpet languish'd in the Sound.
 Yet we expect that⁷ *Lappa's* Muse shou'd please,
 As much as did immortal⁸ *Sophocles*;

The Power of Wants in an Actor's Hands

When he his Dishes and his Cloaths has sent
 To Pawn, for payment of a Quarter's Rent,
 His Patron *Namitor* will nothing lend,
 Pleads want of Money to his wretched Friend,
 Yet can large Presents to his Harlot send,
 Can purchase a tame Lion, and can treat
 The Kingly Slave with sev'ral sorts of Meat;
 It seems he thinks th' Expence is more, to Feast
 The famish'd Poet, than the hungry Beast.

Lucan ", content with Praise, may lie at ease
 In costly Grotts, and marble Palaces:
 But to poor "*Bassus* what avails a Name,
 To starve on Compliments, and empty Fame?

All *Rome* is pleas'd, when "*Statius* will rehearse,
 And longing Crowds expect the promis'd Verse:
 His lofty Numbers with so great a gust
 They hear, and swallow with such eager Lust:
 But, while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cause,
 And broke the Benches with their loud Applause,
 His Muse had starv'd, had not a Piece unread,
 And by a "*Player* bought, supply'd her Bread.
 He cou'd dispose of Honours, and Commands,
 The Power of *Rome* was in an Actor's Hands,

The peaceful Gown, and Military Sword:
The bounteous Play'r out-gave the pinching Lord.
And wouldst thou, Poet, rise before the Sun,
And to his Honour's lazy *Levee* run?
Stick to the Stage, and leave thy sordid Peer;
And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with hardship there.
The former Age did one *Mecenas* see,
One giving Lord of happy Memory.
Then, then, 'twas worth a Writer's pains, to pine,
Look pale, and all *December* taste no Wine.

Such is the Poets Lot: What luckier Fate
Does on the Works of grave Historians wait?
More Time they spend, in greater Toils engage;
Their Volumes swell beyond the thousandth Page:
For thus the Laws of History Command;
And much good Paper suffers in their hand.
What Harvest rises from this labour'd Ground?
Where they get Pence, a Clerk can get a Pound.
A lazy Tribe, just of the Poet's pitch,
Who think themselves above the growing rich.

Next shew me the well-lung'd *Civilian's* Gain,
Who bears in Triumph an Artill'ry Train

Of Chancery Libels; opens the first Cause,
 Then with a Pick-lock Tongue perverts the Laws:
 Talks loud enough in Conscience for his Fee,
 Takes care his Client all his Zeal may see;
 Twitch'd by the Sleeve, he mouths it more and more,
 Till with white Froth his Gown is slaver'd o'er,
 Ask what he gains by all this lying Prate,
 A Captain's Plunder trebles his Estate.
 The Magistrate assumes his awful Seat;
 Stand forth⁷ pale *Ajax*, and thy Speech repeat:
 Assert thy Client's Freedom; bawl, and tear
 So loud, thy Country-Judge at least may hear,
 If not discern; and when thy Lungs are sore,
 Hang up the⁸ Victor's Garland at thy Door:
 Ask for what Price thy Venial Tongue was sold:
 A rusty Gammon of some sev'n Years old:
 Tough, wither'd⁹ *Treuffles*; ropy Wine, a Dish
 Of shotten Herring, or stale stinking Fish.
 For four times talking, if one piece thou take,
 That must be cantled, and the Judge go snack.
 Tis true,¹⁰ *Emilius* takes a five-fold Fee,
 Tho' some plead better, with more Law than he:

But then he keeps his Coach, Six *Flanders* Mares
Draw him in State, whenever he appears:

He shews his Statue too, where plac'd on high,

The Ginnet, underneath him seems to fly;

While with a lifted Spear, in Armour bright.

His aiming Figure meditates a Fight.

With Arts like these, rich *Matbo* when he speaks,

Attracts all Fees, and little Lawyers breaks.

Tongillus, very poor, has yet an Itch

Of gaining Wealth, by feigning to be rich;

Bathes often, and in State, and proudly vain,

Sweeps thro' the Streets with a long dirty Train:

From thence, with Lackeys running by his side,

High on the Backs of brawny Slaves will ride,

In a long Litter, thro' the Market-place;

And with a Nod the distant Rabble grace:

Clad in a Gown, that glows with *Tyrian* dye,

Surveys rich Movables with curious Eye,

Beats down the Price, and threatens still to buy.

Nor can I wonder at such Tricks as these,

The Purple Garments raise the Lawyer's Fees;

And sell him dearer to the Tool that buys;
 High Pomp and State are useful Properties.
 The Luxury of *Rome* will know no end;
 For still the less we have, the more we spend.

Trust Eloquence to shew our Parts and Breeding!
 Not "*Tully* now cou'd get Ten Groats by Pleading;
 Unless the Diamond glitter'd on his Hand;
 Wealth's all the Rhet'rick Clients understand:
 Without large Equipage, and loud Expence,
 The Prince of Orators would scarce speak Sense.
Paulus", who with Magnificence did Plead,
 Grew Rich, while Tatter'd *Gallus* begg'd his Bread.
 Who to poor *Basilus* his Cause would trust,
 Tho' ne'er so full of Pity, ne'er so just?
 His Clients, unregarded, claim their due;
 For Eloquence in Rags was never true.
 Go, Wretch, thy Pleadings into "*Africk* send;
 Or *France*, where Merit never needs a Friend.
 But oh, what stock of Patience wants the Fool,
 Who wastes his Time and Breath in teaching School!
 To hear the Speeches of Declaiming Boys,
 Deposing Tyrants with eternal Noise!

Sitting or standing, still confin'd to roar
In the same Verse, the same Rules o'er and o'er:
What kind the Speech, what Colours, how to purge
Objections, state the Case, and Reasons urge,
All would learn these; but at the Quarter-day,
Few Parents will the Pedant's Labour pay.
Pay, Sir! for what? The Scholar knows no more
At Six Months end, than what he knew before:
Taught, or untaught, the Dunce is still the same,
Yet still the wretched Master bears the blame.
Once ev'ry Week poor *Hannibal* is maul'd;
The Theme is giv'n, and straight the Council's call'd,
Whether he should to *Rome* directly go,
To reap the Fruit of the dire "Overthrow;
Or into Quarters put his harra's'd Men
Till Spring returns, and take the Field agen.
The murder'd Master cries, Would Parents hear
But half that Stuff which I am bound to bear,
For that Revenge I'll quit the whole Arrear.
The same Complaints most other Pedants make;
Plead real Causes, and the feign'd forsake:
" *Medea's* Poison, *Jason's* Perjury,
And *Philomela's* Rape, are all laid by;

The accusing *Strepdam* and the Son accus'd: gait?
 But if my Friendly Counsel might be us'd,
 Let not the Learn'd this course or other try,
 But, leaving both, profess plain Poverty;
 And shew his Tally for the Dole of Bread,
 With which the Parish-Poor are daily fed:
 Ev'n that exceeds the Price of all thy Pains.

Now look into the Musick-Master's Gains,
 Where Noble Youth at vast Expence is Taught,
 But Eloquence not valu'd at a Groat.
 On sumptuous Baths the Rich their Wealth bestow,
 On some expensive airy Portico,
 Where safe from Showers they may be born in state,
 And free from Tempests, for fair Weather wait:
 Or rather, not expect the clearing Sun,
 Thro' thick and thin their Equipage must run:
 Or staying, tis not for the Servants sake,
 But that their Mules no prejudice may take.
 At the Walks end, behold, how rais'd on high,
 A Banquet-House salutes the Southern Sky,
 Where from afar the Winter-Sun displays
 The milder Influence of his weaken'd Rays,

The Cook, and Sewer each his Talent tries;
 In various Figures Scenes of Dishes rise:
 Besides, a Master-Cook, with greasie Fift,
 Dives in luxurious Sauces to the Wrist,
 Amidst this wastful Riot, there accrues
 But poor Ten Shillings for *Quintilian's* Dues:
 For, to breed up the Son to common Sense
 Is evermore the Parents least Expence.
 From whence then comes *Quintilian's* vast Estate?
 Because he was the Darling Son of Fate;
 And Luck, in scorn of Merit, made him great.
 Urge not th' Example of one single Man,
 As rare as a white Crow, or fable Swan,
Quintilian's Fate was to be counted Wise,
 Rich, Noble, Fair, and in the State to rise:
 Good Fortune grac'd his Action, and his Tongue,
 His Colds became him, and when hoarse he sung.
 O, there's strange difference, what Planets shed
 Their Influence on th' new-born Infant's Head!
 'Tis Fate that flings the Dice; and as she flings,
 Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings.
 What made *Vmridius* rise, and *Tullus* Great,
 But their kind Stars, and hidden Pow'r of Fate?

Few Pedagogues but curse the barren Chair;
 Like *Him* who hang'd himself for meer Despair
 And Poverty: *For Him*, whom *Caius* sent
 For liberty of Speech to Banishment
 Ev'n *Socrates* in Rags at *Athens* Taught,
 And wanted to defray the deadly Draught.
 In Peace, ye Shades of our Great Grandfathers rest,
 No heavy Earth your sacred Bones molest:
 Eternal Spring, and rising Flow'rs adorn
 The Relicks of each Venerable Urn,
 Who pious Rev'rence to their Tutors paid,
 As Parents Honour'd, and as Gods Obey'd,
*Achilles**, grown in stature, fear'd the Rod,
 And stood Corrected at the *Centaur's* Nod,
 His tender Years in Learning did employ,
 And promis'd all the Hero in the Boy.
 The Scene's much alter'd in the Modern School,
 The Boys of *Rufus* call their Master Fool;
 A just *Revenge on him, who durst defame
 The Merit of immortal *Tully's* Name.

But ask, what Fruit *Palemon's* Pains have earn'd,
 Or who has paid the Price of what he Learn'd,

Tho' Grammar Profits less than Rhetorick are;
Yet ev'n in those his Usher claims a share;
Besides, the Servants Wages must be paid:
Thus of a little, still a less is made:
As Merchants Gains come short of half the Mart,
For he who drives their Bargains, dribs a part.
The covetous Father now includes the Night,
And Cov'nants, thou shalt teach by Candle-light;
When puffing Smiths, and ev'ry painful Trade
Of Handycrafts in peaceful Beds are laid:
Then thou art bound to smell on either hand
As many stinking Lamps, as School-Boys stand;
Where *Horace* could not read in his own fully'd Book:
And *Virgil's* sacred Page is all besmeard with
Smoke.

But when thou dun'st their Parents, seldom they
Without a Suit before the *Tribune*, pay,
And yet hard Laws upon the Master lay.
Be sure he knows exactly Grammar-Rules,
And all the best Historians read in Schools;
All Authors, ev'ry Poet to an hair;
That, ask'd the Question, he may scarce despair,

To tell who Nurst *Anchises*; or to Name
Anchemolus's *Stepmother*, and whence she came:
 How long *Acestes* liv'd, what stores of Wine
 He gave to the departing *Trojan* Line.
 Bid him besides, his daily Pains employ,
 To form the tender Manners of the Boy;
 And work him, like a Waxen Babe, with Art
 To perfect Symmetry in ev'ry part:
 To be his better Parent, to beware
 No young Obscenities his Strength impair,
 No mutual Filth, to mark his Hands and Eyes,
 Distorted with unnatural Extasies:
 This be thy Task, and yet for all thy Pains,
 At the Year's end expect no greater Gains,
 Than what a Fencer, at a Prize, obtains.

Explanatory Notes on the Seventh Satyr.

- 1 A Statue Erected in Honour of a Poet.
 2 (*Pulpit.*) In which the Poets Rehears'd.
 3 (*Horace.*) A Famous Poet, who was in great Favour with the
 Emperor *Augustus Caesar*, by the means of his Patron *Mecenas*.
 4 One of the three Furies.
 5 (*Mecenas.*) A Favourite to *Augustus*, and a great Patron of Poets;
 6 *Mecenas* his Boy; with whom *Virgil* was in Love.
 7 *Rubrius Lappa.* A poor Tragick Poet.
 8 (*Sophocles*) An excellent Poet of *Athens*, who wrote Greek
 Tragedies.
 9 (*Numitor.*) A rich Nobleman of *Rome*.

10 (*Lucan.*) A great Poet, who was put to Death by *Nero*, partly out of Envy to his Poetry, partly, for being in a Plot with his Uncle *Seneca* and *Piso*.

11 *Sulpicius Bassus*. A poor Poet.

12 *Statius*. Surnam'd *Papineus*, a Famous Poet in the time of *Caesar Domitian*.

13 *Paris*, a Famous Actor; and Favourite to *Domitian*; the Patron of *Statius*.

14 The Romans Celebrated their great Holydays, call'd *Saturnalia*, in *December*; when every one Drank freely; and the Slaves were in a manner, Masters.

15 Or rather a publick Notary.

16 In those times the Lawyers got little.

17 Alluding to that of *Ovid*; *confedere Duces*, &c.

18 When an Orator had won a Cause; a Garland was hung up, before his Door.

19 *Treuffles*, in *English* call'd Ground-Chest-nuts, or Pignuts: but perhaps the Author means Onyons, or Scallions.

20 *Emilius*. A Rich Lawyer.

21 *Marcus Tullius Cicero*. The greatest Orator that ever Rome Bred.

22 *Paulus* was a Rich Lawyer, *Basilus* and *Gallus* were very poor.

23 *France* and *Affrica* were then famous for great Lawyers, and fat Fees.

24 The Victory obtain'd by *Hannibal* at *Cannæ*; after which, if he had immediately attempted *Rome*, in all probability, he had carried it.

25 (*Medea*.) A notable Sorceress, Daughter of *Ætes* King of *Colchus*, and Wife to *Jason*, who left her afterwards, and Married another.

26 (*Philomela*.) Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, was Ravish'd by *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, who cut out her Tongue that she might not disclose the Secret.

27 (*Stepdame*.) *Phædra* Wife of *Theseus*, who fell in Love with her Son-in-Law *Hippolytus*, and because she could not obtain her ends of him, Accus'd him to his Father that he would have forc'd her.

28 In any Dole, made by the Emperor or one of the City Magistrates, the poor Citizens had each a Talley given them; which they shew'd first, and then receiv'd their proportion.

29 *Quintilian*. A Famous Man both in Rhetorick and Oratory, who Taught School in the times of *Galba*, *Domitian*, and *Trajan*, and receiv'd his Salary out of the Emperor's Treasury.

30 *Ventidius Bassus* was Lieutenant to *Marc Antony*; and the first who beat the *Parthians* in three Battels.

31 (*Tullus*) Here is meant *Tullus Servilius* one of the Roman Kings.

32 (Him.) *Torquatus*, a Rhetorician of *Corinthe*, who Hang'd himself by Reason of his Poverty.

33 (Or Him.) *Secundus Carinas*, who was Banish'd from *Rome*, by the Emperor *Caligula*, for declaiming against Tyranny.

34 When *Socrates* was Condemn'd to Dye by Poison, he wanted Money to pay for the Juice of Hemlock which he was to Drink; and desir'd one of his Friends to lay it down for him, and satisfy the Fees of the Executioner.

35 (Achilles.) The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, who had *Chiron* the Centaur for his Tutor.

36 *Rufus* call'd *Tully* an *Allobroge*; as if his Latine were Barbarous, and not truly Roman.

37 (Palemon.) A poor Grammarian, but of great esteem.

38 (Virgil.) Surnam'd *Mam*; the Favourite Poet of *Augustus Caesar*.

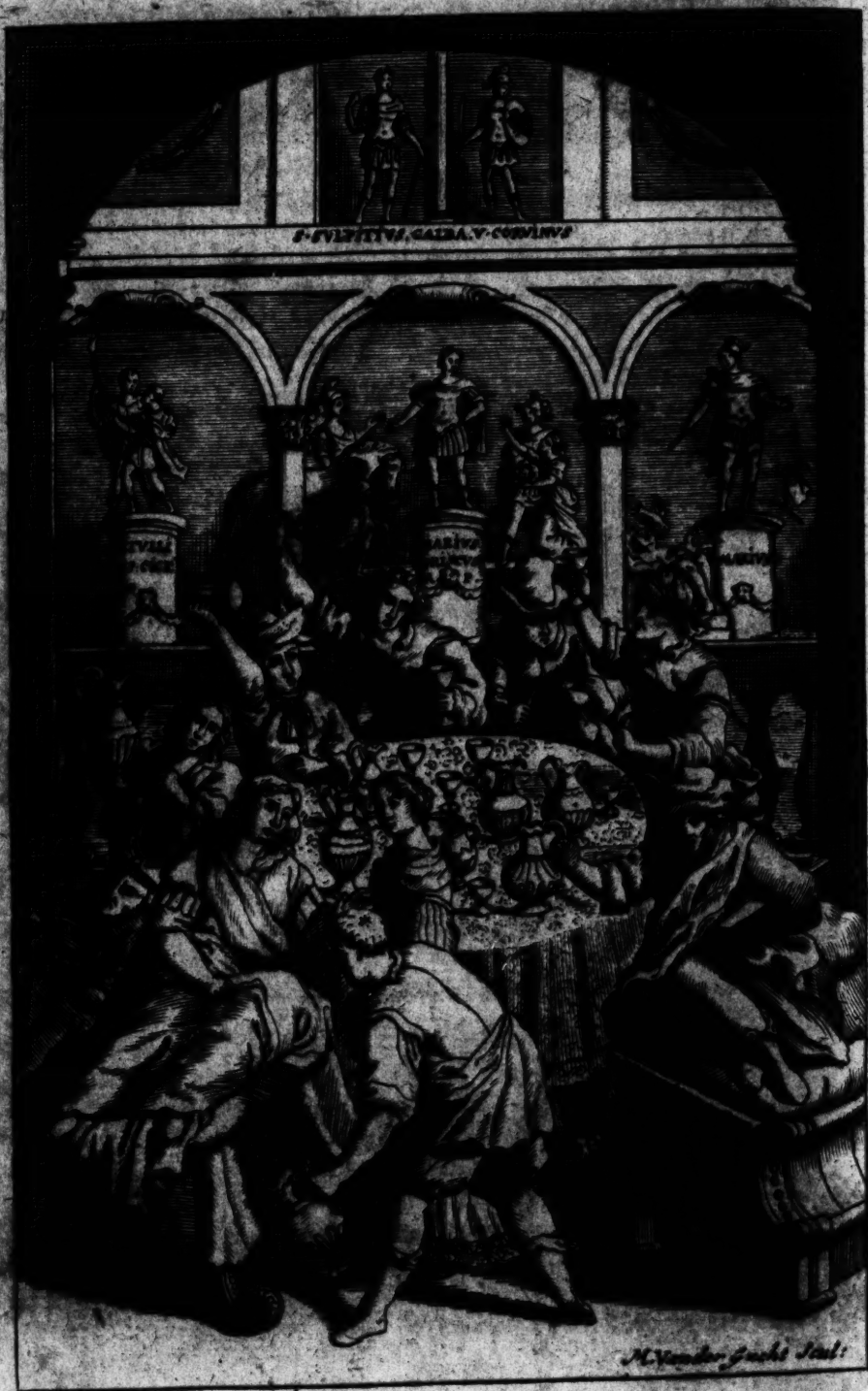
39 (Tribune.) Here is meant *Tribunus Ervius*, who took cognizance only of Causes of less moment, not the *Tribunus Plebis*, as *Britannicus* imagin'd.

40 *Anchises* was Father of *Aeneas* the Trojan, who was the Founder of *Rome*.

41 *Antemolus*, the Son of *Rhamus*, a King in *Italy*, Ravish'd his Stepmother *Cassaria*.

42 (Aeolus.) A King of *Sicily*; who kindly Entertain'd *Aeneas* in his Voyage.

43 The People were us'd at their Sword-plays, to gather Money for the Conqueror.



JUVENAL

THE
EIGHTH SATYR.

By Mr. G. STEPNT of Trinity-College
in Cambridge.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satyr, the Poet proves that Nobility does not consist in Statues and Pedigrees, but in Honourable and Good Actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being Insolent, by reason of his High Birth, and lays down an Instance that we ought to make the like Judgment of Men, as we do of Horses, who are valued rather according to their Personal Qualities, than by the Race of whence they come. He advises his Noble Friend Ponticus (to whom he Dedicates the Satyr) to lead a virtuous Life, dissuading him from Debauchery, Luxury, Oppression, Cruelty, and other Vices, by his severe Censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the Worth of Persons meanly Born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

What's the Advantage; or the real Good,
 In tracing from the Source our ancient
 To have our Ancestors in Paint or Stone, (Blood?
 Preserv'd as Reliques, or, like Mōnsters, shewn?
 The Brave *Emilii*, as in Triumph plac'd,
 The Virtuous *Curii*, half by time defac'd,
Corvinus, with a mould'ring Nose, that bears
 Injurious Scars, the sad Effects of Years;
 And *Galba* grinning without Nose or Ears?

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
 By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit;
 Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
 Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
 While their Ill Lives that Family bely,
 And grieve the Brass which stands dishonour'd by
 'Tis meer Burlesque, that to our Gen'als Praise,
 Their Progeny immortal Statutes raise,
 Yet (far from that old Gallantry) delight
 To game before their Images all Night,
 And steal to Bed at the approach of Day,
 The Hour when these their Ensigns did display.

Why

Why shou'd soft *Fabius* impudently bear
Names gain'd by Conquests in the *Gallic War*?
Why lays he claim to *Hercules* his Strain,
Yet dares be Base, Effeminate and Vain?
The glorious Altar to that Hero built,
Adds but a greater Lustre to his Guilt,
Whose tender Limbs, and polish'd Skin, disgrace
The grizzly Beauty of his Manly Race;
And who by practising the dismal Skill
Of pois'ning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy Kindred Marble sweat,
When his degen'rate Head by theirs is set.

Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
The Follies which ill-grace a Country Hall,
Challenge no Wonder or Esteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true Nobility."
Live therefore well: To Men and Gods appear,
Such as good *Paulus*, *Cossus*, *Drusus*, were;
And in thy Consular triumphal Show,
Let *These* before thy Father's Statues go;
Place 'em before the *Ensigns of the State*,
As chusing rather to be Good than Great.

Convince the World that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do:
 Whatever be your Birth, you're sure to be
 A Peer of the First Magnitude to me:

Rome for your sake shall push her Conquests on,
 And bring 'New Titles home from Nations won,
 To Dignify so Eminent a Son.

With your blest Name shall ev'ry Region sound,
 Loud as mad *Egypt*, when her Priests have found
 A new *Qsiris*, for the *Ox* they drown'd.

But who will call those *Noble*, who deface,
 By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
 Whose only Title to our Father's Fame
 Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name?
 A Dwarf as well may for a Giant pass;
 A *Negro* for a *Swan*; a Crook-back'd *Lass*
 Be call'd *Europa*; and a *Cur* may bear
 The Name of *Tyger*, *Lion*, or whate'er
 Denotes the Noblest or the Fiercest Beast:
 Be therefore careful, lest the World in jest
 Shou'd thee just so with the Mock-titles greet,
 Of *Camerinus*, or of Conquer'd *Crese*.

*To whom is this Advice and Censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;
Who think your Person second to Divine,
Because descended from the Drusian Line,
Tho' yet you no illustrious Act have done,
To make the World distinguish Julia's Son
From the vile Offspring of a Trull, who sits
By the Town-Wall, and for her Living knits.
You are poor Rogues (you cry) the baser Scum
And inconsiderable Dregs of Rome,
Who know not from what Corner of the Earth
The obscure Wretch, who got you, stole his Birth:
Mine, I derive from Cecrops—May your Grace
Live, and enjoy the Splendour of your Race—
Yet of these base Plebeians we have known
Some, who, by Charming Eloquence, have grown
Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown;
Some at the Bar with Subtlety defend
The Cause of an unlearned Noble Friend;
Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untie;
Others their stronger Youth to Arms apply,*

Go to *Euphrates*, or those Forces join
Which Garrison the Conquests near the *Rhine*.
While you, *Rubellius*, on your Birth relye;
Tho' you resemble your Great Family
No more, than those rough Statues on the Road
(Which we call *Mercuries*) are like that God:
Your *Blockhead* tho' excels in this alone,
You are a *Living Statue*, that of *Stone*.

Great Son of *Troy*, who ever prais'd a Beast
For being of a Race above the rest,
But rather meant his Courage, and his Force?
To give an Instance——We commend an Horse
(Without regard of Pasture, or of Breed)
For his undaunted Mettle and his Speed;
Who^r wins most Places with greatest ease, and first
Prints with his Hoofs his Conquest on the Dust.
But if fleet *Dragon's* Progeny at last
Proves jaded, and in frequent Matches cast,
No favour for the *Stallion* we retain,
And no respect for the Degenerate strain;
The worthless Brute is from *New-Market* brought,
And at an under-rate in *Smith-Field* bought,

To turn a Mill, or drag a Loaded Life
Beneath two Panniers, and a Baker's Wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire,
First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire,
Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
On those *Blest Shades* to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the *Haughty Touth* to shame,
Whose swelling Veins (if we may credit Fame)
Burst almost with the Vanity and Pride,
That their Rich Flood to *Nero's* is ally'd;
The Rumours likely; for "We seldom find

"Much Sense with an Exalted Fortune join'd.

But, *Ponticus*, I wou'd not you shou'd raise
Your Credit by Hereditary Praise;

Let your *own* Acts immortalize your Name;

" 'Tis Poor relying on another's Fame;

For, take the Pillars but away, and all

The Superstructure must in Ruins fall;

As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd

From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Be a good Soldier, or upright Trustee,

An Arbitrator from Corruption free,

And if a Witness in a doubtful Cause,
Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws;
Tho' *Phalaris his Brazen Bull* were there,
And he wou'd dictate what he'd have you swear,
Be not so Profligate, but rather chuse
To guard your Honour, and your Life to lose,
Rather than let your Virtue be betray'd;
Virtue, the Noble Cause for which you're made.

“ Improperly we measure Life by Breath;
“ Such do not truly Live who merit Death,
Tho' they their wanton Senses nicely please
With all the Charms of Luxury and Ease;
Tho' mingled Flow'rs adorn their careless Brow,
And round 'em costly Sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their Funeral State were laid,
And to the World, as they re to Virtue, Dead.

When *You* the Province you expect, obtain,
From Passion and from *Avarice* refrain;
Let our Associates Poverty provoke
Thy generous Heart not to encrease their Yoke,
Since Riches cannot rescue from the Grave,
Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave.

To what the Laws enjoin, Submission pay;
 And what the Senate shall Command, Obey;
 Think what Rewards upon the Good attend,
 And how those fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and *Capito* may Warnings be,
 Who felt the Thunder of the States Decree,
 For robbing the *Cilicians*, tho' they
 (Like lesser Pikes) only subsist on Prey.
 But what avails the Rigour of their Doom?
 Which cannot future Violence o'ercome,
 Nor give the Miserable Province ease,
 Since what one Plund'rer left, the next will seize.
Cherippus then, in time your self bethink,
 And what your Rags will yield by Auction, sink;
 Ne'er put your self to Charges to complain
 Of Wrongs which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a Voyage to detect the Theft,
 'Tis mad to Lavish what their Rapine left.
 When *Rome* at first our Rich Allies subdu'd,
 From gentle Taxes Noble Spoils accru'd,
 Each wealthy Province, but in part Opprest,
 Thought the Loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.

All Treasuries did then with Heaps abound;
In ev'ry Wardrobe costly Silks were found;
The least Apartment of the meanest House
Cou'd all the wealthy Pride of Art produce;
Pictures which from "*Parrhasius* did receive
Motion and Warmth : and Statues taught to live;
Some "*Polyclete's*, some *Myron's* Work declar'd,
In others "*Phidia's* Masterpiece appear'd;
And crowding Plate did on the Cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious "*Mentor's* artful hand.
Prizes like these Oppressors might invite,
These "*Dolabella's* Rapine did excite,
These "*Anthony* for his own Theft thought fit,
"*Verres* for these did Sacrilege commit;
And when their Reigns were ended, Ships full fraught
The hidden Fruits of their Exaction brought,
Which made in Peace, a Treasure Richer far,
Than what is Plunder'd in the Rage of War.

This was of Old, but our Confederates now
Have nothing left but Oxen for the Plough,
Or some few Mares reserv'd alone for Breed;
Yet left this provident Design succeed,

They drive the Fether of the Herd away,
 Making both *Stallions*, and his Pasture, Prey,
 Their Rapine is so abject and prophane,
 They nor from Trifles, nor from Gods refrain,
 But the poor *Lares* from the Niches seize,
 If they be little Images that please,
 Such are the Spoils which now provoke their Theft,
 And are the greatest, Nay they're all that's left.

Thus may "you" *Corinth*, or weak *Rhodes* oppress,
 Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
 (For how can Fops thy Tyranny controul,
 "Smooth Limbs are Symptoms of a servile Soul")
 But Trespas not too far on sturdy *Spain*,
Sclavonia, *France*, thy Gripes from *those* restrain,
 Who with their "Sweat *Rome's* Luxury maintain
 And send us Plenty, while our wanton Day
 Is lavish'd at the *Circus*, or the Play.

For, thou'd you to Extortion be inclin'd,
 Your Cruel Guilt will little Booty find,
 Since gleaning "Marius" has already seiz'd
 All that from Sun-burnt *Africk* can be squees'd.

But above all, "Be careful to withhold
 "Your Tallons from the Wretched and the Bold;

“ Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair;
“ For, tho’ your Violence shou’d leave ’em bare
“ Of Gold and Silver; Swords and Darts remain,
“ And will Revenge the Wrongs which they sustain:
“ The Plundred still have Arms.——

Think not the Precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain Notion of my own;
No, ’tis a Sibyl’s Leaf what I relate,
As fixt and sure, as the Decrees of Fate.

Let none but Men of Honour you attend;
Chuse him that has most Virtue for your Friend,
And give no way to any Darling Youth
To sell your Favour, and pervert the Truth.
Reclaim your Wife from stroling up and down,
To all Affizes, and through ev’ry Town.
With Claws like Harpies, eager for the Prey;
(For which your Justice, and your Fame will pay.)
Keep your self free from Scandals such as these;
Then Trace your Birth from ³ *Picus*, if you please:
If he’s too Modern, and your Pride aspire
To seek the Author of your Being higher,

Chuse any *Titan* who the Gods withstood,
To be the Founder of your Antient Blood,
Prometheus, and that Race before the Flood,
Or any other Story you can find
From Heralds, or in Poets, to your Mind.

But shou'd you prove Ambitious, Lustful, Vain;
Or cou'd you see with Pleasure and Disdain,
Rods broke on our Associates bleeding Backs,
And Heads-Men lab'ring till they blunt their Ax:
Your Father's Glory will your Sin proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expose your Shame;
"For, still more publick Scandal Vice extends,
"As he is Great and Noble who offends.

How dare *you* then your high Extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a Deed,
In the same Temple which your Grandfire built,
Making his Statue privy to the Guilt.
Or in a Bawdy Masquerade are led
Muffled by Night to some polluted Bed.

Far *Lateranus* does his Revels keep
Where his Fore-Fathers peaceful Ashes sleep;
Driving himself a Chariot down the Hill,
And (tho' a Consul) links himself the Wheel;

To do him Justice, 'tis indeed by Night,
 Yet the Moon sees, and ev'ry smaller Light
 Pries as a Witness of the shameful fight:
 Nay when his Year of Honour's ended, soon
 He'll leave that Nicety, and mount at Noon;
 Nor blush should he some Grave Acquaintance meet,
 But, (proud of being known) will Jerk and Greet:
 And when his Fellow-Beasts are weary grown,
 He'll play the Groom, give Oats, and rub 'em down.
 If after *Numa's* Ceremonial way
 He at *Jove's* Altar wou'd a Victim slay,
 To no clean Goddess he directs his Prayers,
 But by "*Hippona* most devoutly Swears,
 Or some rank Deity, whose filthy Face
 We suitably o'er stinking Stables place.
 When he has run his length, and does begin
 To steer his course directly for the Inn,
 (Where they have watch'd, expecting him all Night)
 A greasie *Syrian*, e'er he can alight,
 Presents him Essence, while his courteous Host
 (Well knowing nothing by good Breeding's loss)
 Tags ev'ry Sentence with some fawning Word,
 Such as *My King, My Prince*, at least *My Lord*;

And a tight Maid, e'er he for Wine can ask,
Guesſes his Meaning, and unſeals the Flaſk.

Some (Friends to Vice) induſtriouſly defend
Theſe innocent Diverſions, and pretend
That I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that, when young, we did the ſame.
I grant we did; yet when that Age was paſt,
The frolick Humour did no longer laſt;
We did not cheriſh and indulge the Crime:
What's foul in acting, ſhou'd be left in time.

'Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with Childhood end,
We therefore wink at Wags when they offend,
And ſpare the Boy, in hopes the Man may mend.

But *Lateranus* (now his vigorous Age
Shou'd prompt him for his Country to engage,
The Circuit of our Empire to extend,
And all our Lives, in *Cæſar's*, to defend)
Mature in Riots, places his Delight
All day in plying Bumpers, and at night
Reels to the Bawds, over whoſe Doors are ſet
Pictures and Bills, with *Here are Whores to let*.
Shou'd any deſperate unexpected Fate
Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,

Cæsar, send quickly to secure the Port ;

But where's the General? Where does he resort?

Send to the *Sutler's*; there you're sure to find

The Bully match'd with Rascals of his kind,

Quacks, Coffin-makers; Fugitives and Sailors;

Rooks, Common-Soldiers, Hangmen, Thieves and
Tailors;

With *Cybele's* Priests, who, weary'd with Processions,

Drink there, and sleep with Knaves of all Professions,

A Friendly Gang! each equal to the best;

And all, who can, have liberty to jest:

One Flaggon walks the round, (that none shou'd think
They either change, or stint him of his Drink)

And left Exceptions may for Place be found,

Their Stools are all alike, their Table round.

What think you, *Ponticus*, your self might do,
Shou'd any Slave, so lewd, belong to you?

No doubt, you'd send the Rogue in Fetters bound,

To work in *Bridewell*, or to Plough your Ground:

But, *Nobles*, you who Trace your Birth from *Troy*,

Think, you the great Prerogative enjoy

Of doing Ill, by Virtue of that Race,
As if what we esteem in Coblers base,
Wou'd the high Family of *Brutus* grace.

Shameful are these Examples, yet we find
(To *Rome's* Disgrace) far worse than these behind:
Poor *Damaspippus*, whom we once have known
Flutt'ring with Coach and six about the Town,
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And Pawns his Voice, the All he has, for Meat:
For now he must (since his Estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a Ghost:
And *Lentulus* Acts Hanging with such Art,
Were I a Judge, he shou'd not Feign the Part.
Nor wou'd I their vile Insolence acquit,
Who can with Patience, nay Diversion, sit,
Applauding my Lord's Buffoonry for Wit.
And clapping Farces, acted by the Court,
While the Peers Cuff, to make the Rabble sport:
Or Hirelings, at a Prize, their Fortunes try,
Certain to fall unpity'd if they Dye;
Since none can have the favourable Thought
That to Obey a Tyrant's Will they Fought,

But that their Lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their Shows;

Yet say the Stage and Lifts were both in fight,
And you must either chuse to Act, or Fight;

Death never sure bears such a ghastly Shape,
That a rank Coward basely wou'd escape

By playing a foul Harlot's jealous Tool,
Or a feign'd *Andrew* to a real Fool.

Yet a Peer Actor is no Monstrous thing,
Since *Rome* has own'd a "Fidler for a King;

After such Pranks, the World it self at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a Jest.

Go to the Lifts where Feats of Arms are }
There you'll find *Gracchus*, (from Patrician,) grown }
A Fencer, and the Scandal of the Town. }

Nor will he the *Mirmillo's* Weapons bear,
The *Modest Helmet* he Disdains to wear;

As *Retiarius* he Attacks his Foe:
First waves his *Trident* ready for the throw,

Next casts his *Ner*, but neither levell'd right,
He stares about, expos'd to publick fight,

Then places all his Safety in his Flight.

Room

Room for the Noble Gladiator! See
His Coat and Hatband shew his Quality;
Thus when at last the brave *Mirmillo* knew,
Twas *Gracchus* was the Wretch he did pursue,
To Conquer such a Coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many Glorious Wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our Mind,
There's not a Wretch so much to Vice inclin'd,
But will own " *Seneca* did far excell
His *Pupil*, by whose Tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose Complicated Guilt,
With some Proportion to the Blood he spilt,
Rome" shou'd more Serpents, Apes, and Sacks
provide

Than one, for the Compendious Parricide.
'Tis true " *Orestes* a like Crime did Act;
Yet weigh the Cause, there's difference in the Fact:
He " slew his *Mother* at the God's Command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his Hand
To punish Falsehood, and appease the Ghost
Of his poor *Father* treacherously lost.

Just in the Minute when the flowing Bowl
 With a full Tide enlarg'd his Cheerful Soul.
 Yet kill'd he not his^r Sister, or his^r Wife,
 Nor aim'd at any near Relation's Life:
 Orestes, in the Heat of all his Rage,
 Ne'er^r play'd or Sung upon a Publick Stage;
 Never^r on Verse did his wild Thoughts employ,
 To paint the horrid Scene of burning Troy,
 Like Nero, who to raise his Fancy higher,
 And finish the great Work, set Rome on Fire.
 Such^r Crimes make Treason just, and might compel
 Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to Rebel:
 For what cou'd Nero's self have acted worse,
 To aggravate the wretched Nation's Curse.

These are the blest Endowments, Studies, Arts,
 Which Exercise our mighty Emperor's Parts:
 Such Frolicks with his Roving Genius suit,
 On^r Foreign Theatres to prostitute
 His Voice and Honour, for the poor Renown
 Of putting all the Grecian Actors down,
 And winning at a Wake their Parley-Crown }
 Let^r this Triumphal Chaplet find some Place
 Among the other Trophies of thy Race;

By thee *Domitii's* Statues shall be laid,
The Habit and the Mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold *Thyestes* part,

(While your wild Nature little wanted Art)
And on the Marble Pillar shall be hung
The Lute to which the *Royal Madman* Sung.

Who, ³⁶*Catiline*, can boast a Nobler Line,
Than thy lewd Friend *Cethegus* his, and thine?
Yet you took Arms, and did by Night conspire
To set our Houses, and our Gods on Fire:

(An Enterprize which might indeed become
Our Enemies, the *Gauls*, not Sons of *Rome*,
To recompence whose Barbarous intent
Pitch'd ³⁷*Shirts* wou'd be too mild a Punishment)

But ³⁸*Tully*, our wise Consul, watch'd the Blow,
With care discover'd, and disarm'd the Foe:

Tully, the humble Mushroom, scarcely known:
The lowly Native of a Country Town,
(Who till of late cou'd never reach the height
Of being Honour'd as a *Roman Knight*)

Throughout the trembling City plac'd a Guard,
Dealing an equal share to every Ward,

And by the peaceful Robe got more Renown
 Within our Walls, than Young *Octavius* won
 By³⁹ Victories at *Actium* or the Plain
 Of *Thessaly*⁴⁰ discolour'd by the Slain:
 Him therefore *Rome* in gratitude decreed
 The Father of his Country, which he freed.

*Marius*⁴¹ (another Consul we admire)
 In the same Village Born, first Plow'd for Hire;
 His next Advance was to the Soldiers Trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the Spade,
 His Surly Officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His Knotty Cudgel on his tougher Back.
 Yet he alone secur'd the tott'ring State,
 Withstood the *Cimbrians*, and redeem'd our Fate:
 So when the Eagles to their Quarry flew
 (Who never such a Goodly Banquet knew)
 Only a second Laurel did adorn
 His Colleague *Catulus*, tho' Nobly Born;
 He shar'd the Pride of the Triumphal Bay,
 But *Marius* won the Glory of the Day.

From⁴² a mean Stock the Pious *Decius* came;
 Small their Estates, and Vulgar was their Name;

Yet such their Virtues, that their Loss alone
 For *Rome* and all our Legions did Atone;
 Their Country's Doom, they by their own retriev'd,
 Themselves more worth than all the Host they sav'd.
 The *last good King* whom willing *Rome* obey'd,
 Was the poor Offspring of a *Captive Maid*;
 Yet he those Robes of Empire justly bore
 Which *Romulus* our Sacred Founder wore:
 Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the Throne,
 Not for his Father's Merits but his own,
 And Reign'd, himself a Family alone.

When *Tarquin*, his proud Successor, was quell'd,
 And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd;
 The *Consuls' Sons* (who for their Country's good,
 And to inhaunce the Honour of their Blood,
 Shou'd have asserted what their *Father* won;
 And, to confirm that Liberty, have done
 Actions which *Cocles* might have wish'd his
 What might to *Mutius* wonderful appear;
 And what bold *Clelia* might with Envy hear)
 Open'd the Gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their Banish'd King, and Arbitrary Power.

Whilst a poor "Slave, with scarce a Name, betray'd
The horrid Ills these well-born Rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their Treason justly bore
The Rods and Ax, ne'er us'd in *Rome* before.

If you have Strength *Achilles* Arms to bear,
And Courage to sustain a Ten Years War;
Tho' foul "Thersites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some *Hero* came,
In nothing like your Father, but his Name.

Boast then your Blood, and your long Lineage
stretch

As high as *Rome*, and its great Founders reach;
You'll find, in these Hereditary Tales,
Your Ancestors the "scum of Broken Jayls:
And "Romulus, your Honours Antient Source,
But a Poor Shepherds Boy, or something worse.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Translator of Juvenal's Eighth Satyr industriously avoided imposing upon the Reader, and perplexing the Printer with tedious Common-place Notes; but finding towards the latter End many Examples of Noble-Men who disgrac'd their Ancestors by Vicious Practices, and of Men meanly Born who innobled their Families by virtuous and brave Actions, he thought some Historical Relations were necessary towards rendering those Instances more Intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his Remarks. He wou'd gladly have left out the heavy Passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly Confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himself to the strict Rules of Translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of Imitating, Paraphrasing, or Reconciling the Roman Customs to our Modern Usage; he hopes this Freedom is Pardonable, since he has not us'd it, but when he found the Original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the Humour and Connexion of the Author might naturally allow of such a Change.

Explanatory Notes on the Eighth Satyr.

THE Family of the Fabii were descended of Hercules (in Honour of whom the Romans built a Temple in the Foro Boario.) Fabius Maximus in remembrance of his Services in the Wars, against the People of Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiny, and other Provinces of France (formerly known by the Name of Allobroges) was Surnam'd Allobrogicus; which Title his Son wou'd have assumed, whom our Author here Censures, as a Man of an Effeminate Person, a profligate Life, and of Dangerous Practices.

2 Brave and Virtuous Romans.

3 The Rods and Ax, which were carried in Processions, as Badges of the Consular Dignity.

4 Such as Gensivus, Africanus, Numantinus, Creticus.

5 *Osyris*, for teaching the *Egyptians* Husbandry, had a Temple built at *Memphis*, where he was Worship'd in the shape of an Ox, which the Priests used to Drown at a certain Age; and gave out, their God was withdrawn, and absented himself for a few Days; during which time 'twas their Custom to go Mourning and searching up and down till they found another Ox to supply his place, and then they broke out with these Exclamations, *We have found him, let's rejoice.*

6 The first King of *Aithyris*.

7 I have taken the Liberty to give this Simile a Modern Air, because it happens to agree exactly with the Humour of our Author.

8 (Meaning your Ancestors.) *Rubellius Plancus*.

9 *Phalaris* was a Tyrant of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*; to flatter whose Cruelty, *Perillus* invented a Brazen Bull, wherein People might be Roasted alive, and their Cries were not unlike the bellowings of an Ox. But the Tyrant had the Justice to reward the Artizan as he deserv'd, by making him first try the Experiment.

Page 160. *Improperly we measure Life by Breath*, &c. This and the seven following Verses are a sort of Paraphrase upon two lines of the Original, which I was forced to enlarge, because the sense of the Author is too close and obscure.

10 (Speaking to *Ponticus*.)

11 (Any poor Man who is Oppress'd.)

12 Famous Painters, Statuaries, and other Artizans.

13 Proconsuls of *Asia* and *Sicily*.

14 Returning to *Ponticus*.

15 The Inhabitants of these Places were Effeminate, and easie to be enslav'd.

16 The People of *Africk*, who supply'd *Rome* with Corn.

17 *Marius Priscus*.

18 The first King of the *Latins*.

19 The Poet in this place speaks neither to *Rubellius* nor *Ponticus*, but in general to any Perjur'd or Debauch'd Nobleman.

20 *Numa Pompilius* (the Second King of *Rome*) the better to Civilize the Savage Humour of the People, first introduced among them the Fear and Worship of the Gods, and instituted the Rites and Ceremonies of Priests, Oaths, and Sacrifices.

21 *Hippona* was the Goddess of Jockies and Horses.

22 *Ostia*, the Mouth of the River *Tyber*.

23 Meaning *Nero*, whom he Censures severely in the Pages following. *Fig. 33.*

24 This Period is perplex'd, and I fear will not be understood in our Language, being only a Description of the *Roman* Gladiators, who were of two sorts, and had different Names according to the Arms and Habit they appear'd with; one fought with a Cymiter in his right Hand, a Target on his left Arm, and an Helmet on his Head; he was call'd *Mirmillo*, or *Secutor*. The other wore a short Coat without Sleeves,

Call'd *Tunicæ*; a Hat on his Head; he carried in his right Hand a Javelin Fork'd like a *Trident*, call'd *Fuscinæ*; and on his Left Arm a *Net*, in which he endeavour'd to catch his Adversary, and from thence was call'd *Retiarum*. The meaning of the Poet is, to reprehend *Græchus* (whom he had before rebuked in the second Satyr) for 3 Vices at once: For his Baseness, so far as being a Nobleman he will condescend to fight upon the publick Theatre; For his Impudence, in not chusing an Habit which might have kept him disguis'd, and hindred him from being known; And for his Cowardise, in running away.

25 For the clearer understanding of what follows, it may be Necessary to give a short Abridgment of *Nero's* Cruelties, Follies and End: Which may be found at large in his Life, written by *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, and in the Continuation which Mr. *Javille* has added to his Translation of the last of these Authors, by way of Supplement to what is wanting betwixt the Annals and the History. But I shall only relate what I find mention'd in this Satyr, and shall begin with his Parricides.

26 Upon Suspicion that *Seneca* his Tutor had some Knowledge of the Conspiracy which *Piso* was carrying on against his Person, *Nero* laid hold on this Opportunity to rid himself of the uneasy Censurer of his Vices, yet allow'd him the Liberty of chusing the Manner of his Death. *Seneca* was apprehensive of Pain, and therefore desired to have his Veins open'd, which he judg'd might be the most easie and pleasant Method of Dying; but finding it too tedious, he prevail'd with his Friend and Physician, *Annius Silius*, to give him a Draught of Poyson, which too operating very slowly, by reason his Veins were exhausted, and his Limbs chill'd, the Standers by, to make quicker Dispatch, smother'd him with the steem of an hot Bath. *Juvenal* not unjustly places this Murder of *Seneca* among *Nero's* Parricides, since a Tutor ought to be esteem'd as a Civil Parent.

27 This bold Thought and Expression of *Juvenal* is grounded on the Roman Laws, whereby Parricides were condemn'd to be sow'd up in a Bag (call'd *Culeus*) with a Cock, a Monkey, a Serpent and a Dog, and thrown together into the Sea, or any Neighbouring River. This Punishment of drowning in a Sack is still us'd in several parts of *Germany*, but without the Company of those Creatures above-mention'd.

28 The Story of *Orestes* (betwixt whom and *Nero*, *Juvenal* wou'd draw a Parallel) is this; his Mother *Clytemnestra* finding her Husband *Agamemnon* was return'd alive from the Siege of *Troy*, and fearing he might Revenge her Amours with *Egyftheus*, with whom she had lived in Adultery during her Husband's Absence, she thought the safest way might be to Assassinate *Agamemnon*, by the help of *Egyftheus*, at his first Reception, and before he could suspect such an Attempt. The manner how they dispatch'd him, is reported differently. Some Authors relate, that as he was changing his Linnen, he was stifled in a Shirt sow'd together at the Neck. But *Homer* in the 4th and 11th

Books of his *Odyssey*, where he describes this Murder, is of *Juvenal's* Opinion, that he was kill'd at a Banquet, when he little expected such Treatment. *Egyftben* after this Murder married *Chytemnestra*, and Usurp'd the Kingdom of *Mycena* 7 Years: During which time *Orestes* grew up to Man's Estate, and by the instigation of his Sister *Eletra*, and the Assistance of some neighbouring Princes, march'd from *Asbens*, Destroy'd and Murther'd the Usurper; and at last, under pretence of being Mad, stabb'd his Mother. *Homer* (as well as our Author) justifies this Revenge, as being undertaken by the Advice of the Gods: And *Paterculus* infers, they must needs have approved the Action, since *Orestes* (after it) lived long, and reigned happily.

29 *Nero* cou'd not suffer his Mother *Agrippina*, because of her encroaching on his Government; for which Reason he made frequent Attempts upon her Life, but without Success, till at last *Anicetus* his Bondman undertook to stab her; which she perceiving, and guessing by whose Orders he came, clapt her Hand upon her Belly, and bid him (with great Presence of Mind) strike there, supposing it deserv'd that Punishment for bearing such a Monster.

30 He ordered his first Wife *Octavia* to be publicly Executed, upon a false Accusation of Adultery, and kill'd his second Wife *Poppaea*, when she was big with Child, by a kick on the Belly.

21 *Britannicus* (his Brother by Adoption) was poison'd by his Orders, out of jealousy lest he shou'd supplant him. And *Antonina* (*Claudius's* Daughter) was executed under pretence of a Conspiracy, but in truth because she refused to Marry *Nero* after the Death of *Poppaea*.

32 He caus'd *Rufinus Crispinus*, Son to *Poppaea*, to be drown'd as he was Fishing; and *Anulus Plancus*, a Relation of his Mother's, to be kill'd because she was fond of him.

I need mention no more of these unnatural Murders, but go on to his other Extravagancies.

33 He was Industrious to be esteem'd the best Musician of his Age; and at his Death regretting nothing more sensibly, than that the World shou'd lose so great a Master. To maintain this Reputation, he frequently condescended to Act and Sing upon the Theater among the ordinary Comedians, and took a Journey to *Greece* on purpose to try his Skill against the most Famous Artists of that Country; from whom he bore away the Garland (which was the usual Recompence of the first Performer) return'd to *Rome* in Triumph, as if he had conquer'd a Province; and order'd both the Garland and Instrument to be hung up among the Banners and Honours of his Family.

34 He had likewise a great Vanity towards being thought a good Poet, and made Verses on the Destruction of *Troy*, call'd *Troica*; and 'tis reported he burnt *Rome* to be more lively and natural in his Description: Tho' 'tis more probable he destroy'd the Old-Fashion'd Buildings, out of dislike to the narrowness and crookedness of the Streets, and to have the Honour of rebuilding the City better, and calling it by his own Name.

35 These monstrous Frolicks and Cruelties cou'd not but make his People weary of his Government. *Virginus Rufus*, who was his Lieu-

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tenant General in *Gaul*, by the Assistance of *Junius Vindex* (a Nobleman of that Country) soon perswaded the Armies under his Command to fall from their Allegiance; and solicited *Sergius Galba*, who was Lieutenant-General in *Spain*, to do the like, by offering him the Empire in Favour of Mankind; which he at last accepted, upon intimation that *Nero* had issu'd out secret Orders to dispatch him; and March'd with all the Forces he cou'd gather, towards *Rome*. *Nero* not being in a Condition to oppose such Troops, fell into Despair, which turn'd to an Uncertainty what Measures to take, whether to Poyson himself, or beg Pardon of the People, or endeavour to make his Escape. The last of these Methods seem'd most Advisable; he therefore put himself into Disguise, and crept with four Attendants only into a poor Cottage; where perceiving he was pursued, as a Sacrifice to the Publick Vengeance, and apprehending the Rabble wou'd Treat him Barbarously, if he fell into their Hands; with much ado he resolv'd to Stab himself.

36 *Caesar's* Conspiracy is a Story too well known to be insisted on; He was of a Noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himself to great Want, which engaged him in bad Practices. The Roman Armies were then pursuing Conquests in remote Provinces, which *Caesar* judg'd the most seasonable Opportunity for undertaking some desperate Design: He therefore entred into a Conspiracy with *Cicero*, *Lentulus*, and other Senators, and Persons considerable by their Births and Employments, to make themselves absolute Masters of their Country, by seizing the Senate, plundering the Treasury, and burning the City.

37 Incendiaries by the Roman Law were wrapt in a Pitch'd Coat (which they call'd *Tunica Molesta*) and Burnt alive: As we see by *Tacitus Ann.* § 44. Where *Nero* after having set *Rome* on Fire, lays the Blame and Punishment on the Christians, by ordering them, with a Cruel Jest, to be Light up, and serve as Torches when it was dark.

38 One *Fulvia* (whom *Livy* calls a Common Whore, tho' *Plutarch* makes her pass for a Lady of Quality) came to have some knowledge of this Enterprize, and discover'd it to *Cicero*, (a Person whom *Paterculus* elegantly calls *Virum novitatis Nobilissima*; since he was a Man of mean Parentage, Born at *Arpinum*, an inconsiderable Town among the *Volscians*, but by his Eloquence rais'd himself to the chief Dignities of State, and happened to be Consul at that time) who assembled the Senate, and by a severe Oration accused and convicted *Caesar*: However he, with a few of his Party, found means to make his Escape towards *Tuscany*, and put himself at the Head of some Troops which *Manlius* had got together in those Parts, threatening publicly that he wou'd put out the Fire of the City by the Ruins of it. In the meantime *Cicero*, *Lentulus*, and several other Complices, were seized and strangled in Prison by order of the Senate, at *Cato's* Perswasion: And *Caius Antonius Nepos*, who was joint Consul with *Tully*, marched with what Forces he could raise against *Caesar*, who in a sharp Battel was kill'd upon the Spot, with most of his Followers, and (as *Paterculus* observes) *Quem spiritum supplicio debuerat, praelio reddidit*.

39 A Promontory of *Epirus*, near the Island *Leucas*, where *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were ruin'd by a Famous Sea Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi* in *Thessaly*, where *Brutus* and *Cassius* were defeated.

41 *Caius Marius*, was likewise born at *Arpinum*, and of such poor Parents, that he was first a Plowman, then a Common Soldier, yet at last by his Merit arriv'd to the highest Employments. Once while he was Consul (for that Honour was seven times conferr'd on him) the *Cimbrians* attempted to make an Excursion into *Italy*: But he kill'd 140000 of them, and made 60000 Prisoners: For which Victory a Triumph was ordain'd him by the Senate; but to decline the Envy which might be rais'd by his Good Fortune, he sollicit'd that *Q. Lutatius Catulus*, his Collegue, who was of a Noble Family, might be permitted to Triumph with him, tho' he had no share in the Action.

42 Among the *Romans* there was a Superstition, that if their General would consent to be *Devoted*, or *Sacrificed* to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the Earth, and the Infernal Gods, all the Misfortunes which otherwise might have happed to his Party, would by his Death be transferred on their Enemies. This Opinion was confirm'd by several successful Instances, particularly two, in the Persons of the *Decii*, the Father and Son here mentioned. The first being Consul with *Manlius* in the Wars against the *Latins*, and perceiving the Left Wing, which he Commanded, give back, he called out to *Valerius* the High-Priest to perform on him the Ceremony of Consecration, (which we find describ'd by *Livy* in his 8th Book) and immediately spurr'd his Horse into the thickest of his Enemies Forces, where he was killed, and the *Roman* Army gain'd the Battel. His Son Died in the same manner in the Wars against the *Gauls*, and the *Romans* likewise obtain'd the Victory.

43 *Servius Tullus* was Son to *Oriculana*, whom *Juvenal* calls a Serving Maid, but *Livy* supposes her to have been Wife to a Prince of *Corniculum*, who was killed at the taking of the Town, and his Wife was carried away Captive by *Tarquinius Priscus*, and presented as a Slave to his Wife *Tanaquil*, in whose Service she was deliver'd of this *Tullus*. The Family had a great Respect for the Child, because of a Lambent Fire they observ'd to play about his Head while he slept, which was interpreted as an Omen of his future Greatness; therefore Care was taken of his Education, and at last he was Contracted to the King's Daughter: Whereupon *Ancus Martius* his two Sons (who were the true Heirs of the Crown) fearing his Marriage might hinder their Succession, hired two Shepherds to Assassinate *Tarquinius*, which they undertook, but could not execute so dextrously as was expected; for, the King lived some Days after the Blow was given, during which time *Tanaquil* caus'd the Gates of the Palace to be kept shut, and amused the People (who were eager on a new Election) with Assurances that the Wound was not Mortal; That the King was in a fair way of Recovery, and 'till he cou'd appear Abroad, requir'd

them to pay Obedience to *Servius Tullius*; who by this means first got Possession of the Government in the King's Name, and after his Death Usurp'd it 44 Years in his own. At last he was forced out of the Senate by *Lucius Tarquinius*, thrown down Stairs, and murder'd by his Orders. *Livy* adds this Commendation, That with him *Iusta ac legitima regna occiderunt*; which agrees with *Juvenal's* calling him *The last Good King*. For (44) *Tarquin*, who Reign'd 25 Years after him, was hated for his Pride and Cruelty, and for the Barbarous Rape which his Son *Sextus* committed on *Lucretia*, Wife to *Collatinus*; who, by the help of (46) *L. Junius Brutus* reveng'd this Injury, by driving *Tarquin* and his whole Race out of *Rome*, which from that time began to be govern'd by Consuls; and the better to secure their Liberty, *Brutus* Administer'd an Oath by which the *Romans* oblig'd themselves never to suffer any more Kings, and made a Decree (which prov'd fatal to his Family) whereby it was declared a Capital Crime in any Person who shou'd endeavour by any means to bring back the *Tarquins*. However, they gave not over their Pretensions, but sent Ambassadors under Pretence of soliciting that their Estates at least might be restored to them, but underhand to insinuate themselves among the loose young Noblemen (who grew weary of a Commonwealth, because the Rigour of their new Laws did not tolerate that licentious way of Living, which they enjoy'd under the Government of their Kings) and to concert with them the best Methods towards their Restoration. This Design was first propos'd to the *Aquili* and *Visellii*: The last of these were Brothers to *Brutus's* Wife, and by that Alliance easily engag'd (45) *Titus* and *Tiberius* (two Sons he had by her) in the Conspiracy, the Sum of which was, That the Gates of the City should be left open for the *Tarquins* to enter in the Night-time; and that the Ambassadors might be assured of their Sincerity, each Member of the Cabal deliver'd them, the Night before they were to return, Letters under their own Hands for the *Tarquins*, with Promises to this Effect.

50 *Vindicius*, a Slave who waited at Table, by Chance over-heard part of their Discourse; and comparing these Circumstances with some others he had observ'd in their former Conferences, he went straight to the Consuls, and told what he had discover'd. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the Ambassadors, the Letters above-mentioned were intercepted, the Criminals seiz'd, and the Proof being evident against them, they suffer'd the Punishment (which was newly introduced) of being tied Naked to a Stake, where they were first Whipt by the Lictors, then Beheaded: And *Brutus*, by Vertue of his Office, was unhappily obliged to see this Rigorous Sentence on his own Children.

To pursue the Story; the *Tarquins* finding their Plot had miscarried, and fearing nothing could be done by Treachery, struck up an Alliance with *Porfenna King of Tuscany*, who pretending to restore them by open Force, march'd with a numerous Army, and besieg'd *Rome*: But was soon surpriz'd with three such Instances of the *Roman* Bravery,

in the Persons of *Cocles*, *Musius*, and *Clelia*, that he withdrew his Army, and courted their Friendship.

47 *Horatius Cocles* being Posted to guard a Bridge, which he perceived the Enemy wou'd soon be Master of, he stood resolutely and opposed part of their Army, while the Party he commanded repass'd the Bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw himself, Armed as he was, into the *Tyber*, and escap'd to the City.

48 *Musius Scaevola* went into the Enemies Camp with a Resolution to kill their King *Porfenna*, but instead of striking him, stabb'd one of his Guards; and being brought before the King, and finding his Errour, in Indignation he burn'd off his Right Hand as a Penalty for his Mistake.

49 *Clelia*, a Roman Virgin, who was given to *Porfenna* as an Hostage, made her escape from the Guards, and swam over the *Tyber*.

51 The ugly Buffoon of the *Grecian* Army.

52 *Romulus* finding the City, call'd by his Name, not sufficiently Peopled, established an *Asylum*, or Sanctuary, where all Out-Laws, Vagabonds, and Criminals of what Nature soever, who cou'd make their Escape thither, might live in all Freedom and Security.

53 The Author either means the Bastard of *Mars*, and *Rhea Silvia* a Vestal Virgin, of whose Rape we have a Relation in the beginning of *Ovid's* Third Book *de Fastis*, or a *Parricide*, for killing his Brother *Remus*.

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JUVENAL.

THE
NINTH SATYR.

By STEPHEN HARVEY, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Juvenal here (in Dialogue with Nevolus) exposes the detestable Vice then practis'd in Rome, and the Covetousness of a Rich old Citizen, which so prevail'd over his Pleasure, that he would not gratifie the Drudge who had so often Oblig'd him in the lewd Enjoyment of his Desire.

JUVENAL.

TELL me, why, saunt'ring thus from Place to Place,

I meet thee (Nevolus) with a Clouded Face?

What Human Ills can urge to this degree;

Not Vanquish't Marsyas had a Brow like thee,

Nor *Ravola* so sneak'd and hung his Head,
Catch'd with that lewd Bawd *Rhodope* in Bed:
Our Grand Beau *Pollio* seem'd not half so sad
When not a Drachma cou'd in *Rome* be had.
When treble Use he proffer'd for a Friend,
And tempting Bribes did to the Scriv'ners send,
Yet none he found so much a Fool to lend. }
Hard Fate! untroll'd is now the Charming Dye,
The Play-House and the Parks unvisited must lie;
The Beauteous Nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt Chariot Wheels must Rowl no more.

But why these frightful Wrinkles in thy Prime?
That shew old Age so long before the time;
At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay
(Contented then) how Merry was the Day.
But oh the Curse of wishing to be Great:
Dazled with Hope we cannot see the Cheat;
Where wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind.
For Glittering Clouds we leave the solid Shoar,
And wonted Happiness returns no more.
Till such aspiring Thoughts had fill'd thy Breast,
No Man so pleasant, such a chearful Guest;

So

So Brisk, in Gay, of that engaging Air,
No Mirth was Crown'd till *Neuolus* was there:
The Scene's now chang'd, that frolick Genius fled,
And Gloomy Thought seems enter'd in its stead;
Thy Cloaths worn out, not Hands nor Linnen clean,
And thy bare Skin through the large Rents is seen,
Thy Locks uncomb'd like a rough Wood appear,
And every Part seems suited to thy Care.
Where's now that labour'd Niceness in thy Dress,
And all those Arts that did the Spark express?
A Look so pale no *Quartane* ever gave,
Thy dwindled Legs seem crawling to a Grave:
When we are touch'd with some important Ill,
How vainly Silence would our Grief conceal!
Sorrow nor Joy can be disguis'd by Art,
Our Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart,
By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
Thy Hopes are dash'd, and thy Endeavours vain;
And yet 'tis strange! But lately thou wert known
For the most envied *Stallion* of the Town:
What conscious Shrine, what Cell by thee unsought,
Where Love's dark Pleasures might be sold and bought?

From human View you hid these Deeds of Lust,
But Gods in Brass and Marble you could trust:
Ceres her self not scap'd, for where can be
From Bawds and Prostitutes an Altar free?
Nor didst thou only for the Females burn,
The Husband and the Wife succeeded in their Turn.

Nev. This Life I own to some has Prosp'rous been;
But I have no such Golden Minutes seen:
Right have you hit the Cause of my Distress,
None has Earn'd more, and been Rewarded less:
All I can gain is but a Threadbare Coat,
And that with utmost Pains and Drudging got:
Some Single Mony too, but that (alas)
Broken and Counterfeit will hardly pass.
Whilst others, pamper'd in their shameless Pride,
Are serv'd in Plate, and in their Chariots ride:
Tell me what Mortal can his Grief contain,
That has, like me, such Reason to complain?
On Fate alone Man's Happiness depends,
To parts conceal'd Fate's prying Pow'r extends:
And if our Stars of their kind Influence fail,
The Gifts of Nature, what will they avail?

The Gifts of Nature! Curse upon the Thought,
By that alone I am to Ruin brought.

Old *Virra* did the Fatal Secret hear

(But Curse on Fame that bore it to his Ear.)

What soft Address his wooing did begin?

What Oaths, what Promises to draw me in?

Scarce cou'd they fail to make a Virgin Sin.

Who would not then swear *Neuolus* had sped,

And Golden Show'rs were dropping on his Head?

But oh this Wretch, this Prodigy behold!

A Slave at once to Leachery and Gold!

For in the Act of his lowd Brutal Joy,

Sirrah! My Rogue (he cries) mine own dear Boy!

My Lad, My Life! already ask for more?

I paid last Bout, and you must quit the Score!

"Poor five' *Sestertia* have been all my Gains,

"And what is that for such detested Pains?

What is an Ease and Pleasure, cou'dst thou say

(Where Nature's Law forbids) to force my way

To the digested Meals of yesterday?

The Slave more toil'd and harass'd will be found

Who digs his Master's Buttocks, than his Ground:

But sure old *Virro* thinks himself a Boy,
 Whom *Jove* once more might languish to enjoy:
 Sees not his wither'd Face and grizly Hair, [Fair:
 But would be thought Smooth, Charming, Soft, and
 With Female-Pride wou'd have his Love be fought,
 And every Smile with a Rich Present bought.

Say, Goat, for whom this Mass of Wealth you heap?
 For whom thy hoorded Bags in silence sleep?
Apulian Farms for the Rich Soil admir'd?
 And thy large Fields where Falcons may be tir'd?
 Thy Fruitful Vineyards on *Campanian* Hills?
 (Tho' none drinks less, yet none more Vessels fills)
 From such a Store 'tis barbarous to grudge
 A small Relief to your Exhausted Drudge:
 Weigh well the Matter, wer't not fitter much
 The Poor Inhabitants of yonder Thatch
 Call'd me their Lord (who to Extreems am driven)
 Than to some worthless Sycophant be given?
 (Yet what smooth Sycophant by thee can gain?
 When Lust it self strikes thy Flint-Heart in vain?)
 A Beggar! Fie! 'tis Impudence, (he cry'd)
 And such mean shifting Answers still reply'd:
 : *buono* *girl* *maid* *then* *his* *Ground* :

But Rent unpaid, says Begg, till *Virro* Grant;

(How ill does Modesty consist with Want?)

My single Boy (like *Polyphemus* Eye)

Mourns his harsh Fate, and weeps for a Supply.

One will not do, hard Labour'd and hard Fed,

How then shall Hungry two expect their Bread?

What shall I say, when rough *December* Storms?

When Frosts, and Snow, have cramp't their Naked

What Comforts without Mony can I bring? [Arms?

Will they be satisfy'd to think on Spring?

These Motives urg'd to his Obdurate Mind,

Is casting Water to the adverse Wind,

But one thing yet, base Wretch, I must impart,

Thy self shalt own, ungrateful as thou art;

At your Intreaties, had not I obey'd;

Still your deluded Wife had been a Maid;

Down on the Bridal-bed a Maid she lay,

A Maid she rose, at the approaching Day.

Another Night, thy lumpish Love she try'd,

But still she rose, a Virgin, and a Bride:

What cou'd have touch'd her more! away she flung,

And every Street of thy lost Manhood rung.

Her speaking Eyes were full of thy Disgrace;
And her next Thoughts abhorr'd the cold Embrace,
Such Wrongs, what Wishing Woman could have
born?

In Rage, the Marriage Articles were torn;
Yet when she vow'd, to see thy Face no more,
And Heartless thou stood'st whining at the Door,
I met the Angry Fair, all over Charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy Frozen Arms;
Much Pains it cost to Right the injur'd Dame;
A whole Night's Vigour, to repair thy shame:
Witness your self, who heard the lab'ring Bed,
And Shrieks at the departing Maiden-Head:
" Thus many a Spouse, who wou'd her Choice recant;
" Is kept Obedient by a Kind Gallant:
Now cou'd you shift all this and pass it o'er,
Yet (Monster) I have left one Instance more.
Think, if so well her Business I have done,
As that Night's Service may produce a Son,
Our *Roman* Laws great Privilege afford
To him that stands a Father on Record:
Thy self, 'tis true, a Cuckold thou must own,
But that Reproach is in my Breast alone,

To me the Pleasure be, to thee the Fame,
 My Brat shall thy Abilities proclaim;
 And free thee ever, from Inglorious Shame.
 Let circling Wreaths adorn thy crowded Door,
 Matrons, and Girls, shall hoot at thee no more,
 But Stories to thy lasting Credit raise,
 While fumbling Fribbles grudge thy borrow'd Praise.

Juv. True, *Nevolus*, most aptly you complain,
 But tho' your Griefs are just, they are in vain;
 Your Service past, he does with Scorn forget,
 And seeks some other Fool, like thee, to cheat.

Neu. Beware, my Friend, and what I now reveal,
 As the great Secret of thy Life conceal;
 A lustful Pathick, when he turns a Foe;
 He gives like Destiny a wardless Blow:
 His Crimes are such, they will not bear a Jest,
 And Fire and Sword, pursue the conscious Breast.
 For sweet Revenge no Drugs will be too Dear,
 In Lust, a Miser, but a Spendthrift here.

Then slight him not, nor with his Scandal sport,
 But be as Mute as was th' *Athenian* Court.

Juv. Dull *Corydon*! Art thou so stupid grown,
 To think a Rich Man's Faults can be unknown?

Has he not Slaves about him? Wou'd not they
Rejoyce, and Laugh, such Secrets to betray?
What more Effectual to Revenge their Wrongs,
Than the unbounded Freedom of their Tongues?
Or grant it possible to silence those,
Dumb Beasts and Statues wou'd his Crimes expose;
Try to Imprison the resistless Wind,
So swift is Guilt, so hard to be confin'd;
Tho' crafty Tears shou'd cast a Vail between,
Yet in the Dark, his Vices wou'd be seen:
And there's a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing our Neighbour's Shame;
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While Virtuous Actions are but Born, and Dye.

Let us live well, were it alone for This,
The baneful Tongues of Servants to despise,
Slander (the worst of Poysons) ever finds
An easie Entrance, to ignoble Minds:
And they whose Vicious Lives, such Abject Foes
must fear,
More mean and wretched far than their own Slaves
appear.

Nev. Your Counsel's Good and Useful, 'tis confess'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain address'd:
Let the Great Man, whom gaping Crowds attend,
Fear a scourg'd Slave, or a dissembling Friend;
No matter what I do, or what I say,
I have no Spies about me to betray:
And you advise me now my time is lost,
And all my Hopes of prosp'rous Hours are Cross'd;
My full-blown Youth already fades apace,
(Of our short Being, 'tis the shortest space.)
While melting Pleasures in our Arms are found,
While Lovers smile, and while the Bowl goes round,
While in surprizing Joys intranc'd we lie,
Old Age creeps on us, e'er we think it nigh.

Juv. Fear not, thy Trade will never find an End,
While yon^e Hills stand thou can'st not want a Friend,
By Land, and Sea, from every Point they come,
Then dread no Dearth of Prostitutes at Rome,

Nev. Tell this to Happier Men, for I am sped,
If all my Drudging can procure me Bread.

Ye Deities! The Substitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the Guide of Human Life is giv'n;

At whose lov'd Altars, with an ample Zeal,
 (Tho' slender Sacrifice) I daily kneel,
 His Ebbing Hours let your Poor Suppliant see,
 From the mean Crutch, and a thatcht Cottage free;
 No shameful Want, nor troublesom Disease,
 But easie Death approaching by degrees,
 Necessity supply'd, wou'd comfort bring:
 Yet constant Store wou'd be a Glorious thing:
 To treat a Friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
 While Silver Bowls stand smiling on my Board.
 And when the Cares of *Rome* to Pleasure yield,
 Two *Mæsan* Slaves shou'd bear me to the Field:
 Where, on their Brawny Shoulders mounted high,
 While the Brave Youth their Various Manhood
 I wou'd the Thrones of Emperors desc. [try,
 Superfluous Wealth, and Pomp, I not desire;
 But what Content, and Decency require.
 Then might I live by my own Surly Rules,
 Not forc'd to worship Knaves, and flatter Fools.
 And thus secur'd of Ease, by shunning Strife,
 With Pleasure would I Sail down the swift Stream
 of Life.

But oh ridiculous vain Wish for One
Already lost, and doom'd to be undone.

Alas! what Hope remains! For to my Pray'rs
Regardless Fortune stops her wounded Ears;
As to the "Syrens Charms, *Ulysses* Mariners.

Explanatory Notes on the Ninth Satyr.

- 1 **A** *Phrygian*, who challenging *Apollo* at Musick, was overcome, and fled alive for his Presumption.
- 2 A *Fop* in *Rome*, that had run out his Estate.
- 3 The Temples, and Images of their Gods, were (by Night) the Common Places of Affignation.
- 4 To the Temple of *Ceres*, only the Chast and strictest Matrons were admitted, &c.
- 5 A small Coin among the *Romans*.
- 6 A Gyant of *Sicily*, and one of the *Cyclops* who had but one Eye, and that in his Forehead, which *Ulysses* by craft put out, and escap'd from him, &c.
- 7 The *Areopagus*, or Court of Justice at *Athens*, where they gave Sentence by Characters and Signs, &c.
- 8 The Common Name of a Shepherd, which he applies to *Nepos*, for his Ignorance and Simplicity, in thinking the Vices of Great Men can be conceal'd.
- 9 The seven Hills on which *Rome* was built.
- 10 *Mafsa*, a place near *Tuscany*, famous for the great size and strength of the Inhabitants.
- 11 Mermaids on the Coast of *Sicily*, whose Charms *Ulysses* (being forewarn'd) avoided by stopping his Mariners Ears with Wax, and so sail'd by them secretly; at which Disappointment they threw themselves into the Sea, and were turn'd into Rocks, &c. *Hom. Odyss.* l. 12.

JUVENAL

THE

TENTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet's Design in this Divine Satyr, is to represent the various Wishes and Desires of Mankind, and to set out the Folly of 'em. He runs through all the several Heads of Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Achievements, Long Life, and Beauty; and gives Instances in each, how frequently they have prov'd the Ruin of those that own'd them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for our selves, we shou'd do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven, lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but Health of Body and Mind—And if we have these, 'tis not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.



M. Vander Buecht Senr

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LOOK round the Habitable World, how few
 Know their own Good; or knowing it, pursue
 How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!
 What in the Conduct of our Life appears
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,
 But, when we have our Wish, we wish undone?

Whole Houses, of their whole Desires possess,
 Are often Ruin'd, at their own Request.
 In Wars, and Peace, things hurtful we require,
 When made Obnoxious to our own Desire.

With Laurels some have fatally been Crown'd;
 Some who the depths of Eloquence have found,
 In that unnavigable Stream were Drown'd.

The 'Brawny Fool, who did his Vigour boast,
 In that Presuming Confidence was lost:
 But more have been by Avarice oppress'd,
 And heaps of Money crouded in the Chest:
 Unwieldly Sums of Wealth, which higher mount
 Than Files of Marshall'd Figures can account,
 To which the Stores of *Cresus*, in the Scale,
 Wou'd look like little Dolphins, when they sail
 In the vast shadow of the *British* Whale.

For this, in Nero's Arbitrary time,
When Virtue was a Guilt, and Wealth a Crime,
A Troop of Cut-Throat Guards were sent, to seize
The Rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces:
The Mob, Commission'd by the Government,
Are seldom to an Empty Garret sent.
The Fearful Passenger, who Travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a Paltry Plate,
Shakes at the Moonshine shadow of a Rush;
And sees a Red-Coat rise from ev'ry Bush:
The Beggar Sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.
Of all the Vows, the first and chief Request
Of each, is to be Richer than the rest:
And yet no Doubts the Poor Man's Draught control;
He dreads no Poison in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems Divine
Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.
Will you not now, the pair of Sages praise,
Who the same End pursu'd, by several Ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the Woful Times:
One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes:

Laughter is easie, but the Wonder lies
What stores of Brine supply'd the Wesper's Eyes;
Democritus, cou'd feed his Spleen, and shake
His Sides and Shoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho' in his Country Town, no Lictors were,
Nor Rods, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear:
Nor all the Foppish Gravity of show
Which cunning Magistrates on Crowds bestow:

What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our *Praetor* seated, in Mock Majesty;
His Chariot rowling o'er the Dusty place,
While, with dumb Pride, and a set formal Face,
He moves, in the dull Ceremonial track,
With *Jove's* Embroyder'd Coat upon his Back:
A Suite of Hangings had not more oppress
His Shoulders, than that long, Laborious Vest.
A heavy *Eugaster* (call'd a Crown,) that spread
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow Head:
And wou'd have crush'd it, with the Massy Freight;
But that a sweating Slave sustain'd the Weight:
A Slave in the same Chariot seen to ride,
To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride.

Add now th' Imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,
 With Golden Beak (the Mark of Majesty)
 Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
 A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in White:
 In their own Natures false and flatt'ring Tribes,
 But made his Friends, by Places and by Bribes.

In his own Age *Democritus* cou'd find
 Sufficient cause to laugh at Human kind:
 Learn from so great a Wit; a Land of Bogs
 With Ditches fenc'd, a Heav'n Fat with Fogs,
 May form a Spirit fit to sway the State;
 And make the Neighb'ring Monarchs fear their Fate,
 He laughs at all the Vulgar Cares and Fears;
 At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:
 An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
 When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
 'Tis plain from hence that what our Vows request,
 Are hurtful things, or Useless at the best.

Some ask for Envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:
 Down go the Titles, and the Statue Crown'd,
 Is by base Hands in the next River Drown'd.

The

The Guiltless Horses, and the Chariot Wheel
The same Effects of Vulgar Fury feel:
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the Lung'd Bellows hissing Fire provoke;
Sejanus' almost first of *Roman* Names,
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames;
Form'd in the Forge, the Pliant Brass is laid
On Anvils; and of Head and Limbs are made,
Pans, Cans, and Pispots, a whole Kitchen Trade.

Adorn your Doors with Laurels; and a Bull,
Milk white and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a Rope, is drag'd along;
The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what *Ethiop* Lips he has,
How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face?
By Heav'n I never cou'd endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous Crimes to Light?
What is the Charge, and who the Evidence
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince?)
Nothing of this; but our Old *Cæsar* sent
A Noisie Letter to his Parliament:

Nay Sirs, if *Cæsar* writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty; and the Question's out of Door.

How goes the Mob, (for that's a mighty thing,)

When the King's Trump, the Mob are for the King!

They follow Fortune, and the Common Cry

Is still against the Rogue Condemn'd to Dye,

But the same very Mob, that Rascal Crowd,

Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud;

Had his Designs (by Fortune's Favour blest)

Succeded, and the Prince's Age oppress:

But long, long since, the Times have chang'd their Face,

The People grown degenerate and base:

Not suffer'd now the Freedom of their choice,

To make their Magistrates, and sell their Voice,

Our Wise Fore-Fathers, Great by Sea and Land,

Had once the Pow'r and absolute Command;

All Offices of Trust, themselves dispos'd,

Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd,

Depos'd.

But we who give our Native Rights away,

And our enslav'd Posterity betray,

Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms, and go

On Holidays to see a Puppet show.

There was a Damn'd Design, cries one, no doubt;
For Warrants are already Issued out:

I met *Brutians* in a Mortal fright;

He's dipt for certain, and plays least in fight:

I fear the Rage of our offended Prince,

Who thinks the Senate slack in his defence!

Come let us haste, our Loyal Zeal to show,

And spurn the Wretched Corps of *Cæsar's* Foe:

But let our Slaves be present there, lest they

Accuse their Masters, and for Gain betray.

Such were the Whispers of those jealous Times,

About *Sejanus*'s Punishment, and Crimes.

Now tell me truly, wou'dst thou change thy Fate

To be, like him, first Minister of State?

To have thy Levees Crowded with Resort,

Of a depending, gaping, servile Court:

Dispose all Honours of the Sword and Gown,

Grace with a Nod, and Ruin with a Frown;

To hold thy Prince in Pupil Age, and sway.

That Monarch, whom the Master'd World obey?

While he, intent on secret Lusts alone,

Lives to himself, abandoning the Throne;

Coopt' in a narrow Isle, observing Dreams
With flatt'ring Wizards, and erecting Schemes!

I well believe, thou wou'dst be Great as he;
For ev'ry Man's a Fool to that Degree:
All with the dire Prerogative to kill,
Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want the Will:
But wou'dst thou have thy Wishes understood,
To take the Bad together with the Good?
Wou'dst thou not rather chuse a small Renown,
To be the May'r of some poor paltry Town,
Bigly to look and barb'rously to speak,
To proud false Weights, and scanty Measures break?
Then, grant we that *Sejanus* went astray,
In ev'ry Wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top heavy Tow'r, of monstrous height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the
weight.

What did the mighty *Pompey's* Fall beget?
And Ruin'd 'him, who Greater than the Great,
The stubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke,
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke?

What else, but his immoderate Lust of Pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a Luckless Hour:
For few Usurpers to the Shades descend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End.

The Boy, who scarce has paid his Entrance down
To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,
(So small an Elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his Satchel must be born to School,)
Yet prays and hopes and aims at nothing less,
To' prove a *Fully*, or *Demosthenes*:
But both those Orators, so much Renown'd,
In their own Depths of Eloquence were drown'd:
The Hand and Head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in Dogrel, or who punn'd in Prose.

Fortune foretun'd the *Dying Notes* of Rome:
Till I, thy Consul sole, consol'd thy Doom.
His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,
Had all his Malice been to murder Words.
I rather wou'd be *Mevius*, thrash for Rhimes
Like his, the Scorn and Scandal of the Times,
Than' that *Philippique* fatally Divine,
Which is inscrib'd the Second, should be mine.

Nor he, the Wonder of the *Grecian* Throng,
 Who drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue,
 Who shook the Theaters, and sway'd the State
 Of *Athens*, found a more propitious Fate.
 Whom, born beneath a boding Horoscope,
 His Sire, the blear-ey'd *Vulcan* of a Shop,
 From *Mars's* Forge, sent to *Minerva's* Schools,
 To learn th' unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.

With itch of Honour, and Opinion, Vain,
 All things beyond their Native Worth we strain:
 The Spoils of War, brought to *Eretrian* Jove,
 An empty Coat of Armour hung above
 The Conquerors Chariot, and in Triumph born,
 A Streamer from a boarded Gally torn,
 A Chap-faln Beaver loosely hanging by
 The Cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,
 On whose high Convex sits a Captive Foe,
 And fighting casts a mournful Look below,
 Of ev'ry Nation, each Illustrious Name,
 Such Toys as these have cheated into Fame:
 Exchanging solid Quiet, to obtain
 The windy Satisfaction of the Brain.

So much the Thirst of Honour fires the Blood;
So many wou'd be Great, so few be Good,
For who wou'd Virtue for her self regard,
Or Wed, without the Portion of Reward?
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude;
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,
Those long Inscriptions, crowded on the Tomb,
Shou'd some wild Fig-Tree take her Native bent,
And heave below the gaudy Monument,
Wou'd crack the Marble Titles, and disperse
The Characters of all the lying Verse.
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In Time's Abyss, the common Grave of all.

Great *Hannibal* within the Balance lay;
And tell how many Pounds his Ashes weigh;
Whom *Africk* was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' *Atlantick* Main,
And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
His Sun-beat Waters by so long a Way;
Which *Ethiopia's* double Clime divides,
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.

Spain first he won, the *Pyreneans* past,
 And steepy *Alps* the Mounds that Nature cast:
 And with corroding Juices, as he went,
 A Passage through the living Rocks he rent.
 Then, like a Torrent, rowling from on high,
 He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy*;
 In three Victorious Battels over-run;
 Yet still uneasie, cries There's nothing done:
 Till, level with the Ground, their Gates are laid;
 And *Punick* Flags on *Roman* Tow'rs display'd.
 Ask what a Face belong'd to his high Fame:
 His Picture scarcely wou'd deserve a Frame:
 A Sign-Post Dawber wou'd disdain to paint
 The one ey'd Hero on his Elephant.
 Now what's his End, O charming Glory! say
 What rare Fifth Act to Crown his huffing Play?
 In one deciding Battel overcome,
 He flies, is banisht from his Native Home:
 Begg Refuge in a foreign Court, and there
 Attends his mean Petition to prefer;
 Repuls'd by furlly Grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.

What wond'rous sort of Death has Heav'n
design'd,

Distinguish'd from the Herd of Human Kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a Mind!

Nor Swords at hand, nor hissing Darts afar,
Are doom'd t'avenge the tedious bloody War,
But Poison, drawn through a Ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him, a sucking Infant's Fate.

Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, ambitious Fool,
To please the Boys, and be a Theme at School,

One World suffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind;
Coopt up, he seem'd in Earth and Seas confin'd:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about
The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out.

Yet enter'd in the' Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found the strait Dimensions wide:

"Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,

"The mighty Soul, how small a Body holds.

Oldⁿ *Greece* a Tale of *Athos* wou'd make out,

Cut from the Continent, and sail'd about;

Seas hid with Navies, Chariots passing o'er

The Channel, on a Bridge from Shore to Shore:

Rivers, whose depth no sharp Beholder sees,
 Drunk, at an Army's Dinner, to the Lees,
 With a long Legend of Romantick things,
 Which in his Cups the Bowsy Poet sings.
 But how did he return, this haughty Brave,
 Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea his Slave,
 (Tho' Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
 And Eurys never such hard usage found
 In his *Eolian* Prisons under Ground,
 What God so mean, ev'n "he who points the way,
 So Merciless a Tyrant to obey!
 But how return'd he, let us ask again?
 In a poor Skiff he pass'd the bloody Main,
 Choak'd with the slaughter'd Bodies of his Train.
 For Fame he pray'd, but let th' Event declare
 He had no mighty Penn'worth of his Pray'r.
 : *Jove* grant me length of Life, and Years good store
 Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more.
 Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young conspire
 In this one silly Mischievous Desire.
 Mistaken Blessing which old Age they call,
 'Tis a long, nasty, darksome Hospital.

A ropy Chain of Rheums; a Visage rough,
Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A fitch-faln Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw;
Such Wrinkles, as a skilful Hand wou'd draw
For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a Grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.

In Youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No Shape, or Feature, just alike are found;
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
But the same Foulness does to Age belong,
The self-same Palfie, both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain;
And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain.
Besides th' eternal Drivel, that supplies
The dropping Beard, from Nostrils, Mouth and Eyes.
His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive Carrion curse!
Flatt'ers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remembred in a Will?
His Taste, not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
But to the Relish of a Nobler Treat.
The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies:

Poor feeble Dotard, how could he advance
With his blue Head-piece, and his broken Lance?
Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A Lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those Senses lost, behold a new Defeat,
The Soul, dislodging from another Seat,
What Musick, or enchanting Voice, can cheer
A Stupid, Old, Impenetrable Ear?
No matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theater he sits to see,
Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear;
Under an Actor's Nose, he's never near.

His Boy must bawl, to make him understand
The Hour o'th' Day, or such a Lord's at hand:
The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot Fever's pains,
In fine, he wears no Limb about him sound:
With Sores and Sickneses beleaguer'd round:
Ask me their Names, I sooner cou'd relate
How many Drudges on Salt *Hippia* wait;
What Crouds of Patients the Town Doctor kills,
Or how, last Fall, he rais'd the Weekly Bills.

What Provinces by *Basilus* were spoil'd,
What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are beguil'd:
How many Bouts a day that Bitch has try'd,
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride!
What Lands and Lordships for their Owners know,
My *Quondam* Barber, but his Worship now.

This Dotard of his broken Back complains,
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulders pains:
Another is of both his Eyes bereft,
And envies who has one for Aiming left.
A Fifth, with trembling Lips expecting stands,
As in his Childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at sight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young Swallow, when with weary Wings,
Expected Food her fasting Mother brings.

His loss of Members is a heavy Curse,
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worse!
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite; [Night.
Knows not his Friend who sup'd with him last
Not ev'n the Children, he Begot and Bred;
Or his Will knows 'em not: For, in their stead,

In form of Law, a common Hackney Jade,
 Sole Heir, for secret Services, is made:
 So lew'd and such a batter'd Brothel Whore,
 That she defies all Comers, at her Door.
 Well, yet suppose his Senses are his own,
 He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son:
 Before his face his Wife and Brother burns;
 He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.
 These are the Fines he pays for living long,
 And dragging tedious Age in his own wrong:
 Griefs always Green, a Household still in Tears,
 Sad Pumps: A Threshold throng'd with daily Biers;
 And Liveries of Black for length of Years.

Next to the Raven's Age, the *Pylian* King
 Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd thing,
 Blest, to defraud the Grave so long, to mount
 His³ numbred Years, and on his right-hand count;
 Three hundred Seasons, guzzling Must of Wine:
 But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At Fate's Unequal Laws, and at the Clue
 Which, Merciless in length, the midmost Sister drew.
 When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre,
 He saw extended, and his Beard on Fire,

He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his Friends, what Crime
Had curs'd his Age to this unhappy Time?

Thus mourn'd Old *Peleus* for *Achilles* slain,
And thus *Ulysses*'s Father did complain.

How fortunate an End had *Præm* made,
Among his Ancestors a mighty Shade,

While *Tray* yet stood: When *Hæctor* with the Race
Of Royal Bastards might his Fun'ral Grace

Amidst the Tears of *Trojan* Dames inurn'd,
And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd.

Had Heav'n so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal Fleet to *Sparta Paris* bore.

But mark what Ape produc'd, he liv'd to see
His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy;

In Fine, the feeble Sire, reduc'd by Fate,
To change his Scepter for a Sword, too late,

His last Effort before *Jove's* Altar tries;
A Souldier half, and half a Sacrifice:

Falls like an Ox, that waits the coming Blow;
Old and unprofitable to the Plough.

At least, he dy'd a Man, his Queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking Body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Greatⁿ *Mithridates*, and Richⁿ *Cræsus* Fate;
Whom *Salon* wisely counsell'd to attend,
The Name of Happy, till he knew his End.

That *Marius* was an Exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in Ruin'd *Carthage* begg'd his Bread,
All these were owing to a Life too long:
For whom had *Rome* beheld so Happy, Young!
High in his Chariot and with Lawrel Crown'd,
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives round
The *Roman* Streets; descending from his State,
In that blest Hour he should have begg'd his Fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his Triumphant Soul with Shouts expir'd.

Campania,ⁿ Fortune's Malice to prevent,
To *Pompey* an indulgent Favour sent:
But publick Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n, to give
Their much lov'd Leader an unkind Reprieve.
The City's Fate and his, conspir'd to save
The Head, reserv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.

Cethegus,ⁿ though a Traytor to the State,
And Tortur'd, 'scap'd this Ignominious Fate:

And

And *Sergius*, who a bad Cause bravely try'd,
All of a Piece, and undiminish'd dy'd.

To *Venus*, the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,
That all her Sons and Daughters may be Fair:
True, for the Boys a mumbling Vow she sends;
But, for the Girls, the Vaulted Temple rends:
They must be finish'd Pieces: 'Tis allow'd
Diana's Beauty made *Latona* Proud:
And pleas'd, to see the wondring People pray
To the New-rising Sister of the Day.

And yet *Lucretia's* Fate wou'd barr that Vow:
And Fair *Virginie* wou'd her Fate bestow
On *Rutile*, and change her Faultless Make
For the foul Rump of her Camel-back.

But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau, what frights
His Parents have by Day, what anxious Nights!
Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare:
Chaste is no Epithet to suit with Fair.
Suppose the same Traditionary Strain
Of Rigid Manners, in the House remain;
Inveterate Truth, an old plain *Sabine's* Heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;

Infus'd into his Soul a sober Grace,
 And blusht a Modest Blood into his Face;
 (For Nature is a better Guardian far,
 Than sawcy Pedants, or dull Tutors are.)
 Yet still the Youth must ne'er arrive at Man;
 (So much Almighty Bribes, and Presents, cane)
 Ev'n with a Parent, where Perswasions fail,
 Mony is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a Tyrant King
 Who gelt a Boy deform'd, to hear him Sing.
 Nor *Nero*, in his more luxurious Rage,
 E'er made a Mistress of an ugly Page:
Sporus, his Spouse, nor cooked was, nor lame
 With mountain Back, and Belly, from the Game
 Cross-barr'd: But both his Sexes well became. }
 Go, boast your *Springal*, by his Beauty curst
 To Ills; nor think I have declar'd the worst:
 His Form procures him Journey-work, a Strife
 Betwixt Town Madams, and the Merchant's Wife:
 Guess, when he undertakes this publick War,
 What furious Beasts offended Cuckolds are.
 Adulterers are with Dangers round beset;
 Born under *Mars*, they cannot 'scape the Net;

And from Revengeful Husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest Laws provide:
One stabs, one slashes, one, with Cruel Art,
Makes *Colon* suffer for the peccant Part.

But your *Endymion*, your smooth, Smock-fac'd Boy
Unrivall'd, shall a Beauteous Dame enjoy:
Not so: One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,
Out-bids, and buys her Pleasure for her Gold:
Now he must Moil, and Drudge, for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in Equipage, and Cloaths:
She pawns her Jewels, and her Rich Attire,
And thinks the Workman worthy of his Hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her Lusts, a Conscionable Quean.

She may be handfom, yet be Chast, you say:
Good Observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the³ Modest Youth his Life,
Who shunn'd th' Embraces of his Father's Wife?
And was not t'other⁴ Strippling forc'd to fly,
Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny;
And pleaded Laws of Hospitality?

The Ladies charg'd em home, and turn'd the tail:
With shame they reden'd, and with spight grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing Dame;
She loses Pity, who has lost her Shame.
Now *Silius* wants thy Counsel, give Advice;
Wed *Cesar's* Wife, or die; the Choice is nice.
Her Comet-Eyes she darts on ev'ry Grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his Face.
Adorn'd with Bridal Pomp she sits in State;
The Publick Notaries and *Aruspex* wait:
The Genial Bed is in the Garden drest:
The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite express'd,
Which in a *Roman* Marriage is profess. }
'Tis no stol'n Wedding, this; rejecting Awe,
She scorns to Marry, but in Form of Law:
In this Moot-case, your Judgment: To refuse
Is present Death, besides the Night you lose.
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious Life you gain:
Till loud Reports through all the Town have past,
And reach the Prince: For Cuckolds hear the last.
Indulge thy Pleasure, Youth, and take thy swing:
For not to take, is but the self-same thing:

Inevitable Death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a Lady's Eyes.

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing Ill?
Receive my Counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want:
In Goodness as in Greatness they excel,
Ah that we lov'd our selves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong Passions led,
Are hot for Action, and desire to Wed;
Then wish for Heirs: But to the Gods alone
Our future Offspring, and our Wives are known;
Th'audacious Strumpet, and ungracious Son.

Yet, not to rob the Priests of pious Gain,
That Altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind:
A Soul, that can securely Death defie,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
Serene and Manly, hardned to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain;

Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire;
 That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
 That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*
 To Dalliance, Banquets, and ignoble Ease.

The Path to Peace is Virtue: What I show,
 Thy self may freely, on thy self bestow:
 Fortune was never Worshipp'd by the Wise;
 But set aloft by Fools Usurps the Skies.

Explanatory Notes on the Tenth Satyr.

¹ *Milo of Crotona*; who for a Trial of his Strength, going to rend an Oak, perish'd in the Attempt: For his Arms were caught in the Trunk of it; and he was devour'd by Wild Beasts.

² *Sejanus* was *Tiberius's* first Favourite; and while he continu'd so, had the highest Marks of Honour bestow'd on him; Statues and Triumphal Chariots were every where erected to him. But as soon as he fell into Disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismounted; and the Senate and Common People insulted over him as meanly, as they had fawn'd on him before.

³ The Island of *Caprea*, which lies about a League out at Sea from the *Campanian* Shore, was the Scene of *Tiberius's* Pleasures in the latter part of his Reign. There he liv'd for some Years with Diviners, Soothsayers, and worse Company—And from thence, dispatch'd all his Orders to the Senate.

⁴ *Julius Caesar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was sl'd the Great.

⁵ *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, both died for their Oratory. *Demosthenes* gave himself Poyson, to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander's* Captains, who had then made himself Master of *Athens*. *Tully* was Murther'd by *M. Anthony's* Order, in Return, for those Invectives he had made against him.

⁶ The *Latin* of this Couplet is a Famous Verse of *Tully's*, in which he sets out the Happiness of his own Consulship; Famous for the Vanity, and the ill Poetry of it. For *Tully* as he had a good deal of the one, so he had a no great share of the other.

7 The Orations of *Tully*, against *Mr. Antony*, were fill'd by him *Philippice*, in imitation of *Demosthenes*, who had given that Name before to those he made against *Philip of Macedonia*.

8 This is a Mock-Account of a *Roman* Triumph.

9 *Babylon*, where *Alexander* dy'd.

10 *Xerxes*, is represented in History, after a very *Romantic* Manner; affecting Fame beyond Measure, and doing the most Extravagant things, to compass it. Mount *Asbos* made a Prodigious Promontory in the *Ægean* Sea: He is said to have cut a Channel through it, and to have Sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellepont*, where it was three Miles broad: And order'd a Whipping for the Winds and Seas, because they had once cross'd his Design, as we have a very solemn account of it in *Herodotus*. But, after all these vain Boasts, he was shamefully beaten by *Themistocles* at *Salamis*; and return'd home, leaving most of his Fleet behind him.

11 *Mercury*, who was a God of the lowest size, and employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his Statues were anciently plac'd, where Roads met; with Directions on the Fingers of em, Pointing out the several ways to Travellers.

12 *Nestor*, King of *Pylus*; who was 300 Years old, according to *Homer's* account, at least, as he is understood by his Expositors.

13 The Antients counted by their Fingers. Their Left Hands serv'd 'em till they came up to an Hundred. After that, they us'd their Right, to express all greater Numbers.

14 The *Fates* were three Sisters, who had all some peculiar Business assign'd 'em by the Poets, in Relation to the Lives of Men. The First held the Distaff; the Second Spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

15 While *Troy* was Sacking by the *Greeks*, Old King *Priam* is said to have Buckled on his Armour, to oppose 'em. Which he had no sooner done, but he was met by *Pyrrhus*, and Slain before the Altar of *Jupiter*, in his own Palace, as we have the Story finely told, in *Virgil's* 2d *Æneid*.

16 *Hecuba*, his Queen, escap'd the Swords of the *Grecians*, and out-liv'd him. It seems, she behav'd her self so fiercely, and uneasily to her Husband's Murtherers, while she liv'd, that the Poets thought fit to turn her into a *Bitch*, when she dy'd.

17 *Mitbridates*, after he had disputed the Empire of the World for 40 Years together with the *Romans*, was at last depriv'd of Life and Empire by *Pompey* the Great.

18 *Crassus*, in the midst of his Prosperity, making his Boast to *Solon*, how happy he was, receiv'd this Answer from the Wise Man, That no One could pronounce himself Happy, 'till he saw

what his End should be. The Truth of this *Cassius* found, when he was put in Chains by *Cyrus*, and Condemned to Die.

19 *Pompey*, in the midst of his Glory, fell into a Dangerous Fit of Sickness, at *Naples*. A great many Cities then made Publick Supplications for him. He Recover'd, was beaten at *Pharsalia*, fled to *Phlomy* King of *Egypt*; and instead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head struck off by his Order, to please *Cesar*.

21 *Cicero* was one that conspir'd with *Cailline*, and was put to Death by the Senate.

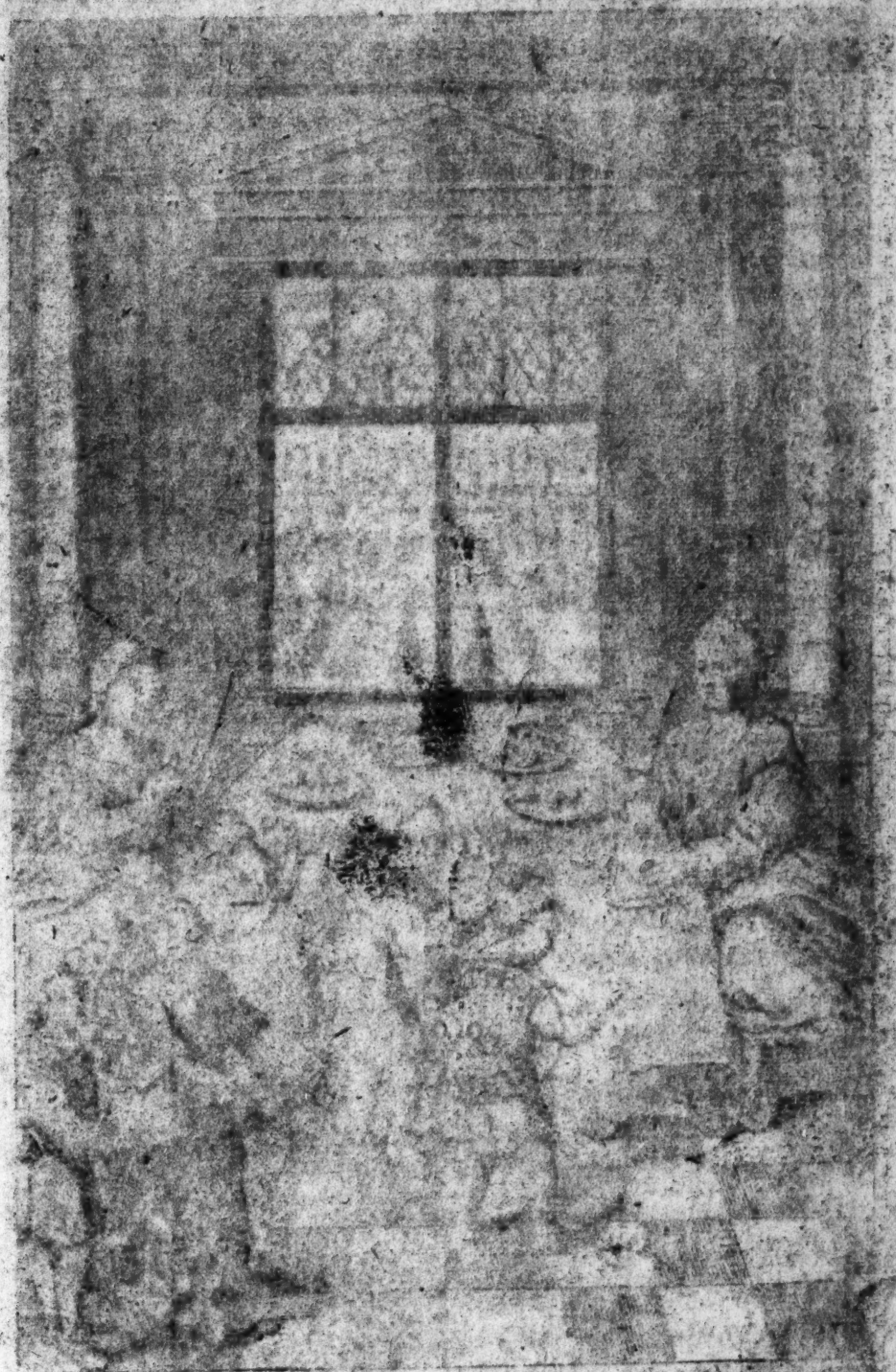
21 *Cailline* dy'd Fighting.

22 *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being expos'd to the Lust of *Appius Claudius*, who had ill Designs upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy's* Third Book; and 'tis a remarkable one; as it gave occasion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*; of whom *Appius* was one.

23 *Hippolitus* the Son of *Thesens*, was lov'd by his Mother-in-Law *Phedra*. But he not complying with her, she procur'd his Death.

24 *Bellerophon*, the Son of King *Glaucon*, residing sometime at the Court of *Petus* King of the *Argives*, the Queen, *Sthenobee*, fell in Love with him. But he refusing her, she turn'd the Accusation upon him; and he narrowly escap'd *Petus's* Vengeance.

25 *Messalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, Infamous for her Lewdness. She set her Eyes upon *C. Silius*, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and Marry her with all the Formalities of a Wedding, whilst *Claudius* was Sacrificing at *Hestia*. Upon his return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.





M. Vander Gucht. Sculp.

JUVENAL

THE ELEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Satyr is to expose and reprehend all manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant Luxury used by the Romans, in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to Dine with him; and artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satyr with a particular Invective against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the height of Men of great Estates and Quality. He shows us, the miserable End of such Spend-thrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courses, which they took to bring themselves to it, advising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He

gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Enter-
tainment he has provided for him; and from
thence takes occasion to reflect upon the Temperance
and Frugality of the Greatest Men in former Ages:
To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of
the present, attributing to the latter a visible Re-
misiness, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman
State. He instances some lewd Practices at their
Feasts, and by the by, touches the Nobility with
making Vice and Debauchery the chiefest of their
Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invita-
tion to his Friend, advising him (in one particu-
lar somewhat freely) to a neglect of all Cares and
Disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of
Pleasures, for the future.

IF Noble *Aticus* make plenteous Feasts,
And with luxurious Food indulge his Guests,
His Wealth and Quality support the Treat,
In him nor is it *Luxury*, but *State*:
But when Poor *Rutilus* spends all his Worth,
In hopes of setting one good Dinner forth;
Tis down-right Madness; for what greater Jest,
Than *Begging Gluttons* or than *Beggars Feasts*?
But *Rutilus*, is so notorious grown,
That he's the Common Theme of all the Town.

A Man, in his full Tide of Youthful Blood,
 Able for Arms, and for his Country's good;
 Urg'd by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice,
 But following his own inglorious Choice:
 'Mongst common *Fencers*, Practices the Trade,
 That End debasing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er dying Fame afford,
 But his *Disgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.
 Many there are of the same wretched Kind,
 Whom, their despairing Creditors, may find
 Lurking in Shambles, where with borrow'd Coin
 They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine:
 Such, whose sole Bliss, is Eating, who can give
 But that one Brutal Reason why they live.
 And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these
 The poorest Wretch, is still most hard to please;
 And he whose thin transparent Rags, declare
 How much, his tatter'd Fortune wants repair,
 Would ransack ev'ry *Element*, for Choice
 Of ev'ry Fish and Fowl, at any Price;
 If brought from far, it very dear has cost,
 It has a Flavour then, which pleases most,
 And he devours it with a greater Gust.

In Riot thus, while Money lasts, he lives,
 And that exhausted, still new Pledges gives;
 Till forc'd of meer Necessity, to eat,
 He comes to pawn his Dish, to buy his Meat.
 Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he spares,
 Not what his Mother's Sacred Image bears,
 The broken' Relick he with speed devours,
 As he wou'd all the rest of's Ancestors,
 If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
 They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal*.
 Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
 The Stings of Hunger, soon, and Want he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
 Fencers, for miserable Scraps, or starve.

Imagine now, you see a splendid Feast;
 The Question is, at whose Expence 'tis dress'd.
 In great *Ventidius*, we, the *Bounty* prize;
 In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* despise.
 Strange Ignorance! That the same Man, who knows
 How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill shows,
 Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
 Between small Incomes and a vast Estate!

From Heav'n, to Mankind, sure, that Rule was sent,
Of *Know thy Self*, and by some God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
Through all the various Courses, which we steer.
Thersites, tho' the most presumptuous *Greek*,
Yet durst not for *Achilles* Armour speak,
When scarce *Ulysses* had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his *Eloquence*.
Who e'er attempts weak Causes to support,
Ought to be very sure, he is able for't;
And not mistake strong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and force of Sense:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill,
A Wise Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.

If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thy self to Thrift, not *Luxury*.
And wisely make that kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Necessity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear some miserable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd *All*,
Both Land and Stock, Int'rest and Principal:

Well may they fear, at length, vile *Pollio's* Fate,
Who sold his very Ring, to purchase Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongst common Slaves now stands
Begging an Alms, with undistinguisht hands.
Sure sudden Death to such shou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Misery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy. }
But there are steps in Villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Mony they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,
Lest *Rome* shou'd grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,
From Crouds and Noise, and Business to retreat.
One only Grief such Fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind;
The Plays and loose Diversions of the Place,
But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.
Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,
That out of Count'nance *Virtue's* fled from Earth;

Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
She's with "*Astræa* gone, ne'er to return.

This Day, my "*Perfidus*, thou shalt perceive
Whether my self I keep those Rules I give,
Or else, an unsuspected *Glaucus* live;

If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private *Gormandise*.

Evander's "Feast reviv'd, to Day thou'lt see,

The poor *Evander*, I, and thou shalt be
Atides" and *Aeneas* both to me;

Mean time, I send you now your Bill of Fare;

Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:

For nothing from the Shambles I provide,

But from my own small Farm, the tender'st Kid,

And Fattest of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,

That ne'er had Nourishment, but from the Teat;

No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,

Scarce Grass, its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.

Next that, shall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,

Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly Country-Maid,

The largest Eggs, yet warm within the Nest,

Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dress;

Clusters of Grapes, preserv'd for half a Year,
 Which, plump and fresh as on the Vines appear;
 Apples, of a ripe Flavour, fresh and fair.
 Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* Pear,
 Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
 Light of Digestion now, and fit for use.

Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
 Accounted Riot, in a *Senator*:

When the good "*Curius* thought it no Disgrace,
 With his own Hands, a few small Herbs to dress;
 And from his little Garden cull'd a Feast,
 Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;
 For scarce a Slave, but has to Dinner now,
 The well-dress'd Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous Treat,
 On Birth-Days, Festivals, or Days of State,
 A salt, dry Fitch of Bacon to prepare;
 If they had fresh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
 Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd
 If ought was left of what they Sacrific'd.
 To Entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come
 The Worthiest and the Greatest Men in *Rome*;

Nay,

Nay, seldom any at such Treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice *Consuls* been;
Or the *Dictator's* Office had discharg'd,
And now from Honourable Toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to Husband and Manure their Land,
Humbling themselves to those they might Command.
Then might y^e have seen the good old Gen^l haste,
Before th^e appointed *Hour*, to such a Feast;
His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
Proud of the Conquest of some stubborn Field.
'Twas then, when pious *Consuls* bore the Sway,
When Vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay.
Our *Censors* then were subject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r it self, of Justice stood in awe.
It was not then, a Roman's anxious Thought,
Where largest Tortoise-Shells were to be bought,
Where Pearls might of the greatest Price be had,
And shining Jewels to adorn his Bed,
That he at vast Expence might loll his Head.
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply, as he din'd.

The Soldier then, in "Grecian Arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field:
 If Cups of Silver, or of Gold be Brought,
 With Jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious Trappings, freight the Plate he turn'd,
 And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horse adorn'd,
 Or else a Helmet for himself he made,
 Where various Warlike Figures were inlaid:
 The *Roman Wolf*, suckling the "Twins was there,
 And *Mars* himself, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
 How'ring above his Crest, did dreadful show,
 As threatening Death, to each resisting Foe.
 No use of Silver, but in Arms was known,
 Splendid they were in War, and there alone.
 No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were dress'd,
 No sweating Slaves, with massive Dishes press'd;
 Expensive Riot was not understood,
 But Earthen Platters held their homely Food.
 Who wou'd not envy them, that Age of Bliss,
 That sees with shame the *Luxury* of This?
 Heav'n unwearied then, did Blessings pour,
 And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous Hour;

Mankind were then familiar with the God,
 He snuff'd their Incense with a gracious Nod;
 And wou'd have still been bounteous, as of Old,
 Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.
 His Golden^d Statues, hence the God have driv'n:
 For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
 'Tis Gold we Worship, though we pray to Heav'n.
 Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my Lord to Dine, and let him have
 The nicest Dish his Appetite can crave;
 But let it on an Oaken Board be set.
 His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your Kenon's rank, or^d Ointments stink.
 Order some other Table to be brought,
 Something, at great Expence in India bought,
 Beneath whose Orb, large yawning Panthers lie,
 Carv'd on rich Pedestals of^d Ivory:
 He finds no more of that Offensive Smell,
 The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
 An Iv'ry Table is a certain whet,
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,

As if new Vigour to his Teeth were sent,
By *Sympathy* from those o' th' *Elephant*.

But such fine Feeders are no Guests for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality;
Then, that unfashionable Man am I,
With me they'd starve, for want of Ivery:
For not one inch does my whole House afford,
Not in my very *Tables*, or *Chefs-board*;
Of Bone, the Handles of my Knives are made,
Yet no ill Taste from thence affects the Blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unfav'ry *Haut-goust* from the Haft.

A hearty Welcome, to plain wholesome Meat,
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state,
No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by skilful *Trypherus* are taught:
In whose fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
Of Fishes, Beasts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
How to dissect, and the nice Joints discern;
While all the Neighbourhood are with Noise oppress'd,
From the harsh Carving of his *wooden Feast*.

On me attends a raw unskilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments glad,
At once my *Carver*, and my *Ganymede*,
With diligence he'll serve us while we Dine,
And in plain Beechen Vessels, fill our Wine:
No Beauteous Boys I keep, from *Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites*, by shameful *Pandars* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
With honest Faces, tho' with uncurl'd Hair.
This Day thou shalt my Rural Pages see,
For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman's* is, t' other my *Shepherd's* Son;
A chearful Sweetness in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face;
Tho' sometimes Sadness will o'er-cast the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His absence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wishes to return,
Longing to see his tender Kids, again,
And feed his Lambs upon the flowry Plain;

A modest Blush he wears, not form'd by Art,
 Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart.
 Such Looks, such Bashfulness, might well adorn
 The Cheeks of Youths that are more Nobly born,
 But Noblemen those humble Graces scorn.
 This Youth, to day shall my small Treat attend,
 And only he with Wine shall serve my Friend,
 With Wine from his own Country brought, and made
 From the same Vines, beneath whose fruitful Shade
 He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish Feast,
 With am'rous Songs and "wanton Dances grac'd;
 Where sprightly Females, to the Middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and frisk in Air,
 Whose pliant Limbs in various Postures move,
 And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
 Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action stir,
 And jaded Lust springs forward with this Spur.
 Virtue" would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,
 Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold;
 A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
 The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.

In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Desire.
But she, who by her Sexes Charter, must
Have double Pleasure paid, feels double Lust;
Apace she warms, with an immoderate Heat,
Strongly her Bosom heaves, and Pulses beat;
With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips she lies,
With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Passion both at Ears and Eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my Estate,
These are the vicious Follies of the Great.
Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,
Whose Marble Floors, with drunken Spawlings shine;
Let him lascivious Songs and Dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lowdest Slave,
The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,
With Bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.
But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A *Vestal* ravil'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.

But my poor Entertainment is design'd
 T' afford you Pleasures of another kind:
 Yet with your Taste your Hearing shall be fed,
 And *Homer's* Sacred Lines, and *Virgil's* read;
 Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
 Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
 It matters not with what ill Tone they're Sung,
 Verse so sublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
 Thy Jealousies and Fears, and while you may
 To Peace and soft Repose, give all the Day.
 From thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
 Be free, be all uneasie Passions still.
 What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all Night)
 Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,
 And having quench'd her Flame, comes breathless
 Fleck'd in her Face, and with disorder'd Hair, [home,
 Her Garments ruffled, and her Bosom bare,
 With Ears still tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
 Half drown'd in Sin, still burning in Desire:
 Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with Passion, which you dare not vent;

Nay, if you wou'd be free, from Night-alarms,
 You must seem fond, and doating on her Charms;
 Take her (the last of Twenty) to your Arms!

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
 At th' entrance of my Threshold be forgot;
 All thy Domestick Griefs at home be left,
 The Wife's Adultry, with the Servants Theft;
 And (the most tracking Thought, which can intrude)
 Forget false Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at home begin,
 Whileⁿ *Megalensian* Shows are in the *Circus* seen:
 There (to the Band of Horses) in high State
 Theⁿ *Praetor* sits, on a Triumphal Seat:
 Vainly with Ensigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
 As if with Conquest, from the Wars return'd.
 This Day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
 Without Offence to such a num'rous Crowd,
 To say all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* sweat;
Ecchos already do their Shouts repeat;

Methinks I hear the Cry—*Away, away,*

Theⁿ Green have won the Honour of the Day.

Oh, should these Sports be but one Year forborn,
Rome wou'd in Tears her lov'd Diversion mourn;

For that would now a Cause of Sorrow yield,
 Great as the loss of *Cannæ's fatal Field*.
 Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,
 But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
 On Beds of *Roses* laid, let us repose,
 While round our Heads refreshing *Ointment* flows,
 Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phœbus* Rays,
 And live this Day devoted to our Ease.
 Early to Day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
 Nor need we now the common Censure fear:
 On *Festivals*, it is allow'd no Crime
 To Bath, and Eat, before the usual time:
 But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a Week together live:
 For, frequent Use, would the Delight exclude,
Pleasure's a Toil, when constantly purfu'd.

Explanatory Notes on the Eleventh Satyr.

1 **Atticus.** The Name of a very Eminent Person in Rome: But here it is meant to signify any one of Great Wealth and Quality.

2 **Rusticus.** One who by his own Extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the most shameful Degree of Poverty. This likewise, is here made use of, as a Common Name to all Beggary Gluttons, such whose unreasonable Appetites remain after their Estates are consumed.

3 **Urg'd by no Power, restrain'd by no Advice.** Sometimes Persons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of Nere, to practise the Trade of Fencing, and to Fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diversion; otherwise, I seldom any but Common Slaves or Condemn'd Malefactors were so employ'd: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelihood (like *Rusticus*) apply'd himself to that wretched Trade.

Restrain'd by no Advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to such a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was suffer'd to undertake it, and not advised, or contended by the Magistracy, so the contrary.

4 **Of the same wretched kind, viz. Reduced to Poverty by riotous living.**

5 **The broken Relick.**

Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discover'd to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.

6 **Ventidius.** A Noble Roman, who liv'd Hospitably.

7 **Thersites.** An Impudent, Deform'd, Ill-Tongu'd Fellow (as *Homer* describes him, *Iliad* 2.) who accompany'd the *Grecian* Army to the Siege of Troy; where he took a Privilege often to rail and snarle at the Commanders. Some relate, that at last *Achilles*, for his Sawtiness, kill'd him with a Blow of his Rist. Therefore we are not to understand *Thersites*, here, as relating a matter of Fact; but *Thersites* is used here, to signify any body of the same kind: As before, *Atticus* and *Rusticus*. The Meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose *Ajax* and *Ulysses* in contending for *Achilles's* Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. *Dryden* in his Tragedy, of *Æneid* found too late.

8 **Ulysses.** The most Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes. After *Achilles's* Death, *Ajax* a fam'd *Grecian* Warrior pretended to his Armour; *Ulysses* opposed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. *Ovid. Metam.* 13.

9 *Pollio*. Brought to that pass, by his Gluttony; that he was forced to sell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Distinction, worn by Roman Knights.

10 *Astræa*. The Goddess of Justice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.

Ultima Cælestium Terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.

11 *Perseus*. *Juvenal's* Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addresses this Satyr.

12 *Evander*. A Prince of *Arcadia*, who unluckily killing his Father, forsook his own Country and came into Italy; settling in that place, where afterwards Rome was built. *Virgil, Æn. 8.* tells us that he entertain'd both *Hercules* and *Æneas*, when he was in a low Condition.

13 *Aleides*. *Hercules*, so called from his Grandfather *Aleus*.

14 *Curius Dentatus*. A Great Man who had been three times Consul of Rome, and had Triumph'd over many Kings; yet was great an Example of Temperance and Courage.

15 A Dish in great esteem among the Romans.

— *Nil Vulva pulcrius ampla.* Horat.

16 If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Flesh remain'd to spare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.

17 *Consul*. By the Tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*, (the last Roman King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulsion, they assembled, and resolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Persons, who were to be chosen every Year anew, and whom they call'd *Consuls*.

18 *Dictator*. Was a General chosen upon some emergent Occasion; his Office was limited to six Months; which time expired (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new Election. The *Dictator* differed in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 *Before th' appointed Hour*.

It was accounted Greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three a Clock, Afternoon. But upon Festival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excusable in Old People.

20 *Censors*. Were two great Officers, part of whose business was to inspect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power even to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Misdemeanors: And in former Days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the Romans Eating, was to lye upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain

Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoise-Shells, Pearls and Ivory.

22 *Grecian Arts.* The Romans copied their Luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this Saying, with so much Indignation in our Poet, Sat. 3.

—*Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcæ Urbem*—

23 *Romulus and Remus.* Twins, and Founders of the Roman Empire; whom the Poets feign were Nurs'd by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being *Lupa*.

24 Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.

25 The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet Ointments, at their Feasts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great esteem among them, and prefer'd to Silver.

27 *Trypherus.* There were in Rome, Professors of the Art of Carving; who taught publicly in Schools. Of this kind, *Trypherus* was the most Famous.

28 *Ganymede.* Cup-bearer.

29 *Phrygia.* Whence Pretty Boys were brought to Rome; and sold publicly in the Markets, to vile uses.

30 An usual part of the Entertainment, when great Men Feasted, to have wanton Women dance after a lascivious manner.

31 *Virtue wou'd shrink to hear this Lewdness told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold.*

These Lines in *Juvenal*,

*Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem presentibus ipsis.*

in some late Editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this Satyr: And in the order of this Translation, wou'd so have follow'd, after Line 349, viz.

*Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.*

But I have continued them in this place after *Lucin*. Besides the Example of the Learned *Holyday* for the same Position; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Sense both before and after. For the *Megalensian Games* consisting chiefly of Races, and such like Exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of Shame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifest Immodesty for 'em to lye by their Husbands, and see the lewd Actions of their own Sex in the manner describ'd.

32 *Megalensian Shows.* Games in Honour of Cybele, the Mother of the Gods. She was call'd *μεγάλη μήτηρ*, *Magna Mater*, and from thence these Games *Megalenses*, or *Indi Megalenses*; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six Days.

33 *Circus.* The Place where those Games were celebrated.

34 *Prætor.* An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to oversee these Sports, and sat in great State, while they were acting; to the Destruction of many Horses, which were spoiled in running the Races.

35 *The Green have won the Honour of the Day.*

In running the Races in the *Circus*, with Horses in Chariots, there were four distinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a kind of Russet Red, White, and Blue. One of these Factions was always favour'd by the Court, and at this time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the shout for Joy of their Party. Afterward *Demetrius* added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate Fondness the Romans had for such Shows.

37 *Cannæ.* A small Town, near which Hannibal obtained a great Victory over the Romans: In that Battle were slain 40000 Men, and so many Gentlemen that he sent three Bells full of Rings to Carthage, as a Token of his Victory.

38 See the Notes at Fig. 19.



12. Vander Gucht. Scul.

JUVENAL.

THE

TWELFTH SATYR.

By Mr. THOMAS POWER, Fellow
of Trinity-College in Cambridge.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet invites Carvius to assist at the performance of a Sacrifice he had Vow'd to the Gods, and was now thankfully Offering up for the Safety of his Friend Carullus the Merchant, who with the loss of his Goods, had escap'd the double Danger of Fire and Water. He professes the reality of his Friendship, and the sincerity of his Intentions; that what he did in this nature, was without any Design upon Carullus, or prospect of Advantage from him, who had three Children to leave his Estate to. And here taking the hint, he exercises his Satyrical Vein upon the Heredipetæ, or Legacy Hunters, who made their Court to, and largely presented, and in their Sicknes Sacrificed for the Health of Rich Childless Men, in

hopes to be consider'd in their Will: Among the rest, he singles out one Pacuvius, a Fellow very dextrous at, and notorious for this Practice: And concludes all with a Wish for Pacuvius; which some covetous Persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a Curse.

THIS Day's, this joyful Day's Solemnity [vie:
Do's with my Birth-days more than equal
Of Grassie Turves the rural Altar's rear'd,
Expect the Firstlings of the Flock and Herd;
To Royal *Juno*, and the Warlike *Maid*,
Shall in a Lamb to each my Vows be paid;
A Steer, of the first Head in the whole Drove,
Reserve we sacred to *Tarpeian Jove*:
Forward he bounds his Rope's extended length,
With pushing front, proud since he try'd his strength,
And Budding Horns against an adverse Oak;
Fit for the Altar, and the Fatal Stroke.
Were but my Fortunes equal to my Mind,
My bounteous Love more nobly had design'd,
A Bull high fed shou'd fall the Sacrifice;
One of *Hispulla's* huge prodigious Size:

Not

Not one of those our Neighbouring Pastures feed;
 But of *Chimæra* whitest Sacred Breed,
 The lively tincture of whose gulhing Blood,
 Should clearly prove the Richness of his Food:
 A Neck so strong, so large as wou'd demand
 The speeding Blow of some uncommon hand.

This for my Friend, or more I wou'd perform
 Who, danger free, still trembles at the Storm,
 Presenting Forms so hideous to his sight,
 As Safety scarce allays the wild Afright.

First from a Cloud that Heav'n all o'er-cast,
 With glance so swift the subtle Lightning past,
 As split the Sail, Yards, trembling, and half dead,
 Each thought the Blow was levell'd at his Head:
 The flaming Shrouds so dreadful did appear,
 All judg'd a Wreck cou'd no proportion bear.
 So Fancy paints, so does the Poet write,
 When he wou'd work a Tempest to the height.
 This Danger past, a second does succeed,
 Again with pity, and attention heed:
 No less this second, tho' of different kind,
 Such as, in *Isis* Temple, you may find

On votive Tablets, to the Life portray'd;
 Where Painters are employ'd, and earn their Bread;
 What Painters in their liveliest Daughters express,
 May be a Copy of my Friend's Distress.

For now a Sea into the Hold was got,
 Wave upon Wave another Sea had wrought,
 And might perforce the Stern on either side
 The Heary Pilot his best Skill apply'd;
 But useless all when he despairing found,
Catullus then did with the Winds compound.

Just as the Beaver, that wise thinking Brute,
 Who, when hard hunted on a close Pursuit,
 Bites off his Stones, the cause of all the strife,
 And pays 'em down a Ransom for his Life,
 Over with all, he cries, with all that's mine;
 Without reserve I freely all resign.

Rich Garments, Purple dy'd in Grain, go over;
 No soft *Mexanas* ever choicer wore.

And others of that Fleece, that never dy'd,
 Or stain'd by Art, is rich in Nature's Pride;
 Such as its Tincture from the Soil does bear,
 By Noble Springs improv'd and better Air.

Nor stopp'd he so, but over went his Plate
 Made by *Parthenos*, follow'd by a great
 And Massie Goblet, a two Gallon Draught,
 Might set a thirsty *Censur* when he quaff,
 Or drench the Wife of *Paphos*: Add to these
 Baskets of *Britain*, Rarities of *Greece*,
 A set of Plate most artfully imboist,
 No less a Bribe than what *Olympus* coist,
 Shew me the Man, that other he, would dare
 His very Life and Soul to Gold prefer:
 Now *Money* serves not *Life's* most Noble Ends,
 But slavish *Life* imperious *Wealth* attends.
 Thus most of the Ship's Freight went over-board,
 Yet all this Waste cou'd small Relief afford;
 So fierce the Storm, Necessity at last
 Does loudly call to ease her of her Mast:
 Hard is the Case, and dang'rous the Distress,
 When what we wou'd preserve, we must make less:
 Go now, go trust the Wind's uncertain Breath,
 Remov'd four Fingers from approaching Death;
 Or seven at most, when thickest is the Board:
 Go with Provision, Bisket, Brandy stor'd;

But if you reasonably hope to speed,
 You must produce your Ax in time of need.
 Now when the Sea grew calm, the Winds were laid,
 And the pleas'd *Parce* spun a whiter Thread;
 When Fate propitious sent a gentle Gale;
 The shatter'd Vessel, with one wretched Sail,
 Beside what Gowns and Coats her Crew cou'd lend
 To help her on her Course, did homeward bend:
 The South-Wind less'ning still, the Sun appears,
 And into lively Hope converts their Fears:
 And now, in prospect sweet, his cheerful Light
 The *Alban* Cliffs confesses to their sight;
 Where *Alba's* Pile *Iulus* founding rear'd,
 When to *Lavinium* he that Seat preferr'd;
 And call'd it *Alba*, from the white Sow nam'd,
 That for her thirty Sucking Pigs was fam'd.
 At last within the mighty Mole she gets,
 Our *Tuscan Pharos*, that the mid Sea meets
 With its Embrace, and leaves the Land behind:
 A Work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd.
 Through it the joyful Steers-Man clears his way,
 And comes to Anchor in its inmost Bay;

Where smallest Vessels ride, and are secur'd,
And the Shorn Saylor's boast what they endur'd.

Go then, my Boys, the sacred Rites prepare:
With awful Silence and Attention hear:

With Bran the Knives, with Flow'rs the Altars dress;
And in your Diligence your Zeal express.

I'll follow streight, and, having paid my Vows,
Thence home again, where Chaplets wreath the Brows
Of all my little Waxen Deities:

And Incense shall Domestick *Jove* appease:

My shining Household-Gods shall revel there,

And all the Colours of the Violet wear.

All's right; my Portal shines with verdant Bays,

And consecrated Tapers early blaze.

Suspect me not, *Corvinus*, of Design,

Far be such Guilt from any Thought of mine:

My Altars smook not for so base an end,

Catullus, tho' a Father, is my Friend,

And his three Children bar a foreign Claim.

Who on a Friend so hopeless, such a Name

As Father, wou'd a sickly Hen bestow?

Or on such slender Grounds a Quail forego?

If *Paccius* or *Gallia* breathe a Vain,
 The Temples freight are crowded with a Train
 Of fawning Rascals, utt'ring each his Pray'r;
 Nothing's too precious for a Life so dear:
 A Hecatomb is scarce enough to bleed:
 And, but an Elephant's no common Breed,
 Nor seen, nor known in *Italy*, before
 There were transported from the *Africk* Shore:
 Since which, in the *Rutilian* Forest rear'd,
 They range at large, great *Cesar's* Royal Herd:
 As once they learnt King *Pyrrhus* to obey,
 And with Submission to our Consuls sway;
 Or *Tyrian Hannibal's* part of the War
 In Turrets on their Backs they us'd to bear:
 Cou'd *Novius* or *Pacuvius* but procure
 These Iv'ry Portents, Death shou'd seal 'em sure
 A Victim for *Gallia*; nothing less
 The greatness of their Friendship can express.
Pacuvius, were he not by Law withstood,
 Wou'd manifest his own in Human Blood;
 The best, the loveliest Slave of either Sex,
 To serve his Complement, shou'd yield their Necks:

Nay to that height the wicked Rogue proceeds,
 His *Iphigenia*, his Daughter, Bleeds
 If need requires, tho' he was sure to find
 No dextrous Slight to change her for a Hind,
 My Fellow-Citizen I must commend,
 For what's a Fleet to a bequeathing Friend?
 For, if he chance to 'scape this dismal Bout,
 The former Legatees are blotted out;
 Upon *Pacuvius* all must be conferr'd,
 So great a Merit claims no less Reward:
Pacuvius shrugs it, and triumphant goes
 In the dejected Crowd of Rival Foes:
 You see the Fruit of his projecting Brain,
 In off'ring up his Daughter to his Gain.
 As great as *Nero's* Plunder be his Store,
 High, Mountain high, be pil'd the shining Ore,
 Then may he Life to *Nesstor's* Age extend,
 Nor ever be, nor ever find a Friend,

Explanatory Notes on the Twelfth Satyr.

1 *TO Royal Juv.* The Queen of the Gods; so call'd by the Poets, as being Wife to *Jupiter*, who was the Supreme Deity of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. By the *Warlike Maid*, is meant *Pallas* or *Minerva*, the Goddess of Learning and War. They had their peculiar Sacrifices appointed them, in the Rithals or Books of Ceremonies of the Antients: White Bulls were offer'd to *Jupiter*; white Cows to *Juno* and *Minerva*. The Poet, tho' not able to undergo the Charge of so great a Sacrifice, yet willing to shew his Devotion, and pay his Vow for his Friend's safe Arrival, proportionable to his Estate, offers to *Juno* an Ewe Lamb, another to *Minerva*, and to *Jupiter* a young Bullock.

2 *Tarpeian Jove*. On Mount *Capitol*, otherwise call'd the *Tarpeian Hill*, from the *Vestal Virgin Tarpeia* that betray'd it to the *Sabines*, *Jupiter* had a Temple; whence he was Nam'd *Tarpeian* and *Capitoline*.

3 *Hispulla's*. A Fat sensual Lady, noted as infamous for keeping a Player, *Sat. 6*.

4 *Clitumnus*. A River that divides *Tuscany* and *Umbria*, whose Water, as *Pliny* relates, makes the Cows that drink of it Calve their young White: Whence the *Romans*, as *Virgil* and *Claudian* observe, were plentifully furnish'd with Sacrifices for *Jupiter Capitoline*.

5 *Uncommon Hand*. The *Grandis Minister* of *Juvenal*, some interpret in a Sense referring to the Quality of the Person, as if the Chief Pontif, and not one of the *Pope's*, or ordinary Officers, was to give the Blow: But as it is unseemly to make the Chief Pontif descend to so mean Office; so it is more probable the Poet meant not the Dignity, but the Size and Strength of the Person.

6 *Iris Temple*. The *Egyptian* Goddess, look'd upon by Merchants and Seamen as their Patroness; to whom they made their Vows in their Extremity. The Custom was for those that escap'd to hang upon the Walls of her Temple the Picture of a Wreck or Storm, which was call'd a Votive Table; and her Votaries, it seems, were so numerous, that she was forc'd to employ a whole Company of Painters in her Service.

7 *Just as the Beaver*. A proper Simile, and good Moral allusion, but the Ground is wholly fabulous; and has experimentally been prov'd so by *Sestius* a Physician, as it stands related by *Pliny*, *Dr. Brown*, in his Book of *Vulgar Errors*, says, that the Testicles, properly so call'd, are seated inwardly upon the Loins; and therefore it were not only a fruitless Attempt, but an impossible Act, to castrate it self: And might be an hazardous Practice of Art, if at all attempted by others.

8 *Soft Manners.* *Augustus*, the great Favourite; and Patron to *Virgil* and *Horace*. *Juvenal* here takes him of being over-soft and delicate; which *Horace* has done too, tho' covertly, and under another Name.

9 *Barb'd Air.* In *Barb'd Spain* (now *Andalusia*, and the best part of *Granada*) the Sheep's Fleeces are naturally of a Colour betwixt Red and Black, resembling the Purple Dye, which the Ancients imputed to the goodness of the Air and the Soil: And they put a great value on it, as we do now in the *Spanish* Wooll for its fineness.

10 *Paribeni.* A great Master in the Art of Graving.

11 *The Wife of Fuscus.* *Fuscus* was a Judge, mention'd in the last Satyr, noted by *Martial* for a Drunkard; as his Wife is here by *Juvenal* in the good Company of *Pholus* the Centaur.

12 *Baskets of Britain.* *Bascauda*, the *British* Word for a Basket, was by the Romans made Latin. They so much fancied the *Baskets* of our Island, that they would claim the Invention to themselves, *Mars. lib. 14.*

Barbara de Picis ueni Bascauda Britannis,

Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam.

From British Picis the barb'ron Basket came;

But now Rome gladly wou'd its Invention claim.

13 *Olympus cost.* A strong fortify'd City of *Thrace*, not to be taken by a Storm or Siege. *Philip* of *Macedon* made a considerable Present of Plate to *Lisibenes*, who was intrusted with the Government of it by the *Athenians*; and he, being corrupted with so great a Bribe, treacherously surrender'd it to *Philip*.

16 *Parca Spun.* The *Destinies*; they were three Sisters, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*, perpetually employ'd in Spinning: If the Thread they Spun was White, it was a sign of Life and Prosperity; if Black, of Death and Adversity.

17 *Alban Cliffs.* Near them was built *Alba Longa* by *Ascanius*, who left his Step-mother *Lavinia*, in the City of *Lavinium*, built by his Father *Æneas*, and called by her Name. *Ascanius* call'd his own City *Longa*, from the long form of it, and *Alba* from the White Sow with Thirty Pigs sucking her, that was seen by the *Trojans* a little after their Landing; and where the City was built, according to the Command of the Oracle. *Virg.*

18 *Our Tuscan Pharos.* *Pharos* was a Port in *Egypt*, famous for its Watch-Tower, wherein were plac'd Lights for the Benefit and Direction of Sailors by Night: *Juvenal* calls the Port of *Ostia*, where *Tiber* disburthens it self into the Sea, the *Tuscan Pharos*: It was design'd by *Augustus* after the Model of that in *Egypt*: *Claudius Cesar*, as *Suetonius* says, carried on, and finish'd the Mole, with vast Labour and Charges; having for eleven Years together kept 30000 Men at work upon it. It was afterwards repair'd by *Trajan*.

19 *To Stern Sailors.* It was a Custom among the Ancients, when in Distress at Sea, to invoke the aid of some God or other, with a Solemn Vow of cutting off their Hair, and offering it to him, as an acknowledgment to whose Assistance they ow'd their Safety. To this St. Paul probably alludes, Acts 27-34: There fell was an Hair of your Head perish: As if he had said, They shou'd not need to Vow their Hair: for without such a Vow, and the Performance of it, they shou'd all escape.

20 *Of Paccus or Gallus.* Two rich Men, both of them Childless; which made the *Hereditaries* or Legacy-Hunters present them, and ply them with Gift upon Gift, in hopes to be consider'd in their Will. *Facetus* makes mention of them both: The first he calls *Africanus*; the other *Crispilianus*.

21 *Neivus or Paccinus.* Two crafty designing Knaves, Visitors of the sick *Gallus* or *Paccus*.

22 *Of Portents.* Elephants so call'd from their Suspicious bigness and Ivory Teeth.

23 *His Iphigenia.* The Story in short is this: The *Grecians* Fleet lying Wind-bound at *Aulis*, the Oracle was consulted, and answer return'd, No Wind could be had for their purpose, unless *Agamemnon*, Commander in Chief in the Expedition, would offer up his Daughter *Iphigenia* to appease *Diana's* Anger, that was offended with the *Greeks* for killing an Hind Consecrated to her. *Agamemnon*, for the Publick Good, brings his Daughter to the Altar; but the Goddess relenting, convey'd her away to the *Taurick Chersonese*, and substituted an Hind in her place. The application of this to *Paccinus* is obvious enough.

24 *At Nero's Plunder.* The prodigious Sums he extorted from the Provinces by unreasonable Taxes, Confiscations, &c. are almost incredible. He gave no Office without this Charge: *What I want, let us make it our Business, that no Body may have any thing.*

25 *To Nestor's Age.* Grown now to a Proverb; who liv'd, as *Hammer* says, to compleat the third Age of Man: The Word *Age* is an equivocal Term, and diversly taken by many: but if we take it in its full extent, as it comprehends an hundred Years, it will serve very well *Juvenal's* purpose.

26 *Of the Emperor's Council.* The Council of the Emperor, who was then *Nero*, was a very famous Assembly, where all the great Men of the Empire were assembled, to advise with the Emperor in all his Affairs. *Juvenal* makes mention of this Council in several places, and particularly in this Satire, where he describes the Emperor's Council as a place where the great Men of the Empire were assembled, to advise with the Emperor in all his Affairs. *Juvenal* makes mention of this Council in several places, and particularly in this Satire, where he describes the Emperor's Council as a place where the great Men of the Empire were assembled, to advise with the Emperor in all his Affairs.





JUVENAL

THE

THIRTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. THOMAS CREECH, Fellow
of All-Souls-College in Oxford.

THE ARGUMENT.

Corvinus had trusted one of his old Friends and Acquaintance with a Bag of Money, this Friend denies the Trust, and forswears it too: Corvinus is very much disturb'd at this Cheat, flumes, and rages, accuses Providence, and is ready to conclude that God takes account of Things below, because some sudden and remarkable Vengeance did not fall upon this perjur'd false Wretch: Juvenal hearing of Corvinus's Loss, and unmanly Behaviour, writes this Satyr to him, both to comfort him after his Loss, and instruct him how to bear it, and thence takes occasion to speak of the Villeneſs and Villany of his Trust. He begins with the Condition of abandoned Men, and tells him, i. That the Stranger will hate himself, and, ii. That he will be hated by all Mankind. iii. He puts Corvinus in mind that he hath a good Estate, and

that this Loss will not break him. iv. and v. That a great many have suffer'd the like Misfortunes; that Cheats were common, his Loss but little, and therefore not to be resented with so violent a Passion. Hence, vi. He expatiates on the Vileness of the Times; and, vii. compares his Age with the Golden one, which he tedioussly describes. viii. He continues his Reflections on the general Wickedness of the Times. ix. Makes some Observations on the Confidence of some Sinners: And, x. endeavours to give some account of this: He observes that some are Atheists; xi. Others believe a God, but fancy the Money they get by their Perjury, will do them more good than the Punishment he inflicts will do them harm: At least, xii. that God is Merciful, they may be Pardon'd, or scape in the Crowd of Sinners, since some are forgiven, and all do not meet with Punishments equal to their Deserts. xiii. He corrects his Friend for his Atheistical Passion, and rude Accusations of Providence; And, xiv. advises him to be more cool; and consider, That, xv. such Cheats are common, and he hath suffer'd no more than other Men; And, xvi. that every day he may meet with greater Crimes, which require his Concernment. That, xvii. his Passion is idle and fruitless; because Revenge, which is the only end of Passion, will do him no good, it will not retrieve his Loss; and besides is an Argument of a base Mind and mean Temper. Then coming closer to his Point, he tells him, xviii. The Wicked are severely punish'd by their own Consciences; xix. Vengeance waits upon them: And, xx. describes the miserable Life and terrible Death of the wick.

ed Man. And, xxi. closes all with observing, that few Men stop at their first Sin, but go on till their Crimes provoke Providence. And therefore, xxii. Corvinus need not fear, but this perjur'd Friend of his would do so too, and then he should see some remarkable Judgment fall upon him.

I.
HE that commits a Sin, shall quickly find
 The pressing Guilt lie heavy on his Mind,
 Tho' Bribes or Favour shall assert his Cause,
 Pronounce him Guiltless, and elude the Laws:
 None quits himself, his own impartial Thought
 Will damn, and Conscience will record the Fault.

II.
 This first the Wicked feels: Then publick Hate
 Pursues the Cheat, and proves the Villain's Fate.

III.
 But more, Corvinus, thy Estate can bear
 A greater Loss, and not implore thy Care;
 Thy Stock's sufficient, and thy Wealth too great
 To feel the Damage of a Petty Cheat.

IV.
 Not are such Losses to the World unknown,
 A rare Example, and thy Chance alone;

Most feel them, and in Fortune's Lottery lies
A heap of *Blanks*, like this, for one small Prize.

V.

Abate thy Passion, nor too much complain,
Grief shou'd be forc'd, and it becomes a Man
To let it rise no higher than his Pain :

But you, too weak the slightest Loss to bear,
Too delicate the common Fate to share,
Are on the Fret of Passion, Boli and Rage,
Because, in so debauch'd and vile an Age,
Thy Friend and Old Acquaintance dares disown
The Gold you lent him, and forswear the Loan.

What, start at this ? When *sixty* Years have spread
Their gray Experience o'er thy hoary Head !
Is this the *All* observing Age cou'd gain,
Or hast thou known the World so long in vain ?

Let *Sticks* Ethicks haughty Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance ;
Yet *Happy* those, tho' not so *Learn'd*, are thought,
Whom *Life* instructs, who by *Experience* taught,
For *new* to come from *past* Misfortunes look ;
Nor shake the *Toak*, which galls the more 'tis shook.

VI
What Day's so Sacred, but its Rest's profan'd
By violent Robbers, or by Murders stain'd?
Here *bir'd Assassins* for their Gain invade,
And treacherous *Payners* urge their Fatal Trade.

Good Men are scarce, the *Just* are thinly sown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they last when grown.
And shou'd we count them, and our Store comple,
Yet *Thebes* more Gates wou'd shew, more Mouths
the Nile.

Worse than the *Iron Age*, and wretched Times
Roul on; and *Use* hath so improv'd our Crimes,
That baffled Nature knows not how to frame
A Metal base enough to give the *Age* a Name.

Yet you exclaim, as loud as those that Praise,
For Scraps and Coach-hire, a Young Noble's Plays,
You thunder, and, as Passion wou'd along,
Call Heav'n and Earth to witness to your Wrong.

Gray-headed Infant! and in vain grown Old,
Art thou to learn what in *another's* Gold
Lie Charms resistless? That all laugh to find
Unthinking Plainness so o'er-spread thy Mind,

That thou could'st *seriously* perswade the Crowd
To keep their Oaths; and to believe a God?

VII.

This They cou'd do whilst *Saturn* fill'd the Throne,
E'er *Juno* burnish'd, or Young *Jove* was grown;
E'er private He left *Ida's* close Retreat,
Or made Rebellion by Example great:
And whilst his Hoary Sire to *Latium* fled,
Usurp'd his Empire, and defil'd his Bed.
Whilst Gods din'd singly, and few Feasts above,
No beauteous *Hebe* mixt the Wine with Love;
No *Phrygian* Boy: But *Vulcan* stain'd the Pole
With sooty Hands, and fill'd the sparing Bowl.
E'er Gods grew numerous, and the Heav'nly Crowd
Prest wretched *Atlas* with a lighter Load:
E'er Chance unenvy'd *Neptune's* Lot confin'd
To rule the Ocean, and oppose the Wind:
E'er *Proserpine* with *Pluto* shar'd the Throne,
E'er *Furies* lasht, or Ghosts had learn'd to Groan:
But free from Punishment as free from Sin
The *Shades* liv'd jolly, and without a King.

Then

Their *Vice* was rare; e'en *Rudeness* kept in awe
 Felt all the rigour of avenging Law;
 And had not *Men* the *Honour* Heads rever'd;
 Or *Boys* paid Reverence when a *Man* appear'd,
 Both must have dy'd; tho' Richer Skins they wore,
 And saw more heaps of *Acorns* in their store;
 Four years Advance did such Respect engage,
 And Youth was Reverenc'd then like sacred Age.

VIII.

Now if one *Honest* Man I chance to view,
 Contemning *Int'rest*, and to *Virtue* true;
 I rank him with the Prodigies of Fame;
 With *Plough'd up* Fishes, and with *Icy* Flame;
 With Things which start from *Nature's* common
 Rules;

With *Bearded* Infants, and with *Teeming* Mules:
 As much amaz'd at the prodigious Sign,
 As if I saw *Bees* cluster'd on a Shrine;
 A Show'r of Stones, or Rivers chang'd to Blood
 Rowl wond'rous Waves, or urge a Milky Flood.

IX.

A little Sum you Mourn, whilst *Moss* have met
 With twice the Loss, and by as *Vile* a Cheat:

By treacherous Friends, and secret Trust betray'd,
Some are undone; nor are the Gods our Aid.
Those *Conscious Powers* we can with ease contempt,
If hid from *Men*, we trust our Crimes with them.

Observe the Wretch who hath his Faith forsook,
How *clear* his Voice, and how *assur'd* his Look!
Like Innocence, and as serenely bold
As Truth, how loudly He forswears thy Gold!
By *Neptune's* Trident, by the Bolts of *Jove*,
And all the Magazine of Wrath above.
Nay, more, in Curses he goes *boldly* on,
He damns himself, and thus *devotes* his Son:
If I'm forsworn, you injur'd Gods renew
Thyestes' Feast, and prove the Fable true.

X.

Some think that *Chance* rules all, that *Nature* steers
The moving Seasons, and turns round the Years.
These run to ev'ry Shrine, these boldly swear,
And keep no *Faith*, because they know no *Fear*.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his Doubts decline,
He dreads just Vengeance, and he starts at Sin;

He owns a *God*: And yet the Wretch forswears;
 And thus he Reasons to relieve his Fears,
 Let *Isis* rage; so I securely hold
 The Coin forsworn; and keep the ravish'd Gold;
 Let Blindness, Lameness come; are Legs and Eyes
 Of equal Value to so great a Prize?
 Would starving *Ladas*, had he leave to chuse,
 And were not frantick, the *Rich God* refuse?
 For can the Glory of the swiftest pace
 Procure him Food? Or can he feast on Praise?

XII.

The Gods take *Aim* before they strike their Blow;
 Tho' sure their Vengeance, yet the Stroke is slow;
 And shou'd at ev'ry Sin their Thunder fly,
 I'm yet secure; nor is my Danger nigh:
 But they are *Gracious*, but their Hands are free,
 And who can tell but they may reach to Me?
 Some they forgive; and ev'ry Age Relates
 That equal Crimes have met unequal Fates;
 That Sins alike, unlike Rewards have found, [Crown'd.
 And whilst *This Villian's* Crucify'd, *The other's*
 The Man that shiver'd on the brink of Sin,
 Thus steel'd and hard'ned, ventures boldly in,

Dare him to Swear, he with a cheerful Face
 Flies to the Shrine, and bids Thee mend thy Pace;
 He urges, goes before Thee, shews the way,
 Nay, pulls Thee on, and chides Thy dull delay:
 For Confidence in Sin, when mixt with Zeal,
 Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well.

XIII.

Thuslike the waggish Slave in Play,
 He spreads the Net, and takes the easie Prey.
 You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
 As Stentor bellowing to the Grecian Crowd,
 Or Homer's Mars, with too much warmth exclaim;
 Jove, dost Thou hear, and is thy Thunder tame?
 Wert Thou all Brass, thy Brazen Arm should rage,
 And fix the Wretch a Sign to future Age:
 Else why shoud Mortals to thy Feasts repair,
 Spend useless Incense, and more useless Prayer?
 Bathyllus' Statue at this rate may prove
 Thy equal Rival, or a greater Jove

XIV.

Be cool, my Friend, and hear my Muse dispence
 Some sovereign Comforts, drawn from common Sense;

Not fetch'd from *Stoicks* rigid Schools, nor wrought
 By *Epicurus* more indulgent Thought;
 Who led by Nature, did with Ease pursue
 The Rules of Life; guess'd best, tho' miss'd the true.
 A desperate Wound must skilful Hands employ,
 But thine is curable by "*Philip's Boy*."

XV.

Look o'er the present and the former time,
 If no *Example* of so Vile a Crime
 Appears, then Mourn; admit no kind Relief;
 But beat thy Breast, and I applaud thy Grief;
 Let Sorrow then appear in all her State,
 Keep mournful Silence, and shut fast thy Gate.
 Let solemn Grief on *Mony* lost attend,
 Greater than waits upon a dying Friend;
 None feigns, none acted Mourning's forc'd to show,
 Or squeeze his Eyes to make that Torrent flow;
 For *Mony* lost demands a heartier due,
 Then Tears are real, and the Grief is true.
 But if at each Assize, and Term, we try
 A thousand Rascals of as deep a Dye;
 If Men forswear the Deeds and Bonds they draw,
 Tho' Sign'd with all Formality of Law,

And tho' the Writing and the Seal proclaim
 The barefac'd Perjury, and fix the Shame,
 Go, Fortune's Darling, nor expect to bear
 The common Lot, but to avoid thy share!
 Heav'n's Favourite Thou, for better Fates design'd,
 Then we the Dregs and Rubbish of Mankind!

XVI.

This petty Sinner scarce deserves thy Rage,
 Compar'd with the great Villians of the Age.
 Here hir'd Assassins kill, there Sulphur thrown,
 By treacherous Hands, destroys the frighted Town,
 Bold Sacrilege, invading Things Divine,
 Breaks through a Temple, or destroys a Shrine,
 The Reverend Goblets, and the ancient Plate,
 Those grateful Presents of a Conqu'ring State,
 Or pious King, or if the Shrine be poor,
 The Image spoils: Nor is the God secure.
 One seizes Neptune's Beard, one Castor's Crown,
 Or Jove himself, and melts the Thunderer down.
 Here Poys'ners murder, there the impious Son,
 With whom a guiltless Ape is doom'd to drown,

Prevents old Age, and with a *hasty* blow
Cuts down his *Sire*, and quickens Fates too slow.

Yet what are these to those vast heaps of Crimes,
Which make the greatest *Business* of our Times,
Which *Themselves* prolong, and which from Morn to Night
Antaze the *Jurist*, and the *Judges* fright?

Attend the *Courts*, and thou shalt briefly find
In that one place the Manners of Mankind;
Hear the Indictments, then return again,
Call thy self Wretch, and if thou dar'st, complain.
Whom midst the *Alps* do hanging Threats surprize?
Who stares in *Germany* at watchet Eyes?
Or who in *Mors*, when the Breast reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the Shoulder to the Child behind,
And bigger than the Boy? For Wonder's lost
When Things grow common, and are found in most.
When *Cranes* invade, his little Sword and Shield
The *Pigmy* takes, and streight attends the Field:
The Fight's soon o'er; the *Dracons* descend, and bear
The sprawling Warriors through the liquid Air:
Now here shou'd such a Fight appear to view,
All Men wou'd split, the fight wou'd please whilst new:

There none's concern'd, where every Day they fight,
And not one Warrior is a *Foat* in Height,

XVII.

But shall the *Villian* 'scape? Shall Perjury
Grow Rich and Safe, and shall the Cheat be free?

Hadst thou full power (*Rage* asks no more) to kill,
Or measure out his Torments by thy Will,

Yet what couldst thou, *Tormentor*, hope to gain?

Thy Loss continues, unrepaid by Pain,

Inglorious Comfort thou shalt poorly meet,

From his mean Blood. But, *ah! Revenge is sweet.*

Thus think the *Crowd*, who, eager to engage,

Take quickly fire, and kindle into Rage,

Who ne'er consider, but, without a pause,

Make up in Passion what they want in Cause,

Not so mild? *Thales*, nor *Chrysippus* thought,

Nor that Good Man, who Drank the *Poisonous*

Draught

With Mind serene; and cou'd not wish to see

His *Vile* Accuser drink as deep as He;

Exalted *Socrates*! Divinely brave!

Injur'd He fell, and dying He forgave,

Too Noble for *Revenge*; which still we find
 The weakest Frailty of a feeble Mind;
 Degenerous Passion, and for *Man* too base,
 It seats its Empire in the *Female* Race;
 There rages, and, to make its Blow secure,
 Puts Flattery on, until the Aim be sure,

XVIII.

But why must those be thought to *scare*, that feel
 Those Rods of Scorpions, and those Whips of Steel
 Which *Conscience* shakes, when she with Rage controuls;
 And spreads amazing Terrors through their Souls?

Not sharp *Revenge*, nor *Hell* it self can find
 A fiercer Torment than a *Guilty* Mind,
 Which Day and Night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the Wretch, and still the *Charge* renews.

XIX.

A trusted *Spartan* was inclin'd to Cheat,
 (The Coin lookt lovely, and the Bag was great,
 Secret the Trust) and with an *Oath* defend
 The Prize, and baffle his deluded Friend:
 But weak in Sin, and of the *Gods* afraid,
 And not well vers'd in the forswearing Trade,

He goes to *Delphos*; humbly begs Advice,
 And thus the *Prisidels* by Command replieth:
 Expect sure Vengeance by the Gods decreed,
 To punish Thoughts, not yet improv'd to Deed.
 At this he started, and forbore to swear,
 Not out of *Conscience* of the Sin, but Fear.
 Yet Plagues ensu'd, and the contagious Sin
 Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his Kin.

Thus suffer'd He for the imperfect Will
 To sin, and bare Design of doing ill:
 For he that but conceives a Crime in Thought,
 Contracts the Danger of an *Actual* Fault:
 Then what must he expect that still proceeds
 To finish Sin, and work up Thoughts to Deeds?

XX.

Perpetual *Anguish* fills his anxious Breast,
 Not stop'd by Business, nor compos'd by Rest:
 No Musick cheers him, and no Feasts can please
 He sits like discontented "*Democles*,"
 When by the sportive Tyrant wisely shown
 The dangerous Pleasures of a flatter'd Throne.

Sleep flies the Wretch; or when his Care's oppress'd,
 And his toss'd Limbs are weary'd into Rest,

Then Dreams invade, the injur'd God appear,
 All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear:
 What frights him most, in a Gigantick size,
 Thy sacred Image flashes in his Eyes;
 These shake his Soul, and, as they boldly press
 Bring out his Crimes; and force him to confess.
 This Wretch will start at ev'ry Flash that flies,
 Grow pale at the first murmur of the Skies,
 E'er Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid;
 And "Epicurus can afford no Aid,
 His Notions fail: And the destructive Flame
 Commission'd falls, not thrown by Chance, but Aim:
 One Clap is past, and now the Skies are clear,
 A short Reprieve, but to increase his Fear:
 Whilst Arms Divine, revenging Crimes below,
 Are gathering up to give the greater Blow.
 But if a Fever fires his Sulphurous Blood,
 In ev'ry Fit he feels the Hand of God,
 And Heav'n-born Flame: Then drown'd, in deep
 He dares not offer one repenting Prayer; [Despair
 Nor vow one Victim to preserve his Breath,
 Amaz'd he lies, and sadly looks for Death:

For how can Hope with desperate Guilt agree?
And the worst Beast is worthier Life than he.

XXI.

He that *once* Sins, like him that slides on Ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of Vice;
Tho' *Conscience* checks him, yet, those Rubs gone o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
What Sinners finish where they first begin?
And with one Crime content their *Lust* to Sin?
Nature, that rude, and in her *first* Essay,
Stood boggling at the roughness of the way,
Us'd to the Road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the *Path* when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this *successful* Bait,
Thy *Perjur'd* Friend will quickly tempt his Fate;
He will go on, until his Crimes provoke
The Arm *Divine* to strike the fatal Stroke;
Then thou shalt see him plung'd, when least he fears,
At *once* accounting for his deep Arrears;
Sent to those narrow *Isles*, which throng'd we see
With mighty *Exiles*, once secure as He;

Drawn to the Gallows, or condemn'd to Chains:

Then thou shalt triumph in the Villain's Rains,
Enjoy his Groans, and with a grateful Mind
Confess, that *Heav'n* is neither Deaf nor Blind.

Explanatory Notes on the Thirteenth Satyr.

Some read, Exemplis quadrangue moribus, &c.

2 *Dioses* had but seven Gates, and the River Nile but seven Mouths.

3 That is, were of better Quality, and had more Wealth: Skins and Acorns being the primitive Cloaths and Food, according to the Poets.

4 If a swarm of Bees pitch'd upon a Temple, it was look'd upon as an Omen of some very great Misfortune.

5 *Thyestis* was treated with a Feast made of his own Son.

6 *Ifts*. An Egyptian Goddess, supposed to be much concern'd in inflicting Diseases and Maladies on Mankind.

7 *Ists*. An excellent Footman, who won the Prize in the *Olympian Games*.

8 *Stenor*. A famous Crier in the *Grecian Army*, whose single Voice was as loud as that of fifty Men together.

9 *Haer* says, that *Mars* being wounded by *Dionides*, made as great an Out-cry, as Ten Thousand Men shouting to the Bastel.

10 *Scandalus*. A Piddler and a Player: But put here for an idle Scoundrel, or insignificant Fellow.

11 A Surgeon of no great Credit and Reputation.

12 The Villain that kill'd his Father, was to be put into a Bag with a Dog, a Cock, a Serpent, and an Ape, and thrown into the Sea.

13 Philosophers of great Credit and Worth.

14 *Dionides* having very much extoll'd the Happiness of Kings, in the presence of *Dionysus*, King of *Syracusa*, *Dionysus* invited him to Dinner, plac'd him in a rich Throne, and gave him a very splendid Entertainment; but just over his Head hung a Sword by a Hair, with the Point downward.

14 A Philosopher, who thought all things were by Chance.

Fourteenth SATYR

By Mr. JOHN D. RYDEN, Junr.

The ARGUMENT.

[illegible]





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fix. For these Reasons he is instant with all Parents, that they permit not their Children to hear lascivious Words, and that they banish Pimps, Whores, and Parasites from their Houses. If they are careful, says the Poet, when they make any Invitation to their Friends, that all things shall be clean, and set in order, much more is it their Duty to their Children, that nothing appear corrupt or indecent in their Family. Scurks and Villains, because they are fed by the Old Ones, with Snakes and Carrion, naturally, and without Instruction, feed on the same uncleanly Diet. But the Generous English, who is taught by her Parents to fly at Hones, and scuffle by Kicks, disdains afterwards to pursue a more ignoble Game. Thus the Son of Centronius was prone to the Vice of raising Stately Structures, beyond his Fortune; Because his Father had ruin'd himself by Building. He whose Father is a Jew, is naturally prone to Superstition, and the Observation of his Country's Laws. From hence the Poet descends to a Satyr against Avarice, which he declares to be of worse Example than any of the former. The remaining part of the Poem is wholly employ'd on this Subject, to show the Misery of this Vice. He concludes with limiting our Desire of Riches to a certain Measure, which he confines within the compass of what Hunger, and Thirst, and Cold, require for our Preservation and Subsistence: With which Necessaries if we are not contented, then the Treasures of Croesus, of the Persian King, or of the Eumuch Narcissus, who commanded both the Will and the Fortune of Claudius the Emperor, would not be sufficient to satisfy the Greediness of our Desires.

To his Friend Fulcius

Fulcius, those ill Deeds that fully Fame,
 And lay such Blots upon an honest Name,
 In Blood once tainted, like a Current run
 From the lewd Father, to the lewder Son.
 If Gaming does an Aged Sire entice,
 Then my Young Master swiftly learns the Vice,
 And shakes, in Hanging-Sleeves, the little Box and
 Thus the Voluptuous Youth, bred up to dress, [Dice]
 For his Fat Grandfire, some Delicious Mess,
 In Feeding high, his Tutor will surpass,
 As Heir Apparent of the Gourmand Race,
 And, should a thousand grave Philosophers
 Be always hollowing Virtue in his Ears,
 They wou'd at last their loss of Time lament,
 And give him o'er for Glutton in Descent.
 Can Cruel Rutilus, who loves the Noise
 Of Whips far better than a Syren's Voice,
 Can Polyphemus, or Antiphatas,
 Who gorge themselves with Man, can such as these

Set up to teach Humanity, and give
By their Example, Rules for Us to live?
Can they preach up Equality of Birth,
And tell Us how we all began from Earth?
Th' Inhuman Lord, who with a cruel Gust
Can a Red Fork in his Slave's Forehead thrust:
Because th' unlucky Criminal was caught
With little Theft of two course Towels fraught?
Can He a Son to soft Remorse incite,
Whom Goats, and Blood, and Butchery delight?
Who wou'd expect the Daughter shou'd be other
Than common Punk, if *Larga* be the Mother?
Whose Lovers Names in order to run o'er,
The Girl took Breath full thirty times, and more:
She, when but yet a tender Minx, began
To hold the Door, but now sets up for Man,
And to her Gallants, in her own Hand-writing,
Sends Billets-doux of the Old Bawd's Inditing,
So Nature prompts; so soon we go astray,
When Old Experience puts us in the Way:
Our Green Youth copies what Grey Sinners act;
When venerable Age commends the Fact.

Some Sons, indeed, some very few, we see
 Who keep themselves from this Infection free,
 Whom Gracious Heav'n for Nobler Ends design'd,
 Their Looks erect, and their Clay refin'd.
 The rest are all by bad Example led,
 And in their Father's slimy Track they tread.
 Is't not enough we should our selves undo,
 But that our Children we must ruin too?
 Children, like tender Officers, take the Bow,
 And as they first are fashion'd, always grow:
 By Nature, headlong to all Ills we run,
 And Virtue, like some dreadful Monster, shun.
 Survey the World, and where one *Cato* shines,
 Count a degenerate Herd of *Caecilii*.

Suffer no Lewdness, or indecent Speech,
 Th' Apartment of the tender Youth to reach;
 Far be from thence the Glutton's *Parasite*,
 Singing his Drunken Katches all the Night;
 But farther still be Woman: Woman first
 Was Evil's cause, her self of Ills the worst.
 Boys ev'n from Parents may this Reverence claim;
 For when thou dost at some vile Action aim,

Say, shou'd the harmless Child with-hold thy Hand,
Wou'd it not put thy Fury to a stand?

Then may we not conclude the Sire unjust,
Who (when his Son o'ercome with Drink and Lust,
Is by the "Censor of good Manners caught,
And suffers Publick Penance for his Fault)
Rails, and Reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what himself so oft has done before?
A Son so copy'd from his Vice, so much
The very same in ev'ry little touch,
That shou'd he not resemble too his Life,
The Father justly might suspect his Wife.

This very Rev'rend Leacher, quite worn out
With Rheumatisms, and Crippled with his Gout,
Forgets what he in youthful Times has done,
And swings his own Vices in his Son.
To entertain a Guest, with what a care
Wou'd he his Household Ornaments prepare;
Harass his Servants, and O'erseer stand,
To keep 'em Working with a threat'ning Wand:
Clean all my Plate, he cries, let not one stain
Sully the Figur'd Silver, or the Plain;

Rub all the Floors, make all the Pillars bright,
No hanging Cobwebs leave to shock the Sight.

O wretched Man! is all this Hurry made
On this account, because thou art afraid
A dirty Hall or Entry shou'd offend
The curious Eyes of thy invited Friend?
Reform thy Family; one Son at home
Concers thee more than many Guests to come.
If to some "Useful Art he be not bred,
He grows meer Lumber, and is worse than dead.
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone.
The callow Storks with Lizard and with Snake
Are fed, and soon as e'er to Wing they take,
At sight those Animals for Food pursue,
The first delicious Bit they ever knew.
Ev'n so 'tis Nature in the Vulture's breed,
On Dogs and Human Carcasses to feed,
Jove's" Bird will fowse upon the tim'rous Hare,
And tender Kids with his sharp Tallons tear;
Because such Food was laid before him first,
When from his Shell the lab'ring Eaglet burst;

Centronius ¹⁴ does high costly *Villa's* raise
 With *Grecian* Marble, which the sight amaze:
 Some stand upon *Cajeta's* winding Shore,
 At *Tybur's* Tow'r, and at *Præneste* more.
 The Dome of *Hercules* and Fortune show
 To his tall Fabricks, like small Cots below:
 So much his Palaces o'er-look 'em all,
 As gelt ¹⁵ *Posides* does our Capitol.
 His Son builds on, and never is content,
 'Till the last Farthing is in Structure spent.

The *Jews*, like their bigotted Sires before,
 By gazing on the Clouds, their ¹⁶ God adore:
 So Superstitious, that they'll sooner Dine
 Upon the Flesh of Men than that of Swine.
 Our *Roman* Customs they contemn and jeer,
 But learn and keep their Country-Rites with Fear.
 That Worship only they in Rev'rence have,
 Which in Dark Volumes their Great *Moses* gave.
 Ask 'em the Road, and they shall point you wrong,
 Because you do not to their Tribe belong.
 They'll not betray a Spring to quench your Thirst,
 Unless you shew 'em Circumcision first.

So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their Fathers, who observe the Sabbath-Day;

Young Men to imitate all Ills are prone,
But are compell'd to Avarice alone:

For then in Virtue's shape they follow Vice;

Because a true Distinction is so nice,

That the base Wretch who hoards up all he can,

Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty Man:

The Fabled Dragon never guarded more

The Golden Fleece, than he his ill-got Store;

What a profound Respect where-e'er he goes

The Multitude to such a Monster shows?

Each Father cries, "My Son, Example take,

"And, led by this Wise Youth, thy Fortunes make,

"Who Day and Night ne'er ceas'd to toll and sweat,

"Drudg'd like a Smith, and on the Anvil beat,

"Till he had hammer'd out a vast Estate.

"Side with that Sect, who learnedly deny,

"That e'er Content was join'd with Poverty;

"Who measure Happiness by Wealth increas'd,

"And think the Meny'd Man alone is Blest!

Parents the little Arts of Saving teach,
 E'er Sons the Top of Avarice can reach; [cheat,
 When with false Weights their Servants Guts they
 And pinch their own to cover the Deceit!
 Keep a stale Crust till it looks Blue, and think
 Their Flesh ne'er fit for Eating till it stink,
 The least Remains of which they mince, and dress
 It o'er again, to make another Mess:
 Adding a Leek, whose ev'ry String is sold,
 For fear some pilf'ring Hand should make too bold;
 And with a Mark distinct, seal up a Dish
 Of thrice-boil'd Beans, and putrid Summer-Fish:
 A Beggar on the Bridge won'd loath such Food,
 And send it to be wash'd in Tyber's Flood.
 But, to what end these ways of fordid Gain?
 It shews a manifest unsettled Brain,
 Living, to suffer a low starving Fate,
 In hopes of dying in a wealthy State.
 For, as thy strutting Bags with Money rise,
 The Love of Gain is of an equal size:
 Kind Fortune does the Poor Man better bless,
 Who though he has it not, desires it less.

One *Villa* therefore is too little thought;
 A larger Farm at a vast Price is bought:
 Uneasie still within these narrow bounds,
 Thy next Design is on thy Neighbour's Grounds:
 His Crop invites, to full Perfection grown,
 Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own:
 The Purchase therefore is demanded straight,
 And if he will not sell, or makes thee wait,
 A Team of Oxen in the Night are sent
 (Starv'd for the purpose, and with Labour spent)
 To take Free Quarter, which in one half Hour
 The Pains and Product of a Year devour:
 Then, some are basely Brib'd to vow it looks
 Most plainly done by Thieves with Reaping-hooks;
 Such mean Revenge, committed underhand,
 Has ruin'd many an Acre of good Land.
 What if Men talk, and Whispers go about,
 Pointing the Malice and its Author out?
 He values not what they can say, or do:
 For who will dare a Money'd Man to sue?
 Thus he wou'd rather curs'd and envy'd be,
 Than lov'd and prais'd in honest Poverty.

But to possess a long and happy Life,
Freed from Diseases, and secure from Strife;
Give me, ye Gods, the Product of one Field,
As large as that which the first *Romans* Till'd;
That so I neither may be Rich nor Poor,
And having just enough, not covet more.

'Twas then, Old Soldiers cover'd o'er with Scars,
(The Marks of *Pyrrhus*, or the *Punick Wars*,)
Thought all past Services rewarded well,
If to their share at last two Acres fell:
(Their Countries frugal Bounty,) so of old
Was Blood, and Life, at a low Market sold.

Yet, then, this little Spot of Earth well Till'd,
A num'rous Family with Plenty fill'd;
The good old Man and thrifty Housewife spent
Their Days in Peace, and fatten'd with Content.
Enjoy'd the Dregs of Life, and liv'd to see
A long-descending Healthful Progeny.
The Men were fashion'd in a larger Mold;
The Women fit for Labour, Big and Bold.
Gygantick Hinds, as soon as Work was done,
To their huge Pots of boiling Pulse wou'd run:

Fell too, with eager Joy, on homely Food; [Blood,
 And their large Veins beat strong with wholesome
 Of old, two Acres were a bounteous Lot,
 Now, scarce they serve to make a Garden-Plot.
 From hence the greatest part of Ills descend,
 When Lust of getting more will have no end:
 That, still our weaker Passions does command,
 And puts the Sword and Poison in our hand.
 Who covets Riches, cannot brook delay,
 But spurs and bears down all that stops his way:
 Nor Law, nor checks of Conscience will he hear,
 When in hot scent of Gain, and full Career.

But hark, how ancient *Majors* did advise,
 My Sons let these small Cows and Hills suffice:
 Let us the Harvest of our Labour eat;
 'Tis Labour makes the coarsest Diet sweet:
 Thus much to the kind Rural Gods we owe,
 Who pity'd suffering Mortals long ago,
 When on harsh Acorns hungrily they fed,
 And gave 'em nicer Palate, better Bread.
 The Country Peasant meditates no harm,
 When clad with Skins of Beasts to keep him warm:

In Winter-Weather, unconcern'd he goes
 Almost Knee-deep through Mire, in clumsy Shoes;
 Vice dwells in Palaces, is richly dress'd;
 There glows in Scarlet, and the Tyrian Vest;
 The wiser Ancients these Instructions gave;
 But now a Covetous old Crafty Knave,
 At dead of Night shall rouse his Son, and cry:
 Turn out, you Rogue, how like a Beast you lie!
 Go, buckle to the Law, is this an Hour
 To stretch your Limbs? You'll ne'er be Chancellor;
 Or else your self to *Lucius* recommend,
 To such broad Shoulders: "*Lucius* is a Friend;
 Fight under him; there's Plunder to be had;
 A Captain is a very gainful Trade;
 And when in Service your best Days are spent,
 In time you may Command a Regiment;
 But if the Trumpet's Clangour you abhor,
 And dare not be an Alderman of War,
 Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
 Cheat half in half, none thrive by Honesty:
 Never reflect upon the sordid Ware
 Which you expose; be Gain your only Care.

He that grows Rich by scowring of a Sink,
 Gets wherewithal to justify the Stink.
 This Sentence, worthy *Jove* himself, Record
 As true, and take it on a Poet's Word:
 "T'have Mony, is a necessary Task,
 "From whence 'tis got the World will never ask.
 Taught by their Nurfes, little Children get
 This Saying, sooner than their Alphabet.
 What Care a Father takes to teach his Son,
 With ill-tim'd Industry, to be undone!
 Leave him to Nature, and you'll quickly find
 The tender Cock'ril takes just after Kind:
 The forward Youth will without driving go,
 And learn t'out-shoot you in your proper Bow,
 As much as *Ajax* his own Sire excell'd,
 And was the Brawnier Blockhead in the Field.
 Let Nature in the Boy but stronger grow,
 And all the Father soon it self will show:
 When first the Down appears upon his Chin,
 For a small Sum he Swears thro' thick and thin,
 At *Ceres* Altar vents his Perjury,
 And Blasts her Holy Image with a Lye:

If a Rich Wife he Marries, in her Bed
 She's found, by Dagger, or by Poison, Dead:
 While Merchants make long Voyages by Sea,
 To get Estates, he cuts a shorter way.
 In mighty Mischiefs little Labour lies:
 I never Counsell'd this, the Father cries.
 But still, base Man, he Copy'd this from thee,
 Thine was the prime, original Villany.
 For he who covets Gain to such Excess,
 Does by dumb Signs himself as much expresse;
 As if in Words at length he shew'd his Mind:
 Thy bad Example made him Sin by Kind.
 But who can Youth, let loose to Vice, restrain?
 When once the hard-mouth'd Horse has got the Rein,
 He's past thy Pow'r to stop; Young Phaeton,
 By the wild Courses of his Fancy drawn,
 From East to North, irregularly hurl'd,
 First set on fire himself, and then the World.

Astrologers assure long Life, you say,
 Your Son can tell you better much than they,
 Your Son and Heir, whose Hopes your Life delay.
 Poison will work against the Stars, beware,
 For ev'ry Meal an Antidote prepare:

And let *Archigates* some Cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy Father, or a King.

What Sight more pleasant, in his Publick Shows,
Did ever Prætor on the Stage expose,
Than are such *Men* as ev'ry Day we see,
Whose chief Mishap, and only Misery
Is to be over-stock'd with ready Coin,
Which now they bring to watchful *Cæsar's* Shrine;
Since *Mars*, whom we the great Revenger call,
Lost his own Helmet, and was stript of all.

'Tis time dull Theatres we shou'd forsake,
When busie Men much more Diversion make.
The Tumblers Gambols some Delight afford,
No less the nimble Cap'ner on the Cord;
But these are still insipid Stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a Ship, and toss'd upon the Sea.

Base Wretch, expos'd by thy own covetous Mind
To the deaf Mercy of the Waves and Wind.
The Dancer on the Rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to cloath and buy him Bread;
Nor covers more than Hunger to prevent;
But nothing less than Millions thee content:

What Shipwrecks and dead Bodies choke the Seas;
The num'rous Fools that were betray'd by thee!
For at the charming Call of pow'ful Gain,
Whole Fleets equipt appear upon the Main,
And spight of "Lybian and "Carpathian Gales,
Beyond the limits of known Earth they sail,
A Labour worth the while, at last to brag
(When safe return'd, and with a strutting Bag.)
What Finny Sea-Gods thou hast had in view,
More than our Lying Poets ever knew:
What several Madneses in Men appear!
Orestes runs from fancy'd Furies here;
Ajax belabours there an harmless Ox,
And thinks that *Agamemnon* feels the Knocks.
Nor is indeed that Man less Mad than these,
Who Freights a Ship to venture on the Seas;
With one frail interposing Plank to save
From certain Death, roll'd on by ev'ry Wave:
Yet Silver makes him all this Toil embrace, [Face.
Silver with *Titles* stamps, and a dull *Monarch's*
When gath'ring Clouds o'er-shadow all the Skies,
And shoot quick Lightnings, Weigh, my Boys, he cries,

A Summer's Thunder, soon it will be past!
 Yet, hardy Fool, this Night may prove thy last;
 When thou (thy Ship o'er-whelm'd with Waves) shalt
 Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging Sea; [be
 Thy Teeth hard press'd, a Purseful of dear Gold,
 The last Remains of all thy Treasure hold.

Thus he——

Whose sacred Hunger, all the Stores that lie
 In Yellow *Tagus* cou'd not satisfy;
 Does now in tatter'd Cloaths at some Lane's end
 A painted Storm for Charity extend.

With Care and Trouble great Estates we gain,
 When got, we keep 'em with more Care and Pain.
 Rich *Licinus* his Servants ready stand,
 Each with a Water-Bucket in his Hand,
 Keeping a Guard, for fear of Fire, all Night,
 Yet *Licinus* is always in a Fright.

His curious Statues, Amber-Works, and Plate,
 Still fresh encreasing Pangs of Mind create.
 The *naked Cynick's* Jar ne'er Flames; if broken
 'Tis quickly fodder'd, or a new bespoke.

When *Alexander* first beheld the Face
 Of the great *Cynick*, in that narrow space;

His

His own Condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little Hole, than I
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly,
Grapling with Dangers wherefoe'er I roam,
While thou hast all the Conquer'd World at home.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
The Wise are always Masters of their own.
If any ask me what wou'd satisfie
To make Life easie, thus I wou'd reply:
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,
Or what contented *Socrates* of old:
As much as made wise *Epicurus* Blest,
Who in small Gardens spacious Realms possesse;
This is what Nature's Wants may well suffice:
He that wou'd more, is covetous, not wise.
But since among Mankind so few there are
Who will conform to Philosophick Fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy Ease,
And mingle something of our Times to please:
Therefore enjoy a plentiful Estate,
As much as will a Knight of *Rome* create

By ³³ *Roscian* Law: And if that will not do,
 Double, and take as much as will make Two?
 Nay, Three, to satisfy the last Desire:
 But if to more than this thou do'st aspire,
 Believe me, all the Riches of the East,
 The Wealth of *Cæsar* cannot make thee Blest:
 The Treasure ³⁴ *Claudius* to *Narcissus* gave,
 Wou'd make thee, *Claudius* like, an errant Slave;
 Who to obey his mighty Minion's Will,
 Did his lov'd Empress *Megalina* kill.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourteenth Satyr.

- 1 **R** *Utilis*, some Person in the Poet's time, noted for his Cruelty.
- 2 *Polyphemus*, a famous Giant with one Eye, and a Cannibal.
- 3 *Antiphatas*, a King of the *Lastrygons*, who were all Man-Eaters. I doubt not but the *Lastrygons*, who were a People of Italy, learnt this Diet of King *Saturn*, when he hid himself among 'em, and gave this Example by making a Meals-meat of his own Children.
- 4 By this Lord, is still meant the same cruel *Rutilius*.
- 5 *Suppos'd Bath-Rubbers*: The Romans were great Bathers.
- 6 *Country Goals*, where they kept their working Slaves in great numbers.
- 7 *Largus*, a fictitious Name for some very common Buttock.
- 8 *Cato of Utica*, a Roman Patriot, who slew himself, rather than he would submit to *Julius Caesar*.
- 9 *Caecilius*, a Plotter against the Commonwealth of Rome.
- 10 *Parasite*, a Greek Word, among the Romans used for a Flatterer and Beast-Hunter. This sort of Creature they slighted in those Days, and us'd very scurvily, terming such a one an *Umbra*, that is, a Shadow, an Apparition, &c.
- 11 This *Confer* of Good Manners, was an Officer of considerable Power in Rome; in some respects not unlike our Midnight Magistrate, but not altogether so Saucy.
- 12 The Old Romans were careful to breed up their Sons so, that afterwards they might be useful to their Country in Peace or War, or Ploughing the Ground: *Utilis agri*, (as *Juvenal* has it.) An Exercise that would break the Hearts of our Modern Beaux.
- 13 *Jove's Birds*. The Eagle, so call'd for the great Service he did *Jupiter*, in bringing *Ganymede*, a Lovely Boy, on his Back to him.
- 14 *Centronius*, a famous extravagant Architect; who with his Son (who took after him) built away all his Estate, and had so many Palaces at last, that he was too poor to live in any of 'em.
- 15 *Juvenal*, though he was wise enough to laugh at his own Country Gods, yet had not, or wou'd not have, a right Notion of the True Deity, which makes him ridicule the Jews manner of Worship.
- 16 *At Geli Posides*, viz. The Palace of the Eunuch *Posides*. As in *Virg.* *Jam proximus ardet — Uentagon*.
- 17 This Dragon was Guardian of the Golden Fleece, which hung in the Temple of *Mars* at *Colibor*; and hereby hangs a Tale, or a long Story of *Jason* and *Medea*, with which I will not trouble you.
- 18 Beggars took their Stations then, as they do now, in the greatest Thorow-fares, which were their Bridges, of which there were many over the River *Tiber* in Rome.

19 *Field*, viz. The Field of *Mars*, or *Campus Martius*, which was the greatest part of the *Roman Empire*, when in its Infancy under *Romulus* and *Tatius* the *Sabine*, his Copartner, admitted for the Sake of the Fair Ladies he brought along with him.

20 *Pyrrhus* King of the *Epirots*, a formidable Enemy to the *Romans*, though at last overcome by 'em. He dy'd a very little Death (as 'tis the Fate of some Heroes) being Martyr'd by the fall of a Tile from a House.

21 Wars against the *Carthaginians*.

22 *Marsus*, a thrifty Husband-man, from whom the *Marsi* were so call'd, a laborious People, some 15 Miles distant from *Rome*.

23 Mankind fed on Acorns, 'till *Ceres* the Goddess of Corn instructed them to sow Grain.

24 Some General Officer in the *Roman Army*.

25 Not that the Shrine was secur'd by the care of the God *Caster*, for *Juvenal* knew their Gods cou'd have no such thing as Care; but it was lin'd with a strong Guard of Soldiers, who had an Eye to their Gods as well as their Monies, lest he should be stoln, or unrigged, as *Mars* was. Our Poet calls him watchful *Caster* jeeringly.

26 *Libyan and Carpathian Gale*. The first a South-West, the latter, as we term it at Sea, a strong *Levant*.

27 *Orestes*, said to be haunted by Furies, for killing his Mother *Clytemnestra*, the Wife of *Agamemnon*.

28 *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*, who ran Mad, because *Agamemnon* gave the Armour of *Achilles* from him to *Ulysses*. But the mistaking *Agamemnon*, or his Brother *Menelaus*, for Oxen, or Oxen for them, was not so gross; for they were both famously Horn'd. And if Report says true, *Ajax* need not have spar'd *Ulysses*, since *Penelope* knew which of her Suitors cou'd shoot best in her Husband's Bow.

29 *Tagus*, a River in *Spain*, said to be full of Gold Sand. This *Tagus* has lost its good Qualities time out of Mind, or the *Spaniards* has Chin'd it dry; for now they fetch their Gold from the *Indies*, and then other Nations fetch it from them.

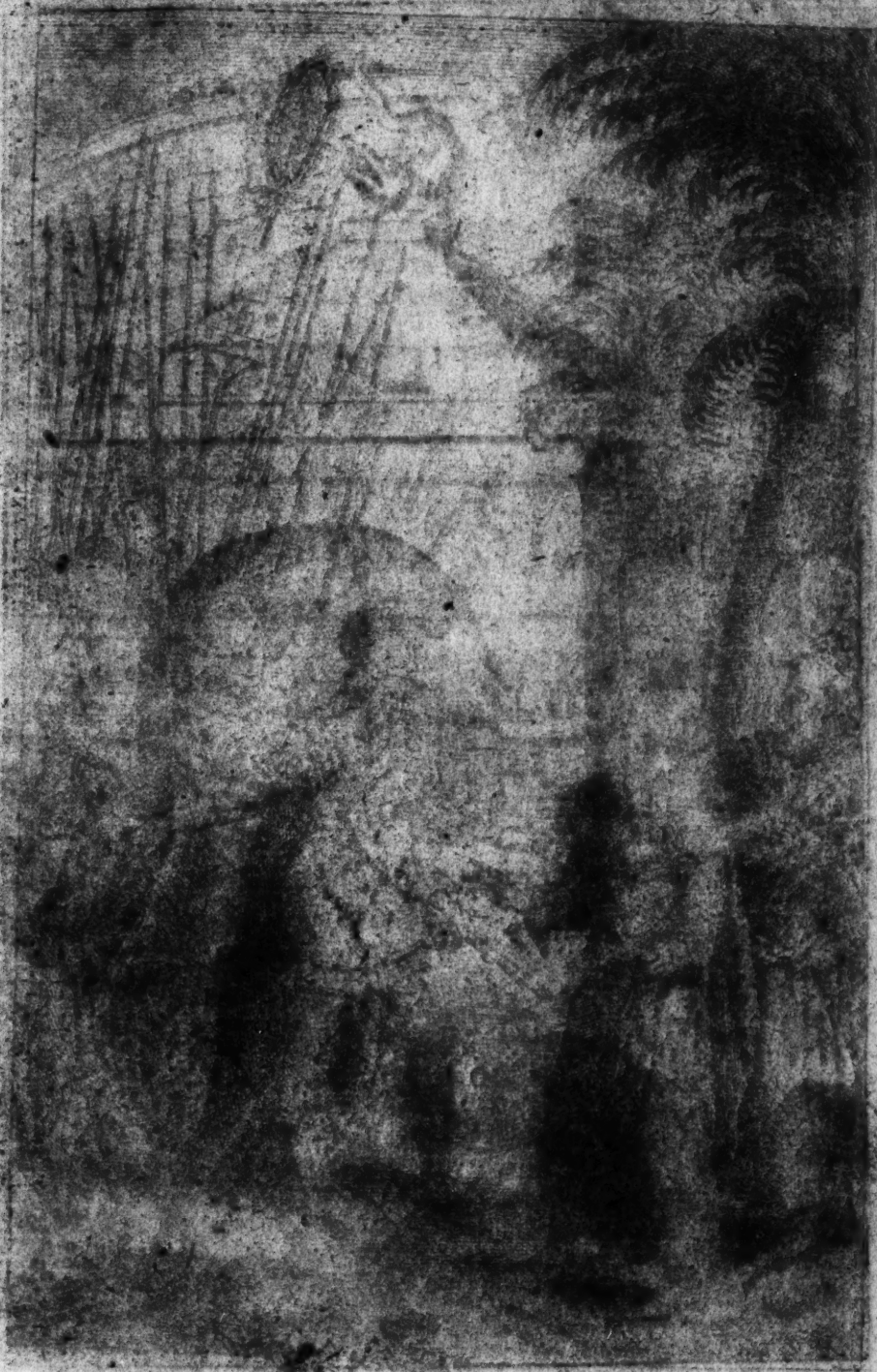
30 Some noted Rich Man in *Rome*.

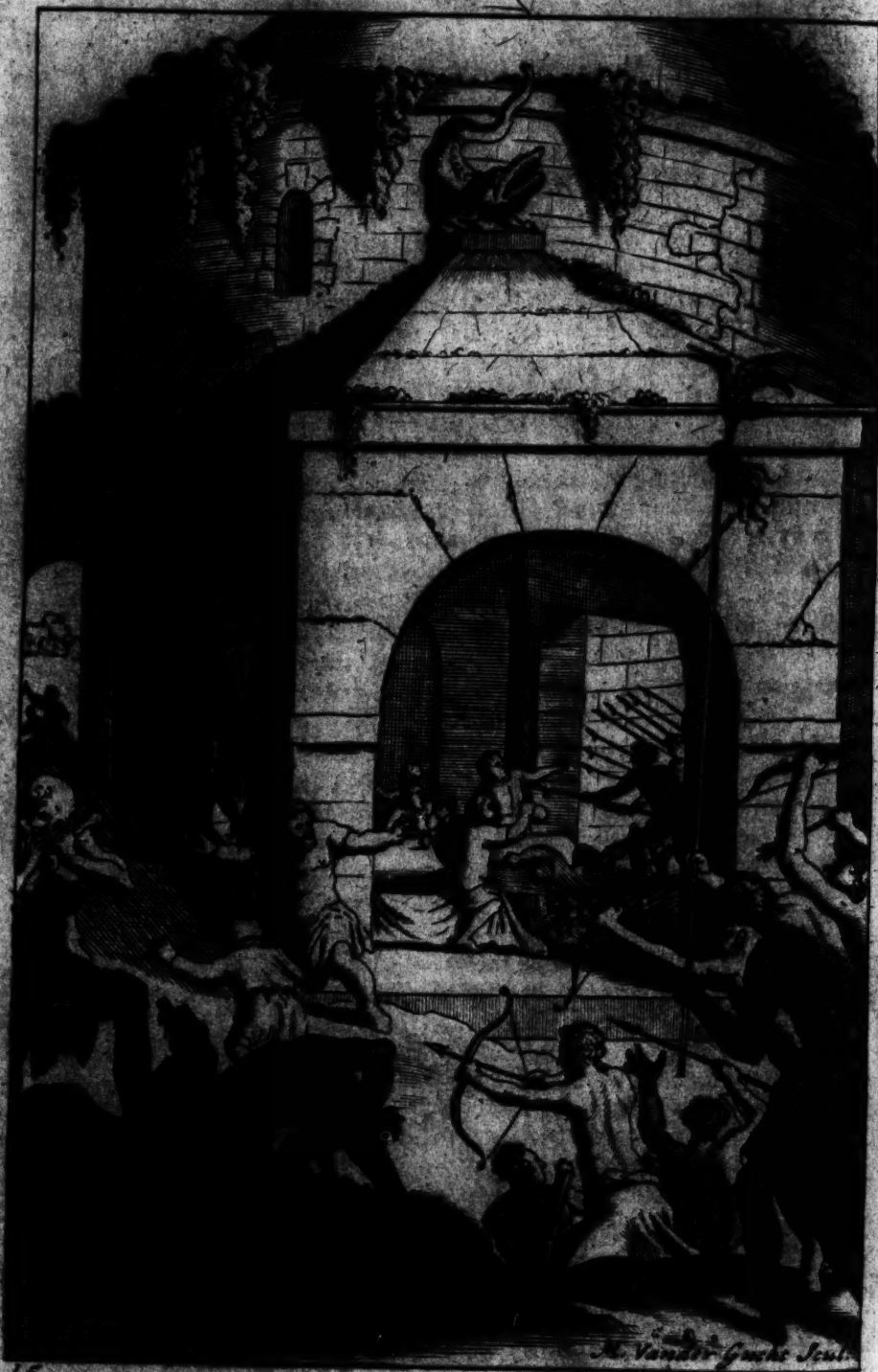
31 *Naked Cynick* & *Dogtamer*, a shaming Dog-Philosopher (for there have been Dog-Philosophers, as well as Poets in Doggrel.)

32 *Socrates* and *Epicurus*, two Wise Philosophers, contented with the bare Necessaries of Life. The first of these was esteem'd the best Moral Philosopher, the latter the best Natural.

33 *Rossian Law*; so call'd from *Rossius Otus* Tribune of the People, who made a Law, That none shou'd sit in the 14 first Seats of the Theatre, unless they were worth 400 *Sesterium* per Annum, that is, above 3000 L. of our Monies, and these were esteem'd Noblemen, *ipse facta*.

34 *Claudius* the 5th *Cesar*, who had no better luck in a Wife than his Predecessors, *Julius* and *Augustus*, and most of the Great Men in History.





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JUVENAL.

THE

FIFTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Satyr against the Superstition and Cruelty of the Egyptians, 'tis probable our Author had his Old Friend Crispinus (who was of that Country) in his Eye, and to whom he had paid his Respects more than once before. The Scene is now remov'd from Rome, which shews our Author a profest Enemy of Vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the Change of Place, his Subject and Performance in this Satyr, be (as some think) more Barren than in his others (the People being obscure and mean Rabble, whose Barbarous Facts he relates) we find in it however, Sprinklings of the same Moral Sentiments and Reflections that Adorn the rest.

HOW *Egypt*, mad with Superstition grown,
 Makes *Gods* of Monsters, but too well is
 One Sect Devotion to *Nile's* *Serpent* pays; [known:
 Others to *Ibis* that on Serpents preys.

Where, *Thebes*, thy Hundred Gates lye unrepair'd,
 And where main'd *Memnon's* Magick Harp is heard,
 Where these are Mouldring, lest the Sots combine
 With pious Care a *Monkey* to enshrine!

Fish-Gods you'll meet with Fins and Scales o'er-
Diana's Dogs ador'd in ev'ry Town, [grown;

Her Dogs have Temples, but the Goddess none!

'Tis Mortal Sin an Onion to devour,

Each Clove of Garlick is a sacred Pow'r.

Religious Nations sure, and blest Abodes,

Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods.

To Kill, is Murder, Sacrilege to Eat

A Kid or Lamb—Man's Flesh is lawful Meat!

Of such a Practice when *Ulysses* told,

What think you? Cou'd *Alcinous* Guests withhold

From Scorn or Rage? Shall we (cries one) permit

This Lewd Romancer, and his Bantring Wit?

*Nor on Charibdis Rock beat out his Brains,
Or send him to the Cyclops whom he feigns.
Of Scylla's Dogs, and stranger Flames than these,
Cyane's Rocks that jostle in the Seas,
Of Winds in Bags (for Mirth-sake) let him tell,
And of his Mates turn'd Swine by Cicer's Spell,
But Men to eat Men, Humane Faith surpasses:
This Trav'ler takes us Islanders for Asses.
Thus the incred'ious Phæac (having yet
Drank but one Round) reply'd in sober Fret.
Nor without Reason truly, since the Board
(For Proof o' th' Fact) had but Ulysses Word.
What I relate's more strange, and ev'n exceeds
All Registers of Purple Tyrants Deeds:
Portentous Mischiefs they but singly Act,
A Multitude conspir'd to this more horrid Fact.
Prepare, I say, to hear of such a Crime
As Tragick Poets, since the Birth of Time,
Ne'er feign'd a thronging Audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our Days.*

*Ombus and Tentyr, Neighb'ring Towns, of late
Broke into Outrage of deep-fester'd Hate,*

A Grutch in both, time out of mind, begun,
 And mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son.
 Religious Spight and pious Spleen bred first
 This Quarrel, which so long the *Bigots* Nurst.
 Each calls the other's God a senseless Stock,
 His own, Divine; tho' from the self-same Block
 One Carver fram'd then, differing but in Shape,
 A Serpent this resembling, that an Ape.

The *Tentyrites* to execute their Crime
 Think none so proper, as a sacred Time:
 Which call'd the *Ombites* forth to publick Rites,
 Sev'n Days they spent in Feasts, sev'n sleepless Nights,
 (For Scoundrel as these wretched *Ombites* be,
Canopus' they exceed in Luxury)
 Them rev'ling thus the *Tentyrites* invade,
 By giddy Heads and stagging Legs betray'd:
 Strange odds! where Crop-sick Drunkards must engage
 A hungry Foe, and arm'd with sober Rage.

At first both Parties in Reproaches jar,
 And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
 Words break no Bones, and in a railing Fray,
 Women and Priests can be as stout as they,

Words serve but to enflame our warlike Lifts,
Who wanting Weapons clutch their horny Fists.
Yet thus make Shift t'exchange such furious Blows,
Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.
Some stand their ground with half their Visage gone,
But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
Such transform'd *Spectacles of Horror* grow,
That not a *Mother* her own *Son* wou'd know.
One Eye, remaining, for the other spies,
Which now on Earth a trampled Gelly lies.
Yet hitherto both Parties think the Fray
But Mockery of War, meer Children's Play:
Tho' traversing, with Streams of Blood they meet,
They tread no Carcase yet beneath their Feet:
And Scandal think't to have none slain out-right
Between two Hosts that for Religion fight.
This whets their Rage to search for Stones, as large
As they cou'd lift, or with both Hands discharge:
Not (altogether) of a size, if match'd
With those which *Ajax* once, or *Turnus* snatch'd
For their Defence, or by *Tydidēs* thrown,
That brusht *Aeneas* Crest, and struck him down,

Of weight wou'd make two Men strein hard to raise;
 Such Men as liv'd in honest *Homer's* Days:
 Whom Giants yet to us we must allow,
 Dwindled into a Race of *Pigmies* now,
 The Mirth and Scorn of Gods, that see us fight,
 Such little Wasps, and yet so full of spight:
 For Bulk meer Insects, yet in Mischief strong,
 And, spent so ill, our short Life's much too long!

Fresh Forces now of *Tenyrtes*, from Town,
 With Swords and Darts, to aid their Friends, come
 Who with fleet Arrows levell'd from afar, [down.
 E'er they themselves approach'd, secure the War.
 Hard set before, what cou'd the *Ombites* do?
 They fly, their pressing Foes as fast pursue.
 An *Ombite* Wretch (by headlong haste betray'd,
 And falling down i'th' Rout) is *Prisoner* made:
 Whose Flesh torn off by Lumps, the rav'nous Foe
 In Mossels cut, to make it farther go,
 His Bones clean pick'd, his very Bones they gnaw;
 No Stomach's baulkt, because the Corps is raw.
 T' had been lost time to dress him, keen Desire
 Supplies the want of Kettle, Spit, and Fire,

(Prometheus Ghost is sure o'er-joy'd to see
 His Heav'n-stol'n Fire from such Disaster free:
 Nor seems the sparkling Element less pleas'd than he.)

The Guests are found too num'rous for the Treat,
 But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
 Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious Meat.
 They swear, and such good Palates you shou'd trust,
 Who doubts the Relish of the first free Guest?
 Since one who had i'th' Rear excluded been,
 And cou'd not for a Taste o'th' Flesh come in,
 Licks the soil'd Earth, which he thinks full as good,
 While reeking with a mangled Ombit's Blood.

The *Vascons* once with Man's Flesh (as 'tis said)
 Kept Life and Soul together——grant they did,
 Their Case was different, with long Siege distress'd,
 And all Extremities of War oppress'd.

(For Miserable to the last Degree,
 Th' Excuse of such a Practice ought to be.)

With Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, or Weeds sustain'd,
 With Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, or Weeds remain'd;
 Till to such meagre Spectacles reduc'd,
 As ev'n Compassion in the Foe produc'd:

Acquitted by the *Manes* of the Dead,
 And Ghosts of Carcases on which they fed.
 By " *Zeno's* Doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
 For Life's support no harmless thing to do.
 But *Zeno* never to the *Vascons* read,
 ('Tis since their Days that Civil Arts have spread:
 'Twas lately *British* Lawyers, from the *Gaul*,
 Learnt to *Harangue*, and Eloquently Bawl.
Thule hopes next to improve her Northern Stile,
 And Plant (where yet no Spring did ever smile)
 With Flow'rs of Rhetorick her frozen Ile.)
 That brave, the *Vastons* were, we must confess,
 Who Fortitude preserv'd in such distress,
 Yet not the Brightest their Example shines,
 Eclips'd by the more Noble " *Saguntines*,
 Who both the Foe, and Famine to beguile,
 For Dead and Living rais'd one common Pile.

Meotis first did Impious Rites devise
 Of treating Gods with Human Sacrifice;
 But salvage *Egypt's* Cruelty exceeds
 The " *Scythian* Shrine, where, tho' the Captive bleeds,
 Secure of Burial when his Life is fled, [Victim's dead.
 The murd'ring Knife's thrown by, when once the

Did Famine to this monstrous Fact compel,
 Or did the Miscreants try this Conjuring Spell,
 In time of Draught to make the Nile to swell?
 Amongst the rugged *Cimbrians*, or the Race
 Of *Gauls*, or fiercer *Tartars*, can you Trace
 An Outrage of Revenge like this, pursu'd
 By an effeminate Scoundrel Multitude.
 Whose utmost Daring is to cross the Nile
 In painted Boats, to fright the Crocodile.
 Can Men, or more resenting Gods, invent,
 Or Hell inflict proportion'd Punishment
 On Varlets, who cou'd treat Revenge and Spight
 With such a Feast, as Famine's self wou'd fright?
 Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
 Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears.
 Of tender Sentiments we only give
 Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative;
 To shew, by pitying Looks, and melting Eyes,
 How with a suffering Friend we sympathize!
 Nay, Tears will ev'n from a wrong'd Orphan slide,
 When his false Guardian at the Bar is try'd:
 So tender, so unwilling to accuse,
 So oft the Roses on his Cheek bedews,

So soft his Tresses, fill'd with trickling Pearls,
 You'd doubt his Sex, and take him for a Girl.
 B'Impulse of Nature (though to us unknown
 The Party be) we make the Loss our own;
 And Tears steal from our Eyes, when in the Street
 With some betrothed Virgin's Heart we meet.
 Or Infant's Fun'ral, from the cheated Womb
 Convey'd to Earth, and cradled in a Tomb:
 Who can all sense of others Ills escape,
 Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.
 This nat'ral Pity did first refine
 Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to things Divine:
 This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
 While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent.
 To them but Earth-born Life they did dispence
 To us, for mutual Aid, Coelestial Sense.
 From stragling Mountainers, for publick Good,
 To Rank in Tribes, and quit the salvage Wood.
 Houses to build, and them contiguous make,
 For cheerful Neighbourhood and Safety's sake.
 In War, a Common Standard to erect,
 A wounded Friend in Battel to protect;

The Summons take of the same Trumpet's Call
To fall from one Port, or Man one publick Wall.
But Serpents now more Anity maintain
From Spotted Skins the Leopard does refrain:
No weaker Lions by a stronger slain:
Nor, from his Larger Tunks, the Forest Boar
Commillion takes his Brother-Swine to gore:
Tyger with Tyger, Bear with Bear you'll find
In Leagues Offensive and Defensive join'd.
But lawless Man the Anvil dares profane,
And forg'd that Steel by which a Man is slain!
Which Earth, at first, for Plow-shares did afford;
Nor yet the Smith had learnt to form a Sword.
An impious Crew we have beheld, whole Rags
Their Enemies very Life could not assuage,
Unless they Banquet on the Wretch they slew,
Devour the Corps, and lick the Blood they drew!
What think you, wou'd *Pythagoras* have said
Of such a Feast, or to what Desert fled?
Who Flesh of Animals refus'd to eat,
Nor held all sorts of Pulse for lawful Meat.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifteenth Satyr.

¹ THE Crocodile.

² A sort of Bird in those Parts; that is a great Destroyer of Serpents.

³ *Thebes* in *Boeotia* had seven Gates; this in *Egypt* an hundred, and therefore call'd *Hecatompylus*.

⁴ This *Colossus*, or Marble Statue of *Memnon*, held a Harp in its Hand, which utter'd Musical Sounds, when struck by the Beams of the rising Sun; which *Strabo* tells us, that he both saw and heard, but confesses he is not able to assign the Cause. He adds, that one half of this Statue was fall'n in an Earthquake; from which Mutilation and Continuance of the strange Sounds (suppos'd to proceed from Magick) our Author says, *Dimidio magica resonant ubi Memnone Chorde*.

⁵ *Homer* introduces *Ulysses* Shipwreck'd at the Island *Corcyra*, and Treated by *Aleinous*, who there Reign'd King of the *Phaeacians*; at whose Table he recited the following Passages.

⁶ The *Symplegades*, two Rocks, in the Mouth of the *Bosphorus*, which being at like distance from each other, seem to strike upon one another, as the Sailors pass by them.

⁷ A City in *Egypt*, infamous for Riots and Debauchery.

⁸ Alluding to that of *Homer* in the *Iliad*. *ὅς τις ἀνδρῶν εἴποι, οἷός τις ἦεν ἄνθρωπος*.

⁹ In the Town *Caligula*, besieg'd by *Mesellus*.

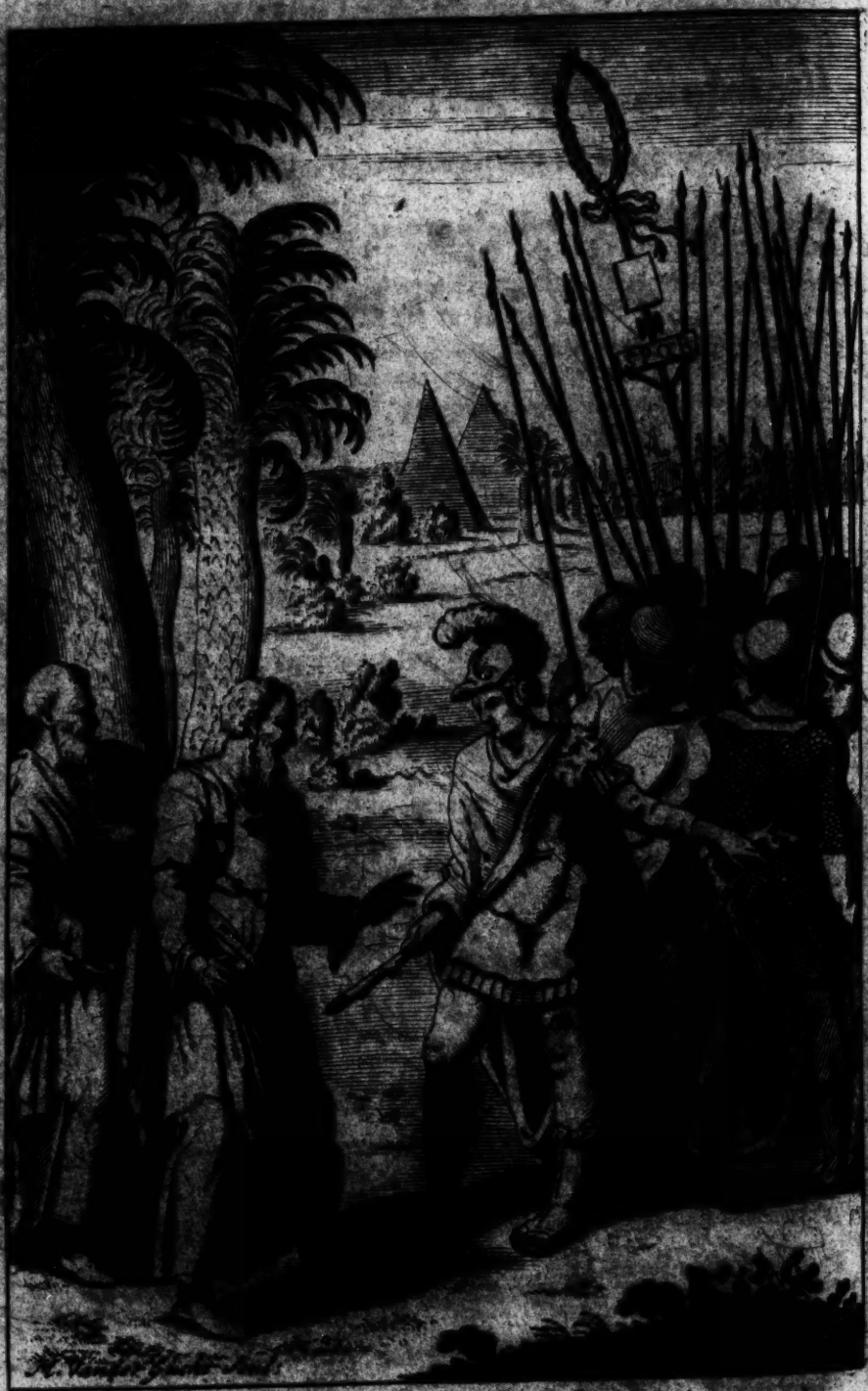
¹⁰ The Principal of the Stoicks.

¹¹ The Confederates of *Rome*, who being besieg'd by *Hannibal* for eight Months, and having suffer'd all Extremities, at last erected one great Pile, in which they burnt themselves with their Dead, as also all their Goods, to leave the Enemy no Pander.

¹² The Temple of *Diana Taurica*, where they sacrific'd Strangers.

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JUVENAL.

THE
SIXTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. D R I D E N.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr, proves, that the Condition of a Soldier is much better than that of a Country Man: First, because a Country Man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a Soldier; who is only to be judg'd by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of Camillus, which obliges him not to Quarrel without the Trenches, he is also assur'd to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: Whereas, the Townsman, or Peasant, is delay'd in his Suit by frivolous Pretences, and not sure of Justice when he is heard in the Court. The Soldier is also privileg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Estate, which he got in War, to whom he pleases, without consideration of Parentage, or Relations; which is deny'd to all other Romans. This Satyr was written by Juvenal, when he was a Commander in Egypt: 'Tis certainly his, tho' I think it not finish'd. And if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an In-vective against a Standing Army.

WHAT vast Prerogatives, my *Gallus*, are
Accruing to the mighty Man of War?

For, if into a lucky Camp I light,
Tho' raw in Arms, and yet afraid to Fight,
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right. }

One happy Hour is to a Soldier better,
Than Mother's *Juno's* Recommending Letter,
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* she wou'd prefer
My Suit, and own the Kindness done to Her.

See what Our Common Privileges are:

As, first, no sawcy Citizen shall dare
To strike a Soldier, nor when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther Punishment:
Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his Forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd Face.

A Booted Judge shall sit to try his Cause,
Not by the Statute, but by Martial Laws,
Which old *Camillus* order'd, to confine

The Brawls of Soldiers to the Trench and Line:

A wife Provision, and from thence 'tis clear,
 That Officers & Soldiers Cause shou'd hear;
 And taking Cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
 An honest Man may hope to be reliev'd.
 So far 'tis well: But with a gen'ral Cry
 The Regiment will rise in Mutiny,
 The Freedom of their Fellow-Rogue demand,
 And, if refus'd, will threaten to Disband:
 Withdraw thy Action, and depart in Peace;
 The Remedy is worse than the Disease:
 This Cause is worthy him, who in the Hall
 Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client bawl:
 But wouldst thou, Friend, who hast two Legs alone,
 (Which Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet may'st call thy
 Woud'st thou to run the Cantlet these expose. [own,)
 To a whole Company of Hob-nail'd Shoes?
 Sure the Good-breeding of wise Citizens
 Shou'd teach 'em more Good-nature to their Shins:
 Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy Friend,
 Who dares appear thy Business to defend?
 Dry up thy Tears, and pocket up th' Abuse,
 Nor put thy Friend to make a bad Excuse:
 The Judge cries out, Your Evidence produce.

Will he, who saw the Soldier's Mutton-Fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the List,
To witness Truth? When I see one so Brave,
The Dead, think I, are risen from the Grave;
And with their long Spade Beards, and matted Hair,
Our honest Ancestors, are come to take the Air.
Against a Clown, with more security,
A Witness may be brought to swear a Lye,
Than, tho' his Evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a Truth against a Man of War.

More Benefits remain, and claim'd as Rights,
Which are a standing Army's Perquisites.
If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
Against me for my known Inheritance,
Enter by violence my Fruitful Grounds,
Or take the sacred Land-Mark from my Bounds,
Those Bounds, which with Procession and with Pray'r,
And Offer'd Cakes have been my annual Care:
Or if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuse to pay,
I must with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Causes that depend,

'Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for Day
Is still encumber'd with some new Delay:
Perhaps the Cloth of State is only spread,
Some of the *Quorum* may be sick a-bed;
That Judge is hot, and doffs his Gown, while this
O'er Night was bowfic, and goes out to piss:
So many Rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on:
But Buff, and Belt-Men, never know these Cares,
No Time, nor Trick of Law their Action Bars:
Their Cause they to an easier Issue put,
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another Branch of their Revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless Right to kill,
Their Father yet alive, impowr'd to make a Will. }
For, what their Prowess gain'd, the Law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their Heirs:
No share of that goes back to the Begetter,
But if the Son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout *Coranus*, his old shaking Sire
Does a Remembrance in his Will desire:

Inquisitive of Fights, and longs in vain
 To find him in the Number of the slain:
 But still he lives, and rising by the War,
 Enjoys his Gains, and has enough to spare:
 For 'tis a Noble General's prudent Part
 To cherish Valour, and reward Desert:
 Let him be dawl'd with Laze, live high, and Whore;
 Sometimes be Lowlie, but be never Poor.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Sixteenth Satyr.

1 *Juno* was Mother to *Mars* the God of War: *Venus* was his Mistress.

2 *Camillus* (who being first Banish'd, by his ungrateful Country-Men the *Romans*, afterwards return'd, and free'd them from the *Gauls*,) made a Law, which prohibited the Soldiers from Quarrelling without the Camp, lest upon that Pretence they might happen to be absent, when they ought to be on Duty.

3 *This Cause is worthy Him*, &c. the Poet names a *Modenese* Lawyer whom he calls *Vagellius*; who was so-impudent that he wou'd Plead any Cause, right or wrong, without Shame or Fear.

4 *Hob-Nail'd Shoes*. The *Roman* Soldiers wore Plates of Iron under their Shoes, or stuck them with Nails; as Country Men do now.

5 Land Marks were us'd by the *Romans*, almost in the same manner as now: And as we go once a Year in Procession, about the Bounds of Parishes, and renew them, so they offer'd Cakes upon the Stone, or Land-Mark.

6 The Courts of Judicature were hung, and spread, as with us; but spread only before the Hundred Judges were to sit, and judge Publick Causes which were call'd by *Lot*.

7 The *Roman* Soldiers had the Privilege of making a Will, in their Father's Life-time, of what they had purchas'd in the Wars, as being no part of their Patrimony: By this Will they had Power of excluding their own Parents, and giving the Estate so gotten to whom they Pleas'd: Therefore, says the Poet, *Coranus*, (a Soldier Contemporary with *Juvenal*, who had rais'd his Fortune by the Wars) was Court'd by his own Father, to make him his Heir:

1873
The undersigned, being a duly qualified and licensed
Surveyor of the State of New York, do hereby certify
that the within and foregoing is a true and correct
copy of the original of the same, as the same
appears on the records of the Office of the
County Clerk of the County of New York.
In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand
and the seal of the County of New York, at New York
City, this 1st day of January, 1873.
J. J. [Signature]
County Clerk of the County of New York





PERIUS



PERSIVS.

THE
SATYRS

OF

Aulus Persius Flaccus.

Made English by
Mr. D R T D E N.

*Seplus in Libro memoratur Persius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.*

Mart.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXI.

STATYRS

OF

Antiquities Persians

Made by

MR. D. R. D. E. W.

2 copies in library of the British Museum
2 copies in the library of the British Museum

Mar.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCCLX

T
O'er
Dis
And

TO
Mr. DRYDEN,
ON HIS
TRANSLATION
OF
P E R S I U S.

A *S* when of Old Heroick Story tells
Of Knights imprison'd long by Magick Spells,
'Till future Time the destin'd Hero send,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such seems this Wark, and so reserv'd for Thee,
Thou great Revealer of dark Poesie.

Those sullen Clouds, which have for Ages past,
O'er Persius's too-long-suff'ring Muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred Pen,
And, in their room, bright Tracks of Light are seen.

To Mr. D R Y D E N.

*Sure Phœbus self thy swelling Breast inspires,
The God of Musick, and Poetick Fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great Surprise of Light!
How dawns this Day forth from the Womb of Night!*

*Our Wonder, now, does our past Folly show,
Vainly Contemning what we did not know:
So, Unbelievers impiously despise
The Sacred Oracles, in Mysteries.*

*Persius, before, in small Esteem was had,
Unless, what to Antiquity is paid,*

*But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far, our Ignorance, our Faith mis-led)
Till you, Apollo's darling Priest, thought fit
To place it in the Poet's Sacred Writ.*

*As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinsic Worth will pass:
So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
To you, we, all this following Treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a Rock did flow,*

To Mr. D. R. T. D. E. N.

*Old Stoick Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,
Polish'd by you, in Modern Brilliant shines:
And as before, for Persius, our Esteem
To his Antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever Praise from us is due,
Belongs not to Old Persius, but the New.
For still Obscure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.*

*So, stubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
'Till Art and Force th'unwilling Sparks reveal;
But thro' your Skill, from those small Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames arise, which never can Expire.*

Will. Congreve.

[44]

P E R S I U S.
THE
FIRST SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Argument of the Prologue to the First Satyr.

The Design of the Author was to conceal his Name and Quality. He lived in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero, and aims particularly at this in most of his Satyrs. For which Reason, though he was a Roman Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he wou'd appear in this Prologue but a Beggarly Poet, who Writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Business of the First Satyr; which is, chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Fashion, and the Impudence of those, who were endeavouring to pass their Stuff upon the World.

P R O.

P R O L O G U E

To the First SATYR.

I Never did on cleft *Parnassus* dream,
Nor taste the sacred *Heliconian* Stream;
Nor can remember when my Brain inspir'd,
Was, by the Muses, into Madness fir'd.
My share in pale *Pyrene* I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine
Statues³, with winding Ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song:
Heedless of Verse, and hopeless of the Crown,
Scarce half a Wit, and more than half a Clown,
Before the Shrine I lay my rugged Numbers down.
Who taught the Parrot Human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?
'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease:
Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.
Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
The hungry Wirlings have it in their Eye:
Pyes, Crows, and Daws, Poetick Presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

Argument of the First Satyr.

I need not repeat, that the chief Aim of the Author is against bad Poets, in this Satyr. But I must add, that he includes also bad Orators, who began at that Time, (as Petronius in the beginning of his Book tells us,) to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd and worse apply'd. Amongst the Poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose Verses he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He also takes notice of the Noblemen and their abominable Poetry, who in the Luxury of their Fortune, set up for Wits and Judges. The Satyr is in Dialogue, betwixt the Author and his Friend or Monitor, who dissuades him from this dangerous Attempt of exposing Great Men. But Persius, who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all those Difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false Judgment of the Age in which he lives. The Reader may observe that our Poet was a Stoick Philosopher, and that all his Moral Sentences, both here, and in all the rest of his Satyrs, are drawn from the Dogma's of that Sect.

The First SATYR. In Dialogue betwixt the Poet and his Friend or Monitor.

P E R S I U S.

HOW anxious are our Cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our Desires!

Friend. Thy Spleen contain:

For none will read thy Satyrs.

Per-

Persius. This to me [three.

Friend. None, or what's next to none, but two of
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry Scriblers have the Publick Ear:
That this vast universal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up *Labeo's* Stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who Fools and Knaves commend:
Their Smiles and Censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full Assemblies let the Crowd prevail:
I weigh no Merit by the common Scale.
The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy self, without thy self, to find.
But where's that *Roman*?—Somewhat I wou'd say,
But fear;—Let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick Courage: When I look
On Human Acts, and read in Nature's Book,
From the first Pastimes of our Infant Age,
To elder Cares, and Man's severer Page:
When stern as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,
We lash the Pupil, and defraud the Ward:

Then, then I say, — or would say, if I durst —
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my Spleen;
My Scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home, our Authors write
In lonely Rooms, secur'd from publick sight;
Whether in Prose, or Verse, 'tis all the same:
The Prose is Fustian, and the Numbers lame.
All Noise, and empty Pomp, a Storm of Words,
Lab'ring with Sound, that little Sense affords.

They 'Comb, and then they order ev'ry Hair:
A Gown, or white, or secur'd to whiteness, wear:
A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.

Next, gargle well their Throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's Name, to be seen and heard.
From their high Scaffold, with a Trumpet Check:
And ogling all their Audience e'er they speak.

The nauseous Nobles, ev'n the Chief of Rome,
With gaping Mouths to these Rehearsals come,
And pant with Pleasure, when some lusty Line
The Marrow pierces, and invades the Chine.

At open fulsome Bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy Jests applaud with broken Voice.
Base Prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy Bread?
Thus dost thou feed their Ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy Stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the Sign where he expects their Praise.

Why have I Learn'd say'st thou, if thus confin'd,
I choak the Noble Vigour of my Mind?

Know, my wild Fig-Tree, which in Rocks is bred,
Will split the Quarry, and shoot out the Head.

Fine Fruits of Learning! Old ambitious Fool,

Dar'st thou apply that Adage of the School;

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd:

And *Science is not Science 'till Reveal'd?*

Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see

The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry, That's he;

That's he whose wondrous Poem is become

A Lecture for the Noble Youth of *Rome!*

Who, by their Fathers, is at Feasts Renown'd;

And often quoted when the Bowls go round.

Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;

And add to Wine the Luxury of Verse.

One, clad in Purple, not to lose his Time,
Eats and recites some lamentable Rhime:
Some senseless *Phillis*, in a broken Note,
Snuffling at Nose, or croaking in his Throat:
Then, graciously, the mellow Audience Nod:
Is not th' Immortal Author made a God?
Are not his Manes blest, such Praise to have?
Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave?
And Roses (while his loud Applause they sing,)
Stand ready from his Sepulcher to spring?

All these, you cry, but light Objections are,
Meer Malice, and you drive the Jest too far.
For does there breath a Man, who can reject
A gen'ral Fame, and his own Lines neglect?
In' Cedar Tablets worthy to appear,
That need not Fish, or Frankincense to fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I, by chance, succeed
In what I write (and that's a chance indeed;)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel Praise, or Fame's deserv'd Reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy Applause
Is my Work's ultimate, or only Cause.

Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a Prize;
 For mark what Vanity within it lies.
 Like *Labeo's* Iliads; in whose Verse is found
 Nothing but trifling Care, and empty Sound:
 Such little Elegies as Nobles write,
 Who wou'd be Poets, in *Apollo's* spight.
 Them and their woful Works the Muse defies:
 Products of Citron Beds, and Golden Canopies.
 To give thee all thy due, thou hast the Heart
 To make a Supper, with a fine Dessert;
 And to thy thread-bare Friend, a cast old Sute impart. }
 Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me Friend,
 (For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech offend,)
 What says the World of me and of my Muse?

The Poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring News;
 But shall I speak? Thy Verse is wretched Rhime;
 And all thy Labours are but loss of Time,
 Thy strutting Belly swells, thy Paunch is high;
 Thou Writ'st not, but thou Pissest Poetry.

All Authors, to their own Defects, are blind;
 Hadst thou but, *Janus* like, a Face behind,

To see the People, what splay-Mouths they make;
To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy Back:
Their Tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst, of an *Apulian* Bitch:
But Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.
To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood,
What is't the common Reader takes for good?
The Verse in fashion, is, when Numbers flow,
Soft without Sense, and without Spirit flow:
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The River, where the polish'd Piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady View,
As if he shut one Eye to level true.
Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satyr stings,
The Peoples Riots, or the Rage of Kings,
The gentle Poet is alike in all;
His Reader hopes no Rise, and fears no Fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and Fights, and Heroes sing;
Who for false quantities was whipt at School
But t'other day, and breaking Gramma-Rule.

Whose trivial Art was never try'd, above
 The bare description of a Native Grove:
 Who knows not how to praise the Country Store
 The Feasts, the Baskets, nor the fatted Boar; [before.
 Nor paint the flow'ry Fields, that paint themselves }
 Where *Romulus* was Bred, and ' *Quintius* Born,
 Whose shining Plough-share was in Furrows worn,
 Met by his trembling Wife, returning home,
 And Rustically Joy'd, as Chief of *Rome*:
 She wip'd the Sweat from the Dictator's Brow,
 And o'er his Back his Robe did rudely throw;
 The Lictors bore, in State, their Lord's Triumphant
 Some love to hear the Fustian Poet roar, [Plough
 And some on Antiquated Authors pore:
 Rummage for Sense; and think those only good
 Who labour most, and least are understood.
 When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd Fathers teach
 Their Sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of Speech;
 Or others new affected ways to try,
 Of wanton Smoothness, Female Poetry;
 One wou'd enquire from whence this motley Stile
 Did first our *Roman* Purity defile:

For our old Dotards cannot keep their Seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish Ostentation led,
When call'd before the Bar,, to save their Head,
Bring trifling Tropes, instead of solid Sense:
And mind their Figures more than their Defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-scall'd Judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently!
Theft (says th' Accuser) to thy Charge I lay,
O *Pedius*: What does gentle *Pedius* say?
Studious to please the Genius of the Times,
With Periods, Points, and Tropes he flurs his Crimes:
" He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the Poor,
" And took but with Intention to restore.
He lards with Flourishes his long Harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou, what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate *Roman*, shall such Stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy Tail?
Say, shou'd a Shipwreck'd Saylor sing his Woe,
Wou'dst thou be mov'd to Pity, or bestow
An Alms? What's more prepos't'rous than to see
A merry Beggar? Mirth in Misery?

Persius. He seems a Trap, for Charity, to lay :
And cons by Night, his Lesson for the Day.

Friend. But to raw Numbers, and unfinish'd Verse,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terse:

“ His tagg'd with Rhime, like *Berecynthian Atys*,

“ The mid part chimes with Art, which never flat is.

“ The Dolphin brave, that cut the liquid Wave,

“ Or he who in his Line, can chine the long-ribb'd

Persius. All this is Dogrel stuff. [*Apennine.*

Friend. What if I bring
A Nobler Verse? “ *Arms and the Man I sing.* [these?

Persius. Why name you *Virgil* with such Fops as

He's truly great; and must for ever please;

Not fierce, but awful is his Manly Page;

Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage.

Friend. What Poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing Regards, and bending Head? [*Crew*

Persius. “ Their crooked Horns the *Mimallonian*

“ With Blasts inspir'd; and *Bassaris* who slew

“ The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,

“ Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly,

“And *Menas*, when with Ivy-bridles bound, [round;
 “She led the spotted *Lynx*, then *Evion* rung a
 “*Evion* from Woods and Floods repairing *Eccho*’s
 Sound.

Cou’d such rude Lines a *Roman* Mouth become,
 Were any Manly Greatness left in *Rome*?
Menas” and *Atys* in the Mouth were bred;
 And never hatch’d within the lab’ring Head:
 No Blood from bitten Nails, those Poems drew;
 But churn’d, like Spittle, from the Lips they flew.

Friend. ’Tis *Fustian* all; ’tis execrably bad;
 But if they will be Fools, must you be mad?
 Your Satyrs, let me tell you, are too fierce;
 The Great will never bear so blunt a Verse.
 Their Doors are barr’d against a bitter flout:
 Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
 Expect such Pay as railing Rhimes deserve,
 Y’ are in a very hopeful way to starve.

Persius. Rather than so, unceasur’d let ’em be;
 All, all is admirably well for me.
 My harmless Rhime shall ’scape the dire Disgrace
 Of Common-shoars, and ev’ry pissing-place,
 Two” painted Serpents shall, on high, appear;
 ’Tis Holy Ground; you must not Urine here.

This shall be writ to fright the Fry away,
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they play.

Yet old *Lucilius* never fear'd the Times,
But lash'd the City, and dissected Crimes.

Mutius and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his Grinders caught.

Unlike in Method, with conceal'd Design,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join:

And, with a sly, insinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:

Wou'd raise a Blush, where secret Vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the Wound.

With seeming Innocence the Crow'd beguil'd;
But made the desperate Passes, when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muse controll'd
By servile Awe? Born free, and not be bold?

At least, I'll dig a hole within the Ground;
And to the trusty Earth commit the Sound:

The Reeds shall tell you what the Poet fears,
King" Midas has a Snout, and Asses Ears.

This mean Conceit, this darling Mystery; [buy,
Which thou think'st nothing, Friend, thou shalt not

Nor will I change for all thy flashy Wit,
That flatt'ring *Labeo* in his *Iliads* writ,

"Thou if there be a Thou, in this base Town,
Who dares, with angry *Eupolis*, to frown;
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inspir'd
With Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd,
Who, at enormous Villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown Sail,
Like *Aristophanes*, let him but smile
On this my honest Work, tho' writ in homely Stile:
And if two Lines or three in all the Vein
Appear less droffie, read those Lines again.

May they perform their Author's just Intent,
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breast ferment.

But, from the reading of my Book and me,
Be far, ye Foes of Virtuous Poverty:

Who" Fortune's Fault upon the Poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shooe?

Lay Nature's Failings to their Charge, and jeer
The dim weak Eye-sight, when the Mind is clear.

When thou thy self, thus insolent in State,
Art but, perhaps, some Country Magistrate;

Whose Pow'r extends no farther than to speak
Big on the Bench, and scanty Weights to break.

Him, also, for my Cenfor I disdain,

Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue, vain;

Who counts Geometry, and Numbers, Toys;

And, with his Foot, the sacred Dust destroys:

Whose Pleasure is to see a Strumpet tear

A Cynick's Beard, and lug him by the Hair.

Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;

But, when the Business of the Day is done,

On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they spend their

Afternoon:

Explanatory Notes on the Prologue.

1 **Pernassus**, and **Helicon**, were Hills Consecrated to the Muses; and the suppos'd Place of their Abode. **Pernassus** was forked on the top; and from **Helicon** ran a Stream, the Spring of which was call'd the Muses Well.

2 **Pyrene**, a Fountain in **Corinth**; Consecrated also to the Muses.

3 **Statues, &c.** The Statues of the Poets, were Crown'd with Ivy about their Brows.

4 Before the Shrine; that is, before the Shrine of **Apollo**, in his Temple at **Rome**, call'd the **Palatine**.

Explanatory Notes on the First Satyr.

1 *Abso's Stuff.* Nothing is remaining of *Atticus Labea*, (so he is call'd by the Learned *Casaubon*.) Nor is he mention'd by any other Poet besides *Persius*: *Casaubon*, from an old Commentator on *Persius*, says, that he made a very foolish Translation of *Homer's Iliads*.

2 *They Comb, &c.* He describes a Poet preparing himself to Rehearse his Works in publick; which was commonly perform'd in *August*. A Room was hir'd, or lent by some Friend; a Scaffold was rais'd, and a Pulpit plac'd for him, who was to hold forth; who borrow'd a new Gown, or scour'd his old one; and adorn'd his Ears with Jewels, &c.

3 *My wild Fig-Tree*; Trees of that kind, grow wild in many parts of *Italy*; and make their way through Rocks: Sometimes splitting the Tomb-stones.

4 *Jannus like, &c.* *Jannus* was the first King of *Italy*; who re-fug'd *Saturn*, when he was expell'd by his Son *Jupiter* from *Creta*; (or as we now call'd it *Candia*.) From his Name, the first Month of the Year is call'd *January*. He was Piatur'd with two Faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the time past, and the future. Some of the Mythologists think he was *Noah*, for the Reason given above.

5 The *Romans* wrote on Cedar and Cypress Tables, in regard of the duration of the Wood: Ill Verses might justly be afraid of Frankincense; for the Papers in which they were Written, were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

6 *Products of Citron Beds, &c.* Writings of Noblemen, whose Bedsteads were of the Wood of *Citron*.

7 *Where Romulus, &c.* He speaks of the Country in the foregoing Verses; the Praises of which, are the most easy Theme for Poets; but which a bad Poet cannot naturally describe: Then he makes a digression to *Romulus* the first King of *Rome*, who had a Rustical Education; and enlarges upon *Quintius Cincinnatus*, a *Roman* Senator, who was call'd from the Plough, to be Senator of *Rome*.

8 *In Periods, &c.* *Persius* here names Antitheses, or seeming Contradictions; which in this place are meant for Rhetorical Flourishes, as I think, with *Casaubon*.

9 *Berecynthian Alys, or Attin, &c.* Foolish Verses of *Nero*, which the Poet repeats; and which cannot be translated properly into English.

10 *Arms and the Man, &c.* The first Line of *Virgil's Aeneids*.

11 *Their crooked Horns, &c.* Other Verses of *Nero*, that were meer Bombast. I only note, That the Repetition of these and

the former Verses of *Nero*, might justly give the Poet a caution to conceal his Name.

12 *Maenads* and *Atys*, Poems on the *Menades*, who were Priestesses of *Bacchus*; and of *Atys*, who made himself an Eunuch to attend on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd *Berecynthia* by the Poets; she was Mother of the Gods.

13 *Two painted Serpents*, &c. Two Snakes twin'd with each other, were painted on the Walls, by the Ancients, to shew the Place was Holy:

14 *Yet old Lucilius*, &c. *Lucilius* wrote long before *Horace*; who imitates his manner of *Saevius*, but far excels him in the Design.

15 *King Midas*, &c. The Story is vulgar, that *Midas* King of *Phrygia*, was made Judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the best Musician: He gave the Prize to *Pan*; and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Asses Ears. He wore his Hair long to hide them; but his Barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the Secret, dug a hole in the Ground, and whisper'd into it: The place was Marishy; and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the Words which were spoken by the Barber. By *Midas*, the Poet meant *Nero*.

16 *Expolis* and *Cratinus*, as also *Aristophanes* mention'd afterwards, were all *Athenian* Poets; who wrote that sort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were Nam'd, who were Satiriz'd by those Authors.

17 *Who Fortune's Fault*, &c. The People of *Rome* in the time of *Persius*, were apt to scorn the *Greek* Philosophers, particularly the *Cynicks* and *Stoicks*, who were the poorest of them.

18 *And with his Feet*, &c. *Arithmetick* and *Geometry* were Taught on Floors, which were strew'd with Dust or Sand; in which the Number and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again.

P E R S I U S.
THE
SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. **D R Y D E N.**

This Satyr contains a most Grave and Philosophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's Tenth Satyr, and both of them had their Original from one of Plato's Dialogues, call'd the Second Alcibiades. Our Author has induc'd it with great Mastery of Art, by taking his Rise from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which occasions, Prayers were made, and Sacrifices offer'd by the Native. Persius commending first the Purity of his Friend's Vows, descends to the Impious and Immoral Requests of others. The Satyr is divided into three Parts: The first is the Exordium to Macrinus, which the Poet confines within the compass of four Verses. The second relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein Men commonly sinn'd against right Reason, and offended in their Requests. The third part consists in shewing the

the Repugnancies of those Prayers and Wishes, to those of other Men, and Inconsistencies with themselves. He shews the Original of these Vows, and sharply inveighs against them: And lastly, not only corrects the false Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the True Doctrine of all Addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent Precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

The SECOND SATYR.

Dedicated to his Friend Plotius Macrinus, on his Birth-Day.

LET this auspicious Morning be express
 With a white Stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
 White as thy Fame, and as thy Honour clear,
 And let new Joys attend, on thy new-added Year,
 Indulge thy Genius, and o'erflow thy Soul,
 'Till thy Wit sparkle, like the chearful Bowl.
 Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n will bear;
 Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear:
 While others, ev'n the Mighty Men of Rome,
 Big swell'd with Mischief, to the Temples come;

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And in low Murmurs, and with costly Smoak,
 Heav'n's Help, to prosper their black Vows, invoke.
 So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
 Give me good Fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just:
 Thus much the Rogue to publick Ears will trust:
 In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy Uncle from this World remove?

Or——O thou Thund'rer's Son, great *Hercules*,
 That once thy beauteous Diety wou'd please
 To guide my Rake, upon the chinking fount
 Of some vast Treasure, hidden under-ground!

O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o' th' Head;
 I shou'd possess th' Estate: if he were dead!
 He's so far gone with Rickets, and with th' Evil,
 That one smoll Dose will send him to the Devil. A

This is my Neighbour *Nerius* his third Spouse,
 Of whom in happy time he rids his House.
 But my Eternal Wife!——Grant Heav'n I may
 Survive to see the Fellow of this Day!
 Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
 Thy Wishes, thou art wickedly devout:

In *Tiber* ducking thrice, by Break of day,
To wash th' Obscenities of Night away.
But prithee tell me, ('tis a small Request)
With what ill Thoughts of *Jove* art thou possess'd?
Woud'st thou prefer him to some Man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and *Strius* chose?
Which of the two woud' thy wife Head declare
The trustier Tutor to an Orphan Heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to *Strius*, straight,
What to *Jove's* Ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, O Good *Jupiter*! will cry;
Can'st thou indulge him in this Villany!
And think'st thou, *Jove* himself, with patient then,
Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd by wicked Men?
That, void of Care, he lolls supine in State,
And leaves his Business to be done by Fate?
Because his Thunder spins some burly Tree,
And is not darted at thy House and Thee?
Or that his Vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the Perpetration of thy Crime;
And makes thee a sad Object of our Eyes,
Fit for *Ergastus's* Pray'r, and Sacrifice?

What well-fed Off'ring to appease the God,
What pow'rful Present, to procure a Nod,
Hast thou in store? What Bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the Beard?

Our Superstitions with our Life begin:
Th' obscene old Grandam, or the next of Kin,
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And first of Spittle a' Lustration makes:
Then in the Spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the Temples, Forehead and the Lips;
Pretending force of Magick to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty Excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd Pray'r,
That Heav'n wou'd make him some rich Miser's Heir,
Lucky to Ladies, and, in time, a King,
Which to ensure, she adds a length of Navel-string.
But no fond Nurse is fit to make a Pray'r:
And *Jove*, if *Jove* be wise, will never hear;
Not tho' she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A Body made of Brass the Crone demands
For her lov'd Nursling, strung with Nerves of Wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:

Unconscionable Vows, which when we use,
We teach the Gods, in Reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy Wish:
Yet the Fat Intrails in the spacious Dish,
Wou'd stop the Grant: The very over-care,
And nauseous Pomp, wou'd hinder half the Pray'r.
Thou hop'st with Sacrifice of Oxen slain,
To compass Wealth, and bribe the God of Gain,
To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect 'em from a Bullock's Grease!
And think'st that when the fatten'd Flames aspire,
Thou see'st th' accomplishment of thy Desire!
Now, now, my bearded Harvest gilds the Plain,
The scanty Folds can scarce my Sheep contain,
And Showers of Gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus dreamson,
Till his lank Purse declares his Mony gone.

Shou'd I present thee with rare figur'd Plate,
Or Gold as rich in Workmanship as Weight;
O how thy rising Heart wou'd throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling Pleasure, sweat!

Thou measur'st by thy self the Pow'rs Divine;
Thy Gods are burnish'd, Gold and Silver is their Shrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior Race,
Whose humble Statues are content with Brass.
Shou'd some of these, in 'Visions purge from Fleam,
Foretel Events, or in a Morning dream,
Ev'n those thou wou'dst in Veneration hold;
And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.
The Priests in Temples, now no longer care
For *Saturn's* Brass, or *Numa's* Earthen-ware;
Or Vestal Urns, in each Religious Rite:
This wicked Gold has put 'em all to flight.
O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is found,
Fat Minds, and ever grov'ling on the Ground!
We bring our Manners to the blest Abodes,
And think what pleases us, must please the Gods.
Of Oil and *Cassia* one th' Ingredients takes,
And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in Grain;
And make *Calabrian* Wool receive the *Tyrian* Stain;
Or from the Shells their Orient Treasure takes;
Or, for their Golden Ore, in Rivers rakes;

Then melts the Mafs: All these are Vanities!
 Yet still some Profit from their Pains may rife:
 But tell me, Priest, if I may be fo bold,
 What are the Gods the better for this Gold?
 The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
 Thefe Presents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
 As Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
 To blefs the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys,
 But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
 Which the Great Man's great Charges cannot bear:
 A Soul, where Laws both Human and Divine,
 In Practice more than Speculation fhine:
 A genuine Virtue, of a vigorous kind,
 Pure in the laft Recesses of the Mind:
 When with fuch Off rings to the Gods I come;
 A Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

Explanatory Notes on the Second Satyr.

1 **W**hite Stone. The Romans were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily besel 'em, with a white Stone which they had from the Island *Creta*; and their Unfortunate with a Coal.

2 *Hercules* was thought to have the Key and Power of bestowing all hidden Treasure.

3 The Ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by Night it self, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their Heads and Hands every Morning; which Custom the Turks observe to this Day.

4 When any one was Thunderstruck, the Soothsayer (who is here call'd *Ergenna*) immediately repair'd to the Place, to expiate the Displeasure of the Gods, by Sacrificing two Sheep.

5 The Poet laughs at the Superstitious Ceremonies which the Old Women made use of in their Lustration or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children, which was done on the Eighth Day to Females, and on the Ninth to Males.

6 *In Visions purg'd from Fleam*, &c. It was the Opinion both of *Grecians* and *Romans*, that the Gods, in Visions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus *Alexander* dream'd of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolomy*. These Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Esculapius*; but, in after-times, the same Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Isis* and *Osiris*. Which brings to my remembrance an odd Passage in *Sir Thomas Brown's Religio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errours*; the Sense whereof is, *That we are beholding, for many of our Discoveries in Physick, to the courteous Revelation of Spirits*. By the Expression of *Visions purg'd from Fleam*, our Author means such Dreams or Visions, as proceed not from Natural Causes, or Humours of the Body; but such as are sent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain Remedies.

7 *For Saturn's Brass*, &c. Brazen Vessels, in which the publick Treasures of the *Romans* were kept: It may be the Poet means only old Vessels, which were call'd *Kētria*, from the Greek Name of *Saturn*.

8 *Numa's Earthen Ware*. Under *Numa* the second King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Vessels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware, according to the Superstitious Rites which were introduc'd by the same *Numa*: Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had Conquer'd *Macedonia*, Luxury began amongst the *Romans*; and then their Utensils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, &c.

9 *And make Calabrian Wooll*, &c. The Wooll of *Calabria* was of the finest sort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* also tells us. The *Tyrian Stain*

is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyrus*; and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that Dye was nearest our Crimfon, and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to justify my Conjecture.

10 *As Maids to Venus, &c.* Those *Baby-Toys* were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them; in *Latin* *Pupa*; which the Girls, when they came to the Age of Puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus*; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age offer'd their *Bulla*, or Boffes.

11 *A Cake thus given, &c.* A Cake of Barley, or course Wheat-meal, with the Bran in it: The meaning is, that God is pleas'd with the pure and spotless Heart of the Offerer; and not with the Riches of the Offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes*, has a Verse like this: *Puras, Deus, non plenus afficit manus.*— What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I must here tell the Reader, That the first half of this Satir was translated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy*; but I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any Alteration.

is the Purple Colour dy'd at Tyre: and I suppose, but dare not
positively affirm, that the robes of that dye were never cut;
Crimson, and not scarlet, on these robes of Tyre was represented
to the Blue. I have not room to unfold my Conjecture.

and the Purple Colour dy'd at Tyre: and I suppose, but dare not
positively affirm, that the robes of that dye were never cut;
Crimson, and not scarlet, on these robes of Tyre was represented
to the Blue. I have not room to unfold my Conjecture.

most, with the same in Latin Verse; which the Critic
with the pure and polished Heart of the Quæstor, and not with the
Fishes of the Tiber. I have not room to unfold my Conjecture.
What I had occasion before, in the Quæstor, I have in the
Reader. I have not room to unfold my Conjecture.

P E R S I U S.

THE THIRD SATYR.

By Mr. D R I D E N.

The A R G U M E N T.

Our Author has made two Satyrs concerning Study; the First and the Third; The first related to Men; This to Young Students, whom he desir'd to be Educated in the Stoick Philosophy: He himself sustains the Person of the Master, or Præceptor, in this admirable Satyr. Where he upbraids the Youth of Sloth, and Negligence in Learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow Students with late rising to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the Teacher. And addressing himself particularly to Young Noblemen, tells them, That, by reason of their High Birth, and the Great Possessions of their Fathers, they are careless of adorning their Minds with Precepts of Moral Philosophy: And withal inculcates to them the Miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their Life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the Knowledge of Virtue,

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and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The Title of this Satyr, in some ancient Manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness; tho' in others of the Scholasts, 'tis inscrib'd, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the Intention of the Poet is pursu'd; but principally in the former.

I remember I Translated this Satyr, when I was a King's Scholar at Westminster-School, for a Thursday-Night's Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English Verse, are still in the hands of my Learned Master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

IS this thy daily course? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattle run
To Shades, and Noon-tide Rays of Summer shun,
Yet plung'd in Sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with Fumes of undigested Wine.

This grave Advice some sober Student bears;
And loudly rings it in his Fellows Ears.
The yawning Youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy Limbs and dozy Head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and scrubs his Pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
My Cloaths, make haste: Why when! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous Note,
Than an Arcadian Ass can stretch his Throat.

With much ado, his Book before him laid,
And 'Parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the Papers; lays 'em down agen;
And, with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:
Some peevish Quarrel streight he strives to pick;
His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick;
Infuse more Water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the Character be seen.

O Wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry Day!
Are Mortals born to sleep their Lives away!
Go back to what thy Infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
Eat Pap and Spoon-meat; for thy Gugaws cry;
Be fullen, and refuse the Lullaby.
No more accuse thy Pen; but charge the Crime
On Native Sloth, and Negligence of Time.
Think'st thou thy Master, or thy Friends to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thy self, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;
Thou spring'st a Leak already in thy Crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd Vessel found,
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist Clay is pliant to Command;
Unwrought, and easie to the Potter's Hand:
Now take the Mold: now bend thy Mind to feel
The first sharp Motions of the Forming Wheel.

But thou hast Land; a Country-Seat, secure
By a just Title; costly Furniture;
A Fuming-Pan thy *Lares* to appease:
What need of Learning when a Man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy Soul,
Then please thy Pride, and search the Herald's Roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous Pedigree
Drawn ' from the root of some old *Thuscan* Tree;
And thou, a Thousand off, a Fool of long Degree,
Who, clad in 'Purple, can'st thy Censor greet;
And, loudly, call him Cousin, in the Street.

Such Pageantry be to the People shown:
There boast thy Horse's Trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy Bottom; from within
Thy shallow Centre, to thy utmost Skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a Beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?

But, 'tis in vain: The Wretch is drench'd too deep;
His Soul is stupid, and his Heart asleep:

Fatten'd in Vice, for callous, and so gross,
 He sins, and sees not, Tenefels of his Loss.
 Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
 Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the Water's brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when, for our Crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times;
 Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
 The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage;
 Thus punish him: Set Virtue in his sight, [bright;
 With all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces
 But set her distant, make him pale to see
 His Gains out-weigh'd by lost Felicity!
Sicilian Tortures, and the Brazen Bull,
 Are Emblems, rather than express the Full
 Of what he feels: Yet what he fears, is more:
 The Wretch, who sitting at his plenteous Board,
 Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed Sword
 Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,
 Did with less dread, and more securely Dine.
 Ev'n in his Sleep he starts, and fears the Knife, [Wife:
 And, trembling, in his Arms, takes his Accomplish
 Down, down, he goes, and from his Darling-Friend
 Conceals the Woes his guilty Dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,
 Would blear my Eyes with Oil to stay from School!
 Averse from Pains, and loath to learn the Part
 Of *Cato*, dying with a dauntless Heart.
 Tho' much, my Master, that stern Virtue prais'd,
 Which, o'er the Vanquisher the Vanquish'd rais'd
 And my pleas'd Father came, with Bride,
 His Boy defend the *Roman* Liberty.

But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,
 And dext'rously to throw the lucky Dice
 To shun *Ames* Ace, that swept my Stakes away,
 And watch the Box, for fear they shou'd come
 False Bones, and put upon me in the Play
 Careful, besides, the whirling Top to whip
 And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
 What's Good or Ill, and both their Ends discern.
 Thou, ' in the *Socratic* Bench, securely bred,
 Hast heard the *Pagan's* of great *Zeno* read
 Where on the Walls, by *Polygnotus* Hand,
 The Conquer'd *Medians* in Frank Breaches stand.
 Where the thorn Youth to midnight Lectures sit,
 Rous'd from their Slumbers to be wiser fit.

Where the coarse Cake, and homely Husks of Beans,
 From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomach weans:
 And where the *Samian* Y, directs thy Steps to run
 To *Virtue's* narrow Steep, and Broad-way *Vice* to shun.
 And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken Breath,
 Sour with Debauch; and sleep'st the Sleep of Death:
 Thy Chaps are fallen, and thy Frame disjoin'd;
 Thy Body as dissolv'd as is thy Mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain End,
 To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend?
 Hast thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow;
 Or like a Boy pursu'st the Carrion-Crow
 With Pellets, and with Stones from Tree to Tree:
 A fruitless Toil, and liv'st *Extempore*?
 Watch the Disease in time: For, when within
 The Dropsie rages and extends the Skin,
 In vain for *Hellebore* the Patient cries,
 And fees the Doctor; but too late is wise:
 Too late for Cure, he proffers half his Wealth;
Conquest and *Guibbons* cannot give him Health.
 Learn Wretches, learn the Motions of the Mind,
 Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
 And the great Moral End of Human Kind.

Study

Study thy self: What Rank, or what Degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the Offices of that Estate
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy Fate.

Pray justly, to be heard: Nor more desire
Than what the Decencies of Life require.
Learn what thou ow'st thy Country, and thy Friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the Store
Of the greaz'd Advocate, that grinds the Poor:
Fat^r Fets from the defended *Umbrian* draws,
And only gains the wealthy Client's Cause.

To whom the *Marsians* more Provision send:
Than he and all his Family can spend.
Gammons that give a Relish to the Taste,
And potted Fowl, and Fish come in so fast,
That e'er the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy Mother gathers on the brinks.
But, here, some Captain of the Land or Fleet,
Stout of his Hands, but of a Soldier's Wit;
Cries, I have Sense to serve my Turn, in store;
And he's a Rascal who pretends to more.

Damnee, whate'er those Book-learn'd Blockheads say,
Solon's the veri'st Fool in all the Play.

Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down,
 (As over-balast'd within the Crown!)

Mutt'ring betwixt their Lips some mystick thing,

Which, well examin'd, is flat Conjuring. [taught,

Meer Mad-mens Dreams: For, what the Schools have

Is only this, that nothing can be brought [nought.

From nothing, and what is, can ne'er be turn'd to

Is it for this they study, to grow pale,

And miss the Pleasures of a glorious Meal;

For this, in Rags accouter'd, they are seen,

And made the May-game of the publick Spleen?

Proceed, my Friend, and rail; But hear me tell
 A Story, which is just thy Parallel.

A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade,
 Fell sick, and thus to his Physician said:

Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;

I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart:

My Pulse unequal, and my Breath is strong;

Besides, a filthy Furr upon my Tongue.

The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his Skill;

And, after, bid him for Four Days be still.

Three Days he took good Councel, and began
 To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man:
 The fourth, he cou'd not hold from drink, but sends
 His Boy to one of his old trusty Friends:
 Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
 To pity his Distress, who cou'd not Dine
 Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine,
 He drinks a swilling Draught; and, lin'd within,
 Will supple, in the Bath, his outward Skin:
 Whom shou'd he find but his Phyfician there,
 Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
 Sir you look wan, you hardly draw your Breath;
 Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is Death.
 'Tis Nothing, says the Fool: But, says the Friend,
 This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
 Do I not see your Dropsie Belly swell?
 Your yellow Skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
 I have already bury'd two or three
 That stood betwixt a fair Estate and me;
 And, Doctor, I may live to bury thee.
 Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse.
 I've done, says the Phyfician, take your course.

The laughing Sor, like all unthinking Men,
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
 His Throat half throated with corrupted Fleam,
 And breathing through his Jaws a belching steam:
 Amidst his Cups with fainting shiv'ring seiz'd,
 His Limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
 His Hand refuses to sustain the Bowl:
 And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-bawls rowl:
 'Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul:
 Then Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew
 Of Hireling Mourners, for his Funeral due.
 Our dear departed Brother lies in State;
 His Heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the Gate:
 And Slaves; now manumiz'd, on their dead Master
 wait.
 They hoist him on the Bier, and deal the Dole;
 And there's an end of a luxurious Fool.
 But what's thy fulsom Parable to me?
 My Body is from all Diseases free:
 My temp'rate Pulse does regularly beat;
 Feel, and be satisfy'd, my Hands and Feet:
 These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with Heat.

Or lay thy Hand upon my naked Heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true: But, still, the deadly Wound
Is in thy Soul; 'tis there thou art not found:

Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting Gold,
Or a more tempting Harlot dost behold;

Then, when she casts on thee a sidelong Glance,
Then try thy Heart, and tell me if it Dance.

Some coarse cold Salade is before thee set,
Bread with the Bran perhaps, and broken Meat;
Fall on, and try thy Appetite to eat.

These are not Dishes for thy dainty Tooth:
What, hast thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?

Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy Pallat sore?
That Bete and Radishes will make thee roar?

Such is th' unequal Temper of thy Mind,
Thy Passions, in extreams, and unconfin'd:

Thy Hair so bristles with unmanly Fears,
As Fields of Corn, that rise in bearded Ears.

And, when thy Cheeks with flushing Fury glow,
The rage of boiling Caldrons is more slow;

When fed with Fuel and with Flames below.

With foam upon thy Lips, and sparkling Eyes;
 Thou say'st, and do'st, in such outrageous wise;
 That mad *Orestes*, if he saw the Show,
 Wou'd swear thou wert the madder of the two.

Explanatory Notes on the Third Satyr.

1 **A**ND *Parchment*, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on *Parchments*; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. *Quintilian* reproves this Custom, and advises rather *Table-Books*, lin'd with Wax, and a *Stile*, like that we use in our *Vellum Table-Books*, as more easie.

2 *A Fuming Pan*, &c. Before Eating, it was customary to cut off some part of the Meat; which was first put into a Pan, or little Dish; then into the Fire, as an Offering to the Household-Gods: This they call'd a *Libation*.

3 *Drawn from the Root*, &c. The *Tuscans* were accounted of most ancient Nobility. *Horace* observes this, in most of his Compliments to *Maecenas*, who was deriv'd from the Old Kings of *Tuscany*, now the Dominion of the Great Duke.

4 *Who clad in Purple*, &c. The *Roman Knights*, attir'd in the Robe call'd *Trabea*, were Summon'd by the Censor to appear before him; and to salute him in passing by, as their Names were call'd over. They led their Horses in their Hand. See more of this in *Pompey's Life*, written by *Plutarch*.

5 *Sicilian Torsures*, &c. Some of the *Sicilian Kings* were so great Tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of *Phalaris*, one of those Tyrants; who when *Perillus*, a famous Artist, had presented him with a Bull of that Metal hollow'd within, which when the Condemn'd Person was inclos'd in it, wou'd render the sound of a Bull's roaring, caus'd the Workman to make the first Experiment. *Daquitque suum murgire Juvenum.*

6 *The Wretch who sitting*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of one of those *Sicilian Tyrants*, namely *Dionysius*. *Damocles* had infinitely extoll'd the Happiness of Kings. *Dionysius* to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a Feast, and cloth'd him in Purple; but caus'd a Sword, with the Point downward, to be hung over his Head by a Silken Twine; which when he perceiv'd, he cou'd eat nothing of the Delicates that were set before him.

7 *Thou in the Stoick Porch, &c.* The Stoicks taught their Philosophy under a *Porticus*, to secure their Scholars from the Weather. *Zeno* was the Chief of that Sect.

8 *Polygnorus*, A famous Painter, who drew the Pictures of the *Medes* and *Persians*, Conquer'd by *Miltiades*, *Themistocles*, and other *Athenian* Captains, on the Walls of the *Portico*, in their Natural Habits.

9 *And where the Samian Y, &c.* *Pythagoras* of *Samos*, made the allusion of the *Y*, or *Greek Upsilon*, to Vice and Virtue. One side of the Letter being broad, Characters Vice, to which the Ascent is wide and easie, The other side represents Virtue; to which the Passage is strait and difficult: And perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted Words of the Evangelist, *The way to Heaven, &c.*

10 *Fat Fees, &c.* *Casaubon* here notes, that among all the *Romans*, who were brought up to Learning, few besides the *Orators*, or *Lawyers*, grew rich.

11 *The Marston and Umbrians*, were the most plentiful of all the Provinces in *Italy*.

12 *His Heels stretch'd out, &c.* The *Romans* were Buried without the City; for which Reason the Poet says, that the dead Man's Heels were stretch'd out towards the Gate.

13 *That mad Orestes.* *Orestes* was Son to *Agamemnon* and *Clitemnestra*. *Agamemnon*, at his return from the *Trojan Wars*, was slain by *Egythm*, the Adulterer of *Clitemnestra*. *Orestes* to revenge his Father's Death, slew both *Egythm* and his Mother: For which he was punish'd with Madness, by the *Eumenides*, or *Furies*, who continually haunted him.

P E R S I U S.
THE
FOURTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

*Our Author, living in the time of Nero, was Contem-
porary and Friend to the Noble Poet Lucan; both
of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good Men,
how unskilfully he manag'd the Commonwealth:
And perhaps might guess at his future Tyranny, by
some Passages, during the latter part of his First five
Years; tho' he broke not out into his great Excesses,
while he was restrain'd by the Counsels and Authori-
ty of Seneca. Lucan has not spar'd him in the Poem
of his Pharsalia; for his very Complement look'd
asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder,
but with caution likewise. For here, in the Person of
Young Alcibiades, he arraigns, his Ambition of
meddling with State affairs, without Judgment or
Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes Seneca
in this Satyr, sustain the part of Socrates, under a
borrow'd Name. And, withal, discovers some secret
Vices of Nero, concerning his Lust, his Drunken-*

ness, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arriv'd to publick Notice. He also reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavor'd to make all his Vices pass for Virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his Faults, but it is here describ'd as a Veil cast over the true Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrize his Prodigality and Voluptuousness; to which he makes a Transition. I find no Instance in History, of that Emperor's being a Paphique, tho' Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two Dialogues of Plato, both call'd Alcibiades, the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Third Satyr, but he inverted the Order of them: For the Third Satyr is taken from the First of those Dialogues.

The Commentators before Casaubon, were ignorant of our Author's secret Meaning; and thought he had only written against young Noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to Publick Magistracy: But this Excellent Schollast has unravell'd the whole Mystery: and made it apparant, that the Sting of this Satyr was particularly aim'd at Nero.

[bent
W Hoe'er thou art, whose forward Years are
 On State Affairs, to guide the Government;
 Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
 To the lov'd Youth, whom he at Athens bred.
 Tell me, thou Pupil to great Pericles,
 Our second Hope, my Alcibiades,
 What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
 To undertake, so young, so vast a Care?

Perhaps thy Wit: (A Chance not often heard,
 That Parts and Prudence, shou'd prevent the Beard:)
 'Tis seldom seen, that Senators so young,
 Know when to speak, and when to hold their Tongue,
 Sure thou art born to some peculiar Fate;
 When the mad People rise against the State,
 To look them into Duty: and command
 An awful Silence with thy lifted Hand.
 Then to bespeak 'em thus: *Athenians*, know
 Against right Reason all your Counsels go;
 This is not fair; nor profitable that;
 Nor t'other Question proper for Debate.
 But thou, no doubt, can'st set the Bus'ness right,
 And give each Argument its proper weight:
 Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the Scale:
 See'st where the Reasons pinch, and where they fail,
 And where Exceptions, o'er the general Rule prevail.
 And, taught by Inspiration, in a trice,
 Can'st 'punish Crimes, and brand offending Vice.

Leave; leave to fathom such high Points as these,
 Nor be ambitious, e'er thy time, to please:
 Unseasonably Wise, 'till Age, and Cares,
 Have form'd thy Soul, to manage great Affairs.

Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Outſide, are but vain;
 Thou haſt not Strength ſuch Labours to ſuſtain:
 Drink *Hellebore*, my Boy, drink deep and purge thy
 Brain.

What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy Care,
 In what thy utmoſt Good? Delicious Fare,
 And, then, to Sun thy ſelf in open Air.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty Wiſhes ſuch?
 A good old Woman wou'd have ſaid as much:
 But thou art Nobly Born; 'tis true; go boaſt
 Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
 Beſides thou art a Beau: What's that, my Child?
 A Fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:
 She, that cries Herbs, has leſs Impertinence;
 And, in her Calling, more of common Senſe.

None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
 The ſecret Imperfections of his Mind;
 But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd, to ſee
 Another's Faults, and his Deformity:
 Say, doſt thou know *Vellidius*? Who, the Wretch
 Whoſe Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely ſtretch;
 Cover the Country; that a failing Kite
 Can ſcarce o'erfly 'em, in a Day and Night;

Him, dost thou mean, who spight of all his Store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for Half-pence, and who doffs his Coat,
To save a Farthing in a Ferry-boat?
Ever a Glutton, at another's Cost,
But in whose Kitchen dwells perpetual Frost?
Who eats and drinks with his Domestick Slaves;
A verier Hind than any of his Knaves?
Born, with the Curse and Anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent Genius he defrauds?
At Harvest-home, and on the Sheering-Day,
When he shou'd^d Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
And better *Ceres*; trembling to approach
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'says the Wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty Servants but a smack.
To a short Meal, he makes a tedious Grace,
Before the Barley Pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving Charges,
A peel'd slic'd Onion eats, and tipples Verjuice.

Thus fares the Drudge: But thou, whose Life's a
Of lazy Pleasures, tak'st a worse Extream. [Dream

'Tis all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun,
 To bask thy naked Body in the Sun;
 Suppling thy stiffned Joints with fragrant Oil:
 Then, in thy spacious Garden, walk a while,
 To suck the Moisture up, and soak it in:
 And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
 But, know, thou art observ'd: And there are those
 Who, if they durst, wou'd all thy secret Sins expose.
 The' Depilation of thy modest Part:
 Thy *Catamite*, the Darling of thy Heart,
 His Engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder Art.

When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
 Thou tak'st the Pleasure, which thou can'st not give.
 With odorous Oil thy Head and Hair are sleek;
 And then thou kemb'st the Tuzzes on thy Cheek:
 Of these thy Barbers take a costly Care,
 While thy salt Tail is over-grown with Hair.
 Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,
 Can smoothe the roughness of thy shameful Parts.
 Not five, the strongest that the *Circus* breeds,
 From the rank Soil can root those wicked Weeds:
 Tho' suppl'd first with Soap, to ease thy pain,
 The stubborn Fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with Defamations wound,
 While they stab us, and so the Jest goes round,
 Vain are thy Hopes; to 'scape censorious Eyes,
 Truth will appear through all the thin Disguise:
 Thou hast an Ulcer which no Leach can heal,
 Tho' thy Broad Shoulder belt the Wound conceal.
 Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,
 We know, we know thee rotten at thy Heart.
 We know thee sullen, impotent and proud; [Croud.
 Nor can'st thou cheat thy 'Nerve, who cheat'st the
 But when they praise me, in the Neighbourhood,
 When the pleas'd People take me for a God,
 Shall I refuse their Incense? Not receive
 The loud Applauses which the Vulgar give?
 If thou do'st Wealth, with longing Eyes, behold,
 And, greedily, art gaping after Gold,
 If some alluring Girl, in gliding by,
 Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious Eye,
 And thou, with a consenting Glance, reply,
 If thou, thy own Solicitor become,
 And bid'st arise the lumpish Pendulum:
 If thy lewd Lust provokes an empty Storm,
 And prompts to more than Nature can perform;

If, with thy "Guards, thou scour'st the Streets by Night,
 And do'st in Murthers, Rapes, and Spoils delight;
 Please not thy self, the flatt'ring Croud to hear;
 'Tis fulsome stuff, to feed thy itching Ear.
 Reject the Nauseous Praises of the Times:
 Give thy base Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:
 Survey thy "Soul, not what thou do'st appear,
 But what thou art: and find the Beggar there.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourth Satyr.

1 *Socrates*, whom the Oracle of Delphi praised, as the wisest Man of his Age, liv'd in the time of the *Peloponnesian War*. He, finding the uncertainty of Natural Philosophy, apply'd himself wholly to the Moral. He was Master to *Xenophon* and *Plato*; and to many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen; amongst the rest, to *Alcibiades*, the most lovely Youth then living; afterwards a famous Captain, whose Life is Written by *Plutarch*.

2 *Pericles* was Tutor, or rather Overseer of the Will of *Clinias*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While *Pericles* liv'd, who was a wise Man, and an excellent Orator, as well as a great General, the *Athenians* had the better of the War.

3 *Cast* punish Crimes, &c. That is, by Death. When the Judges wou'd Condemn a Malefactor, they cast their Votes into an Urn, as according to the Modern Custom, a Ballotting-Box. If the Suffrages were mark'd with Θ, they signify'd the Sentence of Death to the Offender; as being the first Letter of Θάνατος which in *English* is Death.

4 *Drink Hellebore*, &c. The Poet wou'd say, that such an Ignorant Young Man, as he here describes, is fitter to be govern'd himself, than to govern others. He therefore advises him to drink *Hellebore*, which purges the Brain.

5 *Say, dost thou know Vestidius*, &c. the Name of *Vestidius* is here us'd appellatively to signify any rich covetous Man; tho' perhaps there might be a Man of that Name then living. I have Translated this Passage paraphrastically, and loosely; and leave it for those to look on, who are not unlike the Picture.

6 *When he shou'd Thanks*, &c. Pan The God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddess presiding over rural Affairs, whom *Virgil* invokes in the beginning of his *Second Georgique*. I give the Epithet of *Better* to *Ceres*, because she first taught the Use of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us. Men, in the first rude Ages, feeding only on Acorns, or Mast, instead of Bread.

7 *The Depilation of thy modest Part*, &c. Our Author here takes *Nero*, covertly, with that Effeminate Custom now us'd in *Italy*, and especially by *Harlots*, of smoothing their Bellies, and taking off the Hairs which grow about their Secrets. In *Nero's* time they were pull'd off with Pincers; but now they use a Paste, which apply'd to those Parts, when it is remov'd, carries away with it those Excrescencies.

8 *Not five the strongest*, &c. the Learned *Holiday*, (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry in this and the rest of these Satyrs, with his excellent Illustrations,) here tells us, from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the *Five Fingers* of one Man, who us'd them all, in taking off the Hairs before mention'd; but to *Five strong Men*, such as were skilful in the *Five robust Exercises*,

ercises, then in practice at Rome, and were perform'd in the Circus or Publick Place, ordain'd for them. These Five he reckons up in this manner: 1. The *Cestus*, or Whirlbats, describ'd by Virgil, in his fifth *Æneid*; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The second was the *Foss-race*. The Third the *Dissus*, like the throwing a weighty Ball; a Sport now us'd in Cornwal, and other parts of England; we may see it daily practis'd in Red-Lion-Fields. The fourth was the *Salsus*, or Leaping: And the fifth *Wrestling naked*, and besmear'd with Oil. They who were practis'd in these Five Manly Exercises, were call'd Πένταθλοι.

9 *Thy Nerve, &c.* That is, thou canst not deceive thy obscene Part, which is weak, or impotent, tho' thou mak'st Ostentation of thy Performances with Women.

10 *If with thy Guards, &c.* Persus durst not have been so bold with Nero, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak: I mean of Nero's walking the Streets by Night, in disguise, and committing all sorts of Outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

11 *Survey thy Soul, &c.* That is, look into thy self, and examine thy own Conscience; there thou shalt find, that how wealthy soever thou appear'st to the World, yet thou art but a Beggar; because thou art destitute of all Virtues, which are the Riches of the Soul. This also was a Paradox of the Stoick School.

PERIUS
THE
FIFTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT

The Judicious Calaubon, in his Proem to this Satyr, tells us, That Aristophanes the Grammarian being ask'd, what Poem of Archilochus his Iambicks he preferr'd before the rest, answer'd, the longest. His Answer may justly be apply'd to this Fifth Satyr, which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: For this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscrib'd it to my Learned Master Dr. Busby, to whom I am not only oblig'd my self for the best part of my own Education, and that of my Two Sons; but have also receiv'd from him the first and truest Taste of Persius. May he be pleas'd to find in this Translation, the Gratitude, or at least some small Acknowledgment of his unworthy Scholar, at the distance of 24 Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.

This Satyr consists of two distinct Parts. The first contains the Praises of the Stoick Philosopher Cornutus, Master and Tutor to our Persius. It also describes the Love and Piety of Persius to his well-deserving Master, and the mutual Friendship which continued between them, after Persius was now grown a Man. As also his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his Institution. From hence he makes an artificial Transition into the second Part of his Subject: wherein he first complains of the Sloth of Scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true Liberty. Here our Author excellently Treats that Paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the Wise or Virtuous Man is only free; and that all other Men, are naturally Slaves. And, in the Illustration of this Dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satyr.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

Inscribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers Persius and Cornutus.

P E R S I U S.

OF ancient Use to Poets it belongs, [Tongues
To wish themselves an hundred Mouths and
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage,
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,

Or sing the *Parthian*, when transfix'd he lies.
Wrenching the *Roman* Jav'lin from his Thighs. [chuse,

Corn. And why wou'dst thou these mighty Monsters
Of Words unchaw'd, and fit to choak the Muse?

Let *Fustian* Poets with their Stuff be gone,
And suck the Mists that hang o'er *Helicon*;

When *Progne's* or *Thyestes's* Feast they write;

And, for the mouthing Actor, Verse indite.

Thou neither, like a Bellows, swell'st thy Face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning Mass

Of melting Ore; nor can'st thou strain thy Throat,

Or murmur in an undistinguish'd Note,

Like rowling Thunder till it breaks the Cloud,

And rattling Nonsense is discharg'd aloud.

Soft Elocution does thy Stile renown,

And the sweet Accents of the peaceful Gown:

Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,

To laugh at Follies, or to lash at Vice.

Hence draw thy Theme, and to the Stage permit

Raw-head and Bloody-Bones, and Hands and Feet.

Ragousts for *Tereus* or *Thyestes* drest;

'Tis Task enough for thee to expose a *Roman* Feast.

Pers. 'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
With Wind and Noise, but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart,
And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my Heart; for thou hast skill to find
If it found solid, or be fill'd with Wind, [Mind.
And, thro' the veil of Words, thou view'st the naked
For this a hundred Voices I desire,
To tell thee what an hundred Tongues wou'd tire,
Yet never cou'd be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my Breast.
When first my 'childish Robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large,
When now my golden *Bulla* (hung on high
To Household Gods) declar'd me past a Boy;
And my 'white Shield proclaim'd my Liberty:
When, with my wild Companions, I cou'd rowl
From Street to Street, and sin without controul;
Just at that Age, when Manhood set me free;
I then depos'd my self, and left the Reins to thee;

On thy wife Bolon I repp'd my Head,
 And, by my better ^{fortunes}, was bred.
 Then thy straight Rule for Virtue in my sight,
 The crooked Line reforming by the right.
 My Reason took the bent of thy Command,
 Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful Hand:
 Long Summer-days thy Precepts I rehearse;
 And Winter-nights were short in our converse:
 One was our Labour, one was our Repose,
 One frugal Supper did our Studies close.

Sure on our Birth some friendly Planet shone;
 And, as our ^{Souls}, our Horoscope was one:
 Whether the ^{mounting} Twins did Heav'n adorn,
 Or, with the rising ^{Ballance}, we were born;
 Both have the same Impressions from above;
 And both have ^{Saturn's} Rage, repell'd by ^{Jove}.
 What Star I know not, but some Star I find,
 Has giv'n Thee an Ascendant o'er my Mind.

Corn. Nature is ever various in her Frame:
 Each has a different Will; and few the same:
 The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre, run
 To the parch'd *Indies*, and the rising Sun;

From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs they bear,
Bart ring for Spices, their *Italian* Ware,
The lazy Glutton late at home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his Sleep:
One bribes for high Preferments in the State,
A second shakes the Box, and sits up late:
Another shakes the Bed, dissolving there,
Till Knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his Crippled Fingers found;
Rots like a Doddard Oak, and peacemeal falls to ground:
Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent,
And his past Years, that in a Mist were spent.

Pers. But thou art pale, in nightly Studies, growr,
To make the *S*toick Institutes thy own:
Thou long with studious Care hast till'd our Youth,
And sown our well-purg'd Ears with wholsom Truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.

Corn. Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And to To-morrow wou'd the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to day,

Pers. But is one Day of Ease too much to borrow?

Corn. Yes sure: For Yesterday was once To-Morrow.
That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more To-Morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;
Who, like the hindmost Chariot-Wheels are curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

O Freedom! first delight of Human Kind!
Not that which Bondmen from their Masters find,
The "Privilege of Doles; nor yet t' inscribe
Their Names in" this or t' other *Roman* Tribe:
That false Enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are" made Citizens by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low Degree,
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sot beside;
So true a Rogue, for Lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became,
Now "*Marcus Dama* is his Worship's Name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuse to lend a Sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become!

Marcus is made a Judge, and for a Proof
Of certain Truth, *He said it*, is enough.

A Will is to be prov'd; put in your Claim;

'Tis clear, if *Marcus* has subscrib'd his Name.

This is "true Liberty, as I believe;

What farther can we from our Caps receive,

Than as we please without controul to live?

Not more to "Noble *Brutus* cou'd belong.

Hold, says the Stoick, your Assumption's wrong:

I grant true Freedom you have well defin'd:

But living as you list, and to your mind,

And loosely tack'd, and must be left behind.

What, since the Prator did my Fetters loose,

And left me freely at my own dispose,

May I not live without Controul and Awe,

Excepting still the "Letter of the Law?

Hear me with Patience, while thy Mind I free

From those fond Notions of false Liberty:

'Tis not the Prator's Province to bestow

True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to know

What to our selves, or to our Friends we owe.

He cou'd not set thee free from Cares and Sorrow,
 Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious Life:
 As well he for an Ass a Harp might string,
 Which is against the Reason of the thing;
 For Reason still is whispering in your Ear,
 Where you are sure to fail, th' Attempt forbear.

No need of Publick Sanctions, this to bind,
 Which Nature has implanted in the Mind:
 Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.

Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if thou shou'dst try,
 To mix it, and mistake the Quantity,
 The Rules of Physick wou'd against thee cry.
 The high-shoo'd Ploughman, shou'd he quit the Land,
 To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,
 Artless of Stars, and of the moving Sand,
 The Gods wou'd leave him to the Waves and Wind,
 And think all Shame was lost in Human Kind.

Tell me, my Friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
 So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill?
 Or by the found to judge of Gold and Brasse,
 What piece is Tinkers Metal, what will pass?
 And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
 This to condemn, and that to ratifie?

When to be bountifull, and when to spare,
But never Craving, or oppress'd with Care?
The Baits of Gifts, and Money to despise,
And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes?

When thou canst truly call these Virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by Heav'n's Consent and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wer't one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill Habits, the same Follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a Saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to Vice, and still a Slave.
Thou canst not wag thy Finger, or begin
The least light motion, but it tends to sin.

How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?
No, Friend; nor fuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,
Can ever make a Madman free, or wise.

"Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul:

"A Man is wholly Wise, or wholly is a Fool

A heavy Bumpkin, taught with daily Care,

Can never dance three steps with a becoming Air.

Perf. In spite of this, my Freedom still remains:
Corn. Free, what, and fetter'd with so many Chains?
 Can'st thou no other Master understand
 Than him that free'd thee by the Prætor's Wand?
 Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command thee now,
 With a harsh Voice, and supercilious Brow,
 To servile Duties, thou wou'dst fear no more,
 The Gallows and the Whip are out of door.
 But if thy Passions Lord it in thy Breast,
 Art thou not still a Slave, and still oppress?
 Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
 When thou wou'dst take a lazy Morning's Nap,
 Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain,
 The Tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
 At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes:
 What must I do? he cries: What? says his Lord,
 Why rise, make ready, and go streight aboard:
 With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
 Flax, Castor, *Corn* Wines, the precious Weight
 Of Pepper, and *Sabaean* Incense, take
 With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camels Back:
 And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.

Be fure to turn the Penny; lye and swear,
'Tis wholfom Sin: But *Jove*, thou fay'st, will hear:
Swear, Fool, or starve; for the Dilemma's even:
A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each saddled with his Burden on his Back:
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, unless
Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil Question: Friend,
What dost thou make a Shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem's* Noble Colledge free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wou'dst tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattrefs laid,
On a brown *George*, with lowfie Swobbers fed,
Dead Wine that stinks of the *Borracchio*, sup
From a foul Jack, or greasie Maple-Cup?
Say wou'dst thou bear all this, to raise thy Store
From Six i'th' Hundred, to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.

Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all
A Name, a nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, chuse
To be my Lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.

Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:
The struggling Greyhound gnaws his Leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the Chain.

Says "*Phedra* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
To this uneasy Love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My Friends Disgrace,
And be the first lewd Unthrif of my Race?
Shall I the Neighbours nightly Rest invade
At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade?
Well hast thou freed thy self, his Man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.
Ah, says the Youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?
Weak Soul! and blindly to Destruction led!
She break her Heart! she'll sooner break your Head,

She knows her Man, and when you rant and swear
Can draw you to her, *with a single Hair.*

But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
Shall I my own, and her Desires refuse?

Sir, take your course: But my Advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis Madness to resume your Chain.

Ay; there's the Man, who loos'd from Lust and
Lest to the Prætor owes, than to himself. [Pelf,

But write him down a Slave, who, humbly proud,
With Presents begs Preferments from the Crowd;

That early "Suppliant who salutes the Tribes,
And sets the Mob to scramble for his Bribes:

That some old Dotard, sitting in the Sun,
On Holy-days may tell, that such a Feat was done:

In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy Superstition too may claim a share:
When Flow'rs are strew'd, and Lamps in order plac'd,
And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,

On "Herod's Day; when sparkling Bowls go round,
And Tunny's Tails in savoury Sauce are drown'd,

Thou mutter'st Pray'rs obscene, nor do'st refuse
The Fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.

Then a crack'd "Eggshel thy sick Fancy frights,
 Besides the Childish Fear of walking Sprights.
 Of o'er-grown Guelding Priests thou art afraid;
 The Timbrel and the Squintifego Maid
 Of *Isis*, awe thee: lest the Gods, for sin,
 Shou'd, with a swelling Dropsie, stuff thy Skin:
 Unless three Garlick Heads the Curse avert,
 Eaten each Morn, devoutly, next thy Heart.

Preach this among the brawny Guards, say'st thou,
 And see if they thy Doctrine will allow:
 The dull fat Captain, with a Hound's deep Throat,
 Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Base-Note;
 And prize a hundred *Zeno's* just as much
 As a clipt Sixpence, or a Schilling *Dutch*.

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Explanatory Notes on the Fifth Satyr.

1 **P**rogne was Wife to Tereus, King of Thracia : Tereus fell in Love with Philemela, Sister to Progne, ravish'd her, and cut out her Tongue : In Revenge of which, Progne kill'd *lys*, her own Son by Tereus ; and serv'd him up at a Feast, to be eaten by his Father.

2 *Thyestes* and *Atræus* were Brothers, both Kings : *Atræus*, to Revenge himself of his unnatural Brother, kill'd the Sons of *Thyestes*, and invited him to eat them.

3 By the Childish Robe, is meant the *Prætoria*, or first Gowns which the Roman Children of Quality wore : These were Weltd with Purple ; and on those Welts were fasten'd the *Bells*, or little Bells ; which when they came to the Age of Puberty, were hung up, and Consecrated to the *Lares*, or Household Gods.

4 The first Shields which the Roman Youths wore, were white, and without any Impress, or Device on them, to shew they had yet Achiev'd nothing in the Wars.

5 *Socrates*, by the Oracle, was declar'd to be the Wisest of Mankind : He instructed many of the Athenian Young Noblemen in Morality, and amongst the rest *Alcibiades*.

6 Astrologers divide the Heaven into Twelve Parts, according to the Number of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack : The Sign or Constellation which rises in the East, at the Birth of any Man, is call'd the Ascendant : *Persius* therefore judges that *Cornutus* and he had the same, or a like Nativity.

7 The Sign of *Gemini*.

8 The Sign of *Libra*.

9 Astrologers have an Axiom, that whatsoever *Saturn* ties, is loos'd by *Jupiter* : They account *Saturn* to be a Planet of a Malevolent Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propitious Influence.

10 *Zeno* was the Great Master of the Stoick Philosophy ; and *Cleanthes* was second to him in Reputation : *Cornutus*, who was Master or Tutor to *Persius* was of the same School.

11 When a Slave was made free, he had the Privilege of a Roman Born ; which was to have a share in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, &c. which were distributed by the Magistrates amongst the People.

12 The Roman People was distributed into several Tribes : He who was made free was inrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Privileges of a Roman Citizen.

13 The Master, who intended to enfranchise a Slave, carried him before the City Prætor, and turn'd him round, using these Words ; *I will that this Man be free.*

14 Slaves had only one Name before their Freedom : After it, they were admitted to a *Prænomen*, like our Christen'd Names : So *Dama*, is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

15 At the Proof of a Testament, the Magistrates were to subscribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

16 Slaves, when they were let free, had a Cap given them in Sign of their Liberty.

17 *Brahma* freed the Roman People from the Tyranny of the *Turquins*, and chang'd the Form of the Government into a glorious Common-wealth.

18 The Text of the *Roman Laws*, was written in Red Letters, which was call'd the Rubrick; translated here, in more general Words, *The Letter of the Law*.

19 The Stoicks held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or notorious Folly, which they call'd Madness, hinder'd a Man from being Virtuous: That a Man was of a piece, without a mixture; either wholly Vicious, or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, including all the rest.

20 The Praetor held a Wand in his Hand, with which he softly struck the Slave on the Head, when he declar'd him free.

21 This alludes to the Play of *Troilus*, call'd the *Unhappy*, which was excellently imitated of late in *English*, by Sir Charles Stacey: In the first Scene of that Comedy, *Pedro* was introduc'd with his Man *Periphetus*, discoursing, whether he shou'd leave his Mistress *Thais*, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

22 He who sued for any Office amongst the *Romans*, was call'd a Candidate, because he wore a white Gown, and sometimes chalk'd it, to make it appear whither. He rose early, and went to the *Assembly* of those who headed the People: Saluted also the Tribes severally, when they were gather'd together, to chuse their Magistrates; and distributed a Largess amongst them, to engage them for their Voices: Much resembling our Election of Parliament-Men.

23 The Commentators are divided, what *Herod* this was whom our Author mentions; whether *Herod the Great*, whose Birth-day might possibly be Celebrated, after his Death, by the *Herodians*, a Sect among the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the Author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable Opinion.

24 The Ancients had a Superstition, contrary to ours, concerning Egg-shells: They thought that if an Egg-shell were crack'd, or a hole bor'd in the bottom of it, they were subject to the Power of Sorcery: We as vainly break the bottom of an Egg-shell, and cross it, when we have catch'd the Egg, lest some *Witch* shou'd make use of it, in bewitching us or sailing over the Sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the Priests of *Isis*, and her one-eyed, or squinting Priestess, is more largely treated in the Sixth Satire of *Juvenal*, where the Superstitions of Women are related.

P E R S I U S.

T H E

S I X T H S A T Y R.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

The A R G U M E N T.

This Sixth Satyr treats an admirable Common place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as Instruments and Helps of living comfortably our selves; and of administering to the Wants of others, who are oppress'd by Fortune. There are two Extrems in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, tho' on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; The other places all our Happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse Extream. The Mean betwixt these, is the Opinion of the Stoicks; which is, That Riches may be useful to be leading a virtuous Life; in case we rightly understand how to Give according to right Reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The Virtue of Giving Well, is call'd Liberality: And 'tis of this Virtue that Persius writes in this Satyr; wherein he not only shews the lawful Use of Riches, but also sharp-

ly inveighs against the Vices which are oppos'd to it; and especially of those, which consist in the Defects of Giving or Spending; or in the Abuse of Riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his Friend, and a Poet also. Enquires first of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating Ambition, and the Desire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice: And being sensible that few Men either desire or use Riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Design of the whole Satyr.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

To Cæsius Bassus, a Lyrick Poet.

HAS Winter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy
 And seek in *Sabine* Air a warm Retreat? [Seat,
 Say, dost thou yet the *Roman* Harp Command?
 Do the Strings Answer to thy Noble Hand?
 Great Master of the Muse, inspir'd to Sing
 The Beauties of the first-created Spring;

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The Pedigree of Nature to rehearse,
And found the Maker's Work, in equal Verse.
Now^a sporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,
Now Virtuous Age, and Venerable Truth,
Expressing justly *Sapho's* wanton Art
Of Odes, and *Pindar's* more Majestick Part.

For me, my warmer Constitution wants
More Cold, than our *Ligurian* Winter grants;
And, therefore, to my Native Shoars retir'd,
I view the Coast old *Ennius* once admir'd,
Where Cliffs on either side their Points display;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing Prospect of the Bay.
'Tis worth your while, O *Romans*, to regard
The Port of *Luna*, says our Learned Bard,
Who, in^a a drunken Dream beheld his Soul
The Fifth within the Transmigrating roul;
Which first a Peacock, then *Euphorbus*, was,
Then *Homer* next, and next *Pythagoras*;
And last of all the Line did into *Ennius* pass.
Secure and free from Businels of the State;
And more secure of what the Vulgar prate,

Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care
What Rots for Sheep the *Southern* Winds prepare;
Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine;
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous Bowl, nor hate my bounteous Cheer,
Nor yet unseal the Dregs of Wine that stink
Of Cask; nor in a nasty Flaggon drink;
Let others stuff their Guts with homely Fare;
For Men of different Inclinations are;
Tho' born, perhaps, beneath one common Star.
In Minds and Manners Twins oppos'd we see
In the same Sign, almost the same Degree;
One, frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to Dine;
Does at a Penny's cost in Herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.
Prepar'd as Priest of his own Rites to stand,
He sprinkles Pepper with a sparing hand.
His Jolly Brother, opposite in Sense,
Laughs at his Thrift; and lavish of Expence,
Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own defence,

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
 Yet will not Turbets for my Slaves prepare:
 Nor be so nice in Taste my self, to know
 If what I swallow be a Thrush, or no.
 Live on thy Annual Income, Spend thy Store,
 And freely grind, from thy full threshing-Floors;
 Next Harvest promises as much or more.

Thus I would live; But Friendship's holy Band,
 And Offices of Kindness hold my hand:
 My Friend is Shipwreck'd on the *British* Strand.
 His Riches in the *Ionian* Main are lost;
 And he himself stands shiv'ring on the Coast;
 Where, destitute of Help, forlorn and bare,
 He waries the Deaf Gods with Fruitless Pray'r.
 Their Images, the Relicks of the Wrack,
 Torn from the naked Poop, are tided back
 By the wild Waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
 The Vessel sticks and shows her open'd Side,
 And on her shatter'd Mast the Mews in Triumph ride.
 From thy new Hope, and from thy growing Store,
 Now lend assistance, and relieve the Poor.

Come; do a Noble Act of Charity:
A Pittance of thy Land will set him free.
Let him not bear the Badges of a Wreck,
Nor 'beg with a blue Table on his Back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will say,
'Tis mine that Wealth thou squander'st thus away;
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn,
Or without Spices lets thy Body burn?
If Odours to thy Ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted *Cassia* from the *Jews*?
All these, the wiser *Besius* will reply,
Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury:
We never knew this vain Expence, before
Th' effeminated *Grecians* brought it o'er:
Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athens* come;
And Dates and Pepper have unfinew'd *Rome*.
Our sweating Hinds their Sallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oil.
But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave;
For what hast thou to fear beyond the Grave:
And thou who gap'st for my Estate, draw near,
For I wou'd whisper somewhat in thy Ear,

Hear'st thou the News, my Friend? th'Express is come
With Laurell'd Letters from the Camp to *Rome*:
Cæsar ' salutes the Queen and Senate thus:
My Arms are on the *Rhine* Victorious:
From Mourning Altars sweep the Dust away:
Cease Fasting, and proclaim a fat Thanksgiving Day.
The ' goodly Empress, Jollily inclin'd,
Is, to the welcome Bearer, wond'rous kind:
And, setting her good Housewifry aside,
Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.
The " Captive *Germans*, of Gygantick Size,
Are rank'd in Order, and are clad in Frize:
The Spoils of Kings, and Conquer'd Camps we boast,
Their Arms in Trophies hang, on the triumphal Post.
Now, for so many Glorious Actions done
In Foreign Parts, and mighty Battels won,
For Peace at home, and for the Publick Wealth
I mean to Crown a Bowl to *Cæsar's* Health:
Besides, in Gratitude for such high Matters,
Know " I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.
Say, wou'dst thou hinder me from this Expence?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take Offence.

Yet more a publick Largesse I design
Of Oil and Pies to make the People dine:
Controul me not, for fear I change my Will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the *Persian King*:
Your Land does no such large Revenues bring.
Well; on my Terms thou wilt not be my Heir;
If thou car'st little, less shall be my Care:
Were none of all my Father's Sisters left,
Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft,
None by an Uncle's or a Grandam's side,
Yet I could some adopted Heir provide.
I need but take my Journey half a Day
From haughty *Rome*, and at *Arice* stay,
Where Fortune throws poor *Manius* in my way.
Him will I chuse: What him, of humble Birth,
Obscure, a Foundling, and a Son of Earth?
Obscure! Why pritheo what am I? I know
My Father, Grandfire, and great Grandfire too:
If farther I derive my Pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth Degree.

The rest of my forgotten Ancestors,
Were Sons of Earth, like him, or Sons of Whores.

Yet why wou'dst thou, old covetous Wretch, aspire
To be my Heir, who might'st have been my Sire?
In Nature's Race, shou'dst thou demand of me
My "Torch, when I in course run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of Gain,
With Wings on Head and Heels, as Poets feign:
Thy Mod'rate Fortune from my Gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.

What, when thou hast embezell'd all thy Store?
Where's all thy Father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my Want:
The Legacies of *Tatius* too are flown,
All spent, and on the self-same Errand gone.
How little then to my Poor Share will fall?
Little indeed, but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying Father's Tone,
Be careful still of the main Chance, my Son;
Put out the Principal, in trusty hands:
Live of the Use, and never dip thy Lands:

But yet what's left for me? What's left, my Friend,
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.

Is not my Fortune at my own Command?

Pour Oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand

Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed

With sodden Nettles, and a sing'd Sow's Head?

'Tis Holy-day; provide me better Cheer;

'Tis Holy-day, and shall be around the Year.

Shall I my Household Gods and Genius cheat,

To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?

That he may loll at ease, and pamper'd high,

When I am laid, may feed on Gible Pie?

And when his throbbing Lust extends the Vein,

Have wherewithal his Whores to entertain?

Shall I in homespun Cloath be clad, that he

His Paunch in Triumph may before him see.

Go Miser, go, for Lucre sell thy Soul,

Truck wares for wares, and trudge from Pole to Pole:

That Men may say, when thou art dead and gone,

See what a vast Estate he left his Son!

How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,

Well fed, and fat as *Cappadocian* Slaves!

Encrease thy Wealth, and double all thy Store;

'Tis done: Now double that, and swell the Score;

To ev'ry Thousand add Ten thousand more.

Then say, "*Chrysippus*, thou who wou'dst confine

Thy Heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

Explanatory Notes on the Sixth Satir.

1 **A**ND seek, in *Sabine Air*, &c. All the Studios, and particularly the Poets, about the end of *August*, began to set themselves on Work: Refraining from Writing, during the Heats of the Summer. They wrote by Night, and sat up the greatest part of it: For which Reason the Product of their Studies, was call'd their *Elucubrations*; or Nightly Labours. They who had Country-Seats, retir'd to them while they Studied: As *Persius* did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in *Etruria*; and *Bassus* to his, which was in the Country of the *Sabines*, nearer *Rome*.

2 Now sporting on thy *Lyre*, &c. This proves *Cassius Bassus* to have been a Lyrick Poet: 'Tis said on him, that by an Eruption of the Flaming Mountain *Vesuvius*, near which the greatest part of his Fortune lay, he was burnt himself, together with all his Writings.

3 Who in a Drunken Dream, &c. I call it a Drunken Dream of *Ennius*; not that my Author in this place gives me any encouragement for the Epithet; but because *Horace*, and all who mention *Ennius*, say he was an excessive Drinker of Wine. In a Dream, or Vision, call you it which you please, he thought it was reveal'd to him, that the Soul of *Pythagoras* was transmigrated into him: As *Pythagoras*, before him believ'd, that himself had been *Euphorbus* in the Wars of *Troy*. Commentators differ in placing the Order of this Soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the Peacock, because it looks more according to the Order of Nature, that it shou'd lodge in a Creature of an inferior Species; and so by Gradation rise to the informing of a Man. And *Persius* favours me, by saying that *Ennius* was the Fifth from the *Pythagorean* Peacock.

4 My Friend is Shipwreck'd on, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine Transition of the Poet, to introduce the Business of the Satir; and not, that any such Accident had happen'd to one of the Friends of *Persius*. But, however, this is the most Poetical Description of any in our Author: And since he and *Lucan* were so great Friends,

I know not but *Luce* might help him, in two or three of those Verses, which seems to be written in his stile; certain it is, that besides this Description of a Shipwreck, and two Lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satir, our Poet has written nothing Elegantly. I will therefore Translate both the Passages to justify my Opinion. The following are the last Verses saying one of the Second Satir.

*Compositum ju, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, & involutum generoso pectus honesto!*

The others are those in this present Satir, which are subjoin'd :

*Trabe rupta, Brutia Saxa
Prenitit Amicus inops; Remque omnem, fardaque vota
Candidit Ionio: Facet ipse in Littore; & una
Jugentes de gippe Dei: Jamque abais Mengis
Cassidatus latera.*

5 From thy new Hope, &c. The Latin is, *Nave & de Cesspe viro, frange aliquid.* Casaubon only opposes the *Cesspe vium*, which Word for Word, is the living Turf, to the Harvest or Annual Income: I suppose the Poet rather means, Sell a piece of Land already sown, and give the Money of it to my Friend who has lost all by Shipwreck. That is, do not say 'till thou hast Reap'd; but help him immediately, as his Wants require.

6 Not beg with a Blue Table, &c. *Hollay* translates it a Green Table: The Sense is the same; for the Table was painted of the Sea-Colour; which the Shipwreck'd Person carried on his back, expressing his Losses thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

7 Or without Spices, &c. The Bodies of the Rich before they were burnt, were embalm'd with Spices; or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relicks of the Athes. Our Author here names *Cinnamon* and *Cassia*, which *Cassia* was sophisticated with *Cherry-Gum*: And probably enough by the Jews, who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the Ancients were acquainted with the Spices of the *Molucca* Islands, *Ceylon* and other parts of the *Indies*; or whether their *Pepper* and *Cinnamon*, &c. were the same with ours, is another Question. As for *Myrrour* and *Mace*, 'tis plain, that the Latin Names of them are Modern.

8 *Caesar salutes*, &c. The *Caesar* here mention'd is *Caius Caligula*, who affected to Triumph over the Germans, whom he never Conquer'd, as he did over the *Britains*; and accordingly sent Letters wrapt about with Laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress *Cesonia*, whom I here call Queen; though I know that Name was not us'd amongst the Romans: But the Word Empress wou'd not stand in that Verse; for which reason I adjourn'd it to another. The Dust which was to be swept away from the Altars, was either the Athes which were left there, after the last Sacrifice for Victory; or might per-

haps mean the Dust or Ashes, which were left on the Altars, since some former Defeat of the Romans, by the Germans: After which Overthrow, the Altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæsonia*, Wife to *Cæus Caligula*, who afterwards, in the Reign of *Claudius*, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be Marry'd to him, after he had executed *Messalina* for Adultery.

10 *The Captive Germans*, &c. He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the Triumph: Large Body'd Men, as they are still; whom the Empress Cloath'd new, with coarse Garments, for the greater Ostentation of the Victory.

11 *Know, I have vow'd Two hundred Gladiators*. A hundred pair of Gladiators, were beyond the Purse of any private Man to give: Therefore this is only a threatening to his Heir, that he could do what he pleas'd with his Estate.

12 *Shou'dst thou demand of me, my Torch*, &c. Why shou'dst thou, who art an Old Fellow, hope to out-live me, and be my Heir, who am much Younger? He who was first, in the Course, or Race, deliver'd the Torch, which he carry'd, to him who was Second.

13 *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian Slaves*: Who were famous for their Lustiness; and being, as we call it, in good Liking. They were set on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to shew the good Habit of their Body, and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to shew their Activity and Strength.

14 *Then say, Chrysippus*, &c. *Chrysippus* the Stoick invented a kind of Argument, consisting of more than three Propositions; which is call'd *Sorites*, or a Heap. But as *Chrysippus* could never bring his Propositions to a certain stint; so neither can a Covetous Man bring his craving Desires to any certain Measure of Riches, beyond which, he could not wish for any more.

FINIS.

have made it - I say, which were the same as the
 some for the Debt of the House, my the General Assembly
 Overthrow. The Assembly had been in the
 of the House of Commons, who afterwards, in the
 of the House of Commons, who afterwards, in the
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 give; therefore this is not a thing to be done, but
 do what is already done, and what is already done
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 which, I should think, is not any more.